

Rise Against "Tip The Scales"

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Are we so alone,
So distant,
So forgotten,
As we think ourselves to be?

These are our lives
But did they ever even matter?
Are we worth remembering?

These machines feed on the tears of broken lives and
dying dreams
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhh)
We're throwing wrenches in the gears
Our lives will not be lived in vain
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhh)

When this is all said and done
We spent this life on the run
Judged by the company we keep

Our language, buried inside
These lungs that keep us alive
We breathe so selfishly

Promises we plan to break
Are made in whispered voices
Cause our despair knows many names

We make mistakes
But we apologize with roses we never stop to smell on
the way

These machines feed on the tears of broken lives and
dying dreams
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhh)
We're throwing wrenches in the gears

Our lives will not be lived in vain
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhh)

When this is all said and done
We spent this life on the run

Judged by the company we keep

Our language, buried inside
These lungs that keep us alive
We breathe so selfishly

We fell from the sky today
We melt into balls of clay
We sell ourselves everyday
Don't tell me how to live this way

Pushed so far to the edge
We teeter just on the brink
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhh)
You can lead me to the bloodbath
But you can't make me drink
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhh)

As these machines feed on the tears of broken lives
and dying dreams
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhh)
We're throwing wrenches in the gears
Our lives will not be lived in vain
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhh)
My life will not be lived in vain

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