

Mesh, Four Walls

Where's the lesson God?

You're tearing off the wings of all my unprotected dreams for nothing

I'll keep holding on

But I'm running out of nails over everything that's ever failed within me

Stop the ageing soon

Because I'm running out of time at the very point I need the clock behind me

Alone in this room

When nothing should be taking from the cleanness of the break I'm making

It never falls in your hands

You get a page of the big plan

In a world that injects grey

If you still keep your head straight

In a world that protects bland

Big noise from a small band

Take the knives at the back door

And fill the clubs to the four walls

You'll fill the clubs to the four walls'

Here's the justice God

I'm sifting through the words and re-arranging them in verse for someone

I might be alone

But I'm praying for the spark that might illuminate the dark for someone

It never falls in your hands

You get a page of the big plan

In a world that injects grey

If you still keep your head straight

In a world that protects bland

Big noise from a small band

Take the knives at the back door

And fill the clubs to the four walls

Is it really worth it?

You know it's worth the sacrifice of everything

It doesn't come to us all

You get a buzz when the track falls

In a time that expects grace

You can cry if you're first place

In a world that protects fools

From the day that you leave school

You take the bribes at the back door

And fill the clubs to the four walls

It never falls in your hands

You get a page of the big plan

In a world that injects grey

If you still keep your head straight

In a world that protects bland

Big noise from a small band

Take the knives at the back door

And fill the clubs to the four walls

You'll fill the clubs to the four walls

Is it really worth it?

You know it's worth the sacrifice of everything