

Be Good

Off With Their Heads

In time the fever that has kept you weak
Will have full on taken it's toll
It's taken away and it's taken it's shape
In the illusion that you still hold
Nothing is okay, nothing has changed
And it's all too familiar
So we curl up and hide from all that's outside
Closed shades and locked up doors

It's true
It's loud
It's hard
And it's all I know
I can't take anymore
I just want out right now

I had assumed I would have been gone by now
But the ship has weathered the storm
And the feeling of defeat that lies underneath
Is still alive and on its course
I'm destroyed, weak, I have nothing, I speak
Of the truth as I see fit
I have nothing to lose, I have nothing to gain
I'm at the whim of what I've retained

Be good
Be loud
Hands up
To the sky and shout
At the top of your lungs
'Til the floor falls out

YEAH!