

Pennywise, You'll Never Make It

First you're on a roll and then you loose control
Then you can't decide you think you lost your mind
When you wanna get it but now it is too late
Nothing you can say your anger turns to hate
Your body gets excited preparing for the dance
No time to be afraid nothing is left to chance
Can't avoid the feeling your world's about to end
The secret is revealed one day you'll wake up dead
You wanna live
You'll never make it
Immortal state of mind but we're the dying kind
Extinguishing the breed throughout all history
Never can surrender you can't give up the game
Never won the fight you best prepare to die
When you hear those voices calling you to the grave
Stop wasting all your days start living right away
Or soon you will regret it your chances have all gone
One message left to send your life will soon end
You will be sorry when it's all gone
You've lost your chance to make some history
You've lost the game and now you'll see there's no escape mortality
You think you have a future but you're wrong
You are wrong