

Beacon Soul

Son Volt

Hopeless heroes beat this claptrap haven
Rats bigger than the noiseless generation
Who the hell is Dow Jones anyway
Society's bones on a cafeteria tray

The feeling is the brain is split
From smiles to stares to baseless shit
Walk off the shock to a beacon soul breathing
A helping hand against eternal lying

Asked to believe in traditions reasoning
To turn a blind eye to the monkey trial bleeding
Working to fight off disease beat the clock
Saviors passing on the street

Covert creations without sound
Mirage is ruthless stumbling around
Darlings of deceit hyperbole