

Meltdown

Of Mice & Men

I watched you burn every bridge,
Then blame the smoke,
For your eyes burning.

You can turn out the lights,
And stand real still,
But the world keeps turning.

We all breakdown in the meltdown.

Are we building it up, to tear it back down,
Or are we spinning in place?
Does solidarity lie in the meltdown,
Or is it just too late?

I know the past has a sting,
But here's the thing,
You can't replace it.

So just know,
I'll either make amends,
Or I will raise the dead.
And to me, it's all the same.

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