

# Tristania, Selling Out

Am I alive?  
Feels like dying  
Down, down  
Fists are striking me  
It gets so dark  
Or are my eyes blinded?  
Down, down  
Boots are kicking me  
The coward, the sinner, the thief  
The liar, the misfit, the creep  
I'm running out of  
Steps to walk  
Of air to breathe  
And words to talk  
I'm running out of  
Noise to make  
Of jokes to tell  
And hearts to break

For days burned and frozen lies  
The years that passed me by  
The child in me just died  
The scars in me will never heal  
An overdose of nothingness  
My visions are for sale  
I'm selling out

I am alive  
But always falling  
Down, down  
I hear voices calling me  
The coward, the sinner, the thief  
I am alive  
Kind of wasted  
Down, down  
Hands are reaching me  
The coward, the sinner, the thief  
The liar, the misfit, the creep

I'm running out of  
Dreams to dream  
Of tears to spend  
And screams to scream  
I'm running out of life again  
Smothering...  
Turning into dust