

Radio's droning  
Dulled out by the intercom on fire  
Guiding the evening's choreography  
Katie has her hand in a young man's chest  
Stain on her white shoes that won't wash out  
So usual  
Not the last pair this year

Down the hallway - cries rise and fall  
In between the nearly constant sirens  
Someone turns on the news like we need it  
It's just another white man with a grudge  
The break room sits empty  
Just like our hearts have been draining in the waiting room  
You think of your daughter at her wedding  
You know life isn't long enough

Your shirt speckled red  
You're holding onto a young girl's hand  
So frail and cold, so casual  
Not even the last one today  
And I wish for the fingers to count  
Or the memory to remember each new city  
But I lost track so long ago  
I think it was around 260

But they're praying for you  
You  
For you  
They're praying for you

They're praying for you  
For you  
For you  
They're praying for you

They're praying for you  
They're praying for you  
I said they're praying for you  
Isn't that good enough?

(Everyone here is dead or dying  
You know there's nothing we could do if we tried)