

The Beekeeper

Paint It Black

We are the sound and the fury.
We're what's left of the hope and the glory.
Foreshadowed by the dust in the ghost town,
and the rust of the factory shutdown.
I've got a fistful of crumbs, and a mouthful of lies.
Everyone needs a hobby. Ours is suicide.

We had all the right tools: Opposable thumbs and big brains full of useless shit.
A long history of wrong turns and dead ends brings us back to where we started again.

And I think that I'm outranked,
Outmanned, outgunned, and outflanked.
"Out of Step"? Yeah, I know what that feels like.
This contract is null and void.
We tore it up before the ink was dry.
Can I remember how to forget? Well let's hope so.
Because tonight I can't tell friend from foe.

Live fast (but don't die young).
Slow down, but never, ever stop.