

Useless ID, Mouse In A Maze

Is it so hard to accept the fact that we're always changing?
Did we all choose to live in denial?
We had no control whatsoever once the damage was done
And now we're all looking forward to one end.

How much of it can we take?
The more we don't communicate.
The less we feel rejected
Over and out, we are...

Beat down here like a mouse in a maze and no more
Than one in a million.
Lay your head down, we've fallen out with the world.
Get used to the feeling.

It brings the worst out of all of us when there's no one left to trust.
We're all resident to a strange land.
We won't take part in this new regime,
A well written bloody scheme designed to corrupt and take over.

The things we over analyse,
If the way we live is the way we die.
Until it fades into oblivion,
We're uninvited.

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Protection; we live in a shell and find it in ruins.
We may have gotten carried away but there's nothing to it.

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