

Panic

Paint It Black

I checked the pilot lights and double-checked all the locks.
But the captain's asleep at the wheel.
We're heading straight for the rocks.
I've got the anxiety blocked.
Nose to the grindstone, both eyes on the clock.
It's a matter of trust.
They want to re-write the history books,
they want to turn back the clocks.
Just leave your hope at the ballot box,
and leave the wolf in charge of tending the flock.
Make no mistake, they watch every move that we make.