Transient

Cesium:137

We'd like to take a year off to think about
What brought us here and where and when
Everything went wrongNow we're standing in the welfare line
In fact we're running because we're out of time
We got to make a living and there's nothing left for usThe same bad news is all we get
The same debt, the same guilt, the same hate
Is that really all that's left of us?Your face is still everywhere
But it's just fragments
I guess that fit so seamlessWe go on living with our TV sets
Pay our bills and take the threats
But someday we'll start to think about what we lostWe lost control, now we're objects
We lost our hearts, what did we expect?
We lost each other, now there is really nothing left for usNothing
Can we regain our consciousness?
Nothing
The remains on the battlefieldYour face is still everywhere
But it's just fragments
I guess that fit so seamlessInto all the other ones
You know far too well
In your fifteen square meter, tied up worldYour face is still everywhere
But it's just fragments
I guess that fit so seamlessInto all the other ones
You know far too well
In your fifteen square meter, cracked up world

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