

Eyes on the screen
We have all the information now, but what does it mean?
All this progress; hope is with us; stretching above
Reason's a tease
Drank up all that hemlock, here I am just reading the leaves
There's no followers; there's no compass; a dozen clouds
And left wondering: what happened to the life we lost, that got
lost in the living?

And all this fiction makes me nervous
Turns out it was blood spilled on the canvas
We admired just like some Rorschach painting

The film in your brain, it edits to remember, keeps the figure
in the frame
It's a sacrificial violence, all those passed over in silence t
hen cast out with the blame
And I'm trying to stay sane, meanwhile, the river of forgetfuln
ess it starts spilling the banks

Caught in a lie and instead of fessing up, we'd sooner just go
out of our heads
I've been holding up my end when I should have doubled-
down on my own atom bomb shelter instead

Oh, oh, how you gonna hold on?
How you gonna hold on?
How you gonna hold on to every thing?
Oh, oh, how you gonna hold on?
How you gonna hold on?
How you gonna hold on to your memory?
Oh, oh, how you gonna hold on?
How you gonna hold on?
How you gonna hold on when you know that you can't?