Beacon Soul

Son Volt

Hopeless heroes beat this clap-trap haven
Rats are bigger than the noise, this generation
Who the hell is Tod Jones anyway?
Society's bombs on a cafeteria trailThe only thing is the brain is split
The smiles to stares to faceless shit
We walk off the shop to a beacon soul breathing
But they had to guess eternal lifeHas to believe in traditions recently
We turn a blind eye to the monkey child bleeding
Working to fight off disease
Meet the clock saviors passing on the streetCover creations without sounds
[Incomprehensible] ruthless, stumbling around
Darlings of deceit, [Incomprehensible]
Reverse the flow of negative energy

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