

In the bright blue, there's a feeling
That will bring you right to your knees and
It'll keep you from believing
Any whispered word from the wilted
Don't you feel like you've been cheated?
That the mark we made on the ceiling
Is a loose lip still revealing
Every dark truth in our inheritance

Drag right through
The wreckage we're left to tend to
Those heirlooms
And let them fall prey to the casually cruel

Forced to grin and bear the burden
All the damage that in our names was
Doubled-down on and then sold somehow
As a gift from the generation
That just chewed up all that once was
Then to spit us out with the fragments of
Bones that can't be broken down because
One can only be so full of shit at once

Drag right through
The wreckage we're left to tend to
Those heirlooms
And let them fall prey to the casually cruel

Had enough of writhing bright about it
No one asks for life, they just make it through
Reticent from rotting raw around it
What was once so full is running now on fumes
Turns out there's an arrogance to it
That cannot be swallowed any longer, no
Burning red on the hot concrete about it
Since nothing else has seemed to work yet
Won't you

Drag right through
The wreckage we're left to tend to
Those heirlooms
And let them fall prey too
Drag right through
The wreckage we're left to tend to
Those heirlooms
And let them fall prey to the casually cruel

Are you proud to
Have built a future truly destitute
Where no feet move?