

HEADED FOR THE SUN

VANT

Deaf, day-dreamer open up your pretty eyes
We don't approve of your kind around here
Your lazy acquisitions lacked ambition and decisions
And resulted in this constant state of fear

I miss the way we used to breathe
Remember when we used to hang from all those sycamore trees
Why did we all give up?
It's like we all don't give a fuck

We're headed straight for the sun
It may be where we belong
You'll all be gone, when you're gone
We're headed straight for the sun

If you waste all your breath on your predecessors wake
You'll soon be gone and we won't even know your name anymore
Yellow, red, blue
Coward, dead, fool

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