

Red Lights Flash "Lose This Day"

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We're going to lose this day
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There's nothing left to say
We're dying everyday
This starts to sound the same
Crossing Frontiers, i'm taking part
Native customs, you're not allowed
To realize your thoughts and plans
Thrift wood of society
Missing aims, start to ignore
Not any hope, a wide-shut door
I'm just a simple-minded duplicate
But who is the referee in this match?
A blowing whistle to replace thoughts?
There's nothing left to say
I'm dying everyday - Oh, come on,
Face the truth, it's your own fault that you can't move!
Try not to civilize your short form of ever-lasting
resistance
don't get wrong, sometimes it's hard to keep this lane
My feet are bleeding, but they will harden soon...in this
match!

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