

The building is burning
And yet you're just sitting
The flames are moving
And you're not caring

You're sitting, and thinking
Wasting and debating
Because you've got a belief
That there is no danger

And what's strange is also amazing
You'll actually live if you do nothing
The smoke will kill you before the fire
It'll take years, but you call that living?
Even you know you're slowly dying

The chair is comfortable
Your legs basically untested
You're afraid to stand up, much less walk
It's the paradox of being too well rested

It's the old battle of desire vs. fear
You're lost again and it rages still
You can sit there, but you'll never be fulfilled
That much is clear

You're choking on the thought of choking
Yet you're still sitting there
You must be joking
There's nowhere to go but out
Where you'll figure out what life's about
Even if you don't know now
Your courage will sort it out somehow

But now's the time; you've outgrown this place
To sort your confusion its fear you must face
Every moment you're dying when you could be living
One day you'll look back and think of all you wasted
Don't give yourself an excuse to regret and hate
Now's the time you have the choice
Stand up...
Walk out...
Determine your own fate