

Yesterday's Headlines

Good Riddance

Running short on imagination, still we waste it all on words
Spoken without the benefit of our minds
The candle burns, the edges fray, our best intentions waste away
And everybody loves the things we've done and on and on and on

Life appears weightless for everyone but me
This world grows heavier every day
Deterioration, growing old before my time
Nobody cares, never mind

We all prey on our vain condition and the hopelessness of it all
These days there's nothing we can trust
The dreams we made, we've seen them fade, trampled by our sad parade
Yet we're so pleased with what we've done and on and on and I'm done

Life appears weightless for everyone but me
This world grows heavier every day
Deterioration, growing old before my time
Nobody cares...

The mind breaks down when it dies
Our machines doubled in size
To orchestrate the grand collapse
I see us all trapped in its path

There was a time we were unbound
As if we'd never hit the ground
But just like rain we can't keep from falling