

Cargo Cult

Actor | Observer

That's what I get
For worshipping false idols
Drunk, selfish twenty-somethings
Seem pretty wise
When you're young and blind

We paid the fines
Blew past the warning signs
To be successors
To the unsuccessful
Peeled back their skin
To stretch over our limbs
But it don't fit
Don't feel the way that it should

I tried my best
Not to be a walking cliché
But the carpet
Was rolled out in front of me

The life we think we're owed
Isn't what we're led to believe
In spite of what you're told
This is not where you want to be

Go on
Follow in the footsteps
Of those long gone
This is the way
We are prisoners
To integrity
We're held captive
By a self-fulfilling prophecy

All this time spent
Convincing ourselves
It'll work out in the end

The life you think you're owed by now
Isn't the life you lead
In spite of what you've sold
This is not where you want to be

All this time spent
The sunken cost
The lives we've lost
All this time spent
Defying odds
How could we throw it away?
How could you throw it all away?
How could you throw it away?

The throne is vacant
So where do we go from here?
The road is changing
So where do we go from here now?
The throne is vacant

So where do we go from here?
The road is changing
So where do we go from here now?

We've all been waving
Signaling from dire straits
We've all been waiting
Waiting for the clouds to break
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