

The Exit, Trapped

like a turtle on it's back
like a blind man walking the streets of new york
like a fire in a glass
my heart is wrapped up in a cellophane bag

i seperate the memories
i think of the things that i've done wrong
i throw them away to conceal the pain
it was one long night i've been beat down

trapped so deep i can't even breath
i scream an unanswered call
it's six forty-two in the a.m.

when the brustle meets the rush
as the blind man walks the streets of new york
as the fire turns to smoke
the lack of oxygen causes me to choke

i bet you can't live life like that