

Backlit

This or the Apocalypse

We're the scraps left behind in ground zero,
From the blast that came to collect on its debt.
Blowing a gale over the corpses,
Over the hills that swallowed our footsteps.
We kill the time as it was done to us.

We point our hands in the shapes of guns and we time it. All washed out and fading in the foreground.
The hammer draws back, go find your peace. We're the great whale hooked and robbed of its hide,
As the jaybird watches yellow jackets close in.
Gulf War, empty the beds of our fathers.
Arms race - let fly the wolves in our hearts.

Get up with 27 minutes left in '68 every day. Everything. Nothing. Me.
Everything. Nothing. Me.

We kill the time as it was done to us.

We point our hands in the shapes of guns and we time it. All washed out and fading in the foreground.
The hammer draws back, go find your peace. Nobody notices the cowards fall,
Fall just like the brave.
Nobody notices the cowards fall,
Fall just like the brave. All washed out and fading in the foreground.
The hammer draws back, go find your peace. Everything. Nothing. Me.
Everything. Nothing. Me.

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