

Anatomy of a Scene

Burden of a Day

As the they stand in ruins of cities
the children play in ashes
knee deep
in our neglect
our bags in overhead compartments
so secure
we walk with the world underneath our feet
inside these cocoons made of band-aids and foam
to stop the noises from bleeding in
we like our music loud and different to alienate the masses
run into the nightmare of self absorption
we are what it takes to survive
into the night we fall as pilots in paper planes
we race against this coming rain
out running this chance
to prove that we are alive and we're here to stay
we let this go
our only chance to say
our lives meant something more
the air our fists are beating
inside our hearts are bleeding
we race to the end
tonight we're dancing on the edge of reason
pushing envelopes
as if the postman could be tried for treason
our canopy's covered in graffiti
with no parachute we'll crash and burn
baby burn
without your calming fire we'll burn
brilliantly without a cause...

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