

Metal Fingers

Electric President

Stand and move and walk across the water.
Peel the cover from the city.
Watch its insides twitch and smoke and rotate endlessly.
Sinking. Moving deep beneath the water.
Lots of other worlds exist.
Soon enough we'll tear them open.
Soon enough we'll break them too. Swimming. Watching concrete eat the ocean.
Metal fingers scrape the skies.
The windows look like Christmas lights from out here.
Floating. Counting clouds. They're slowly fading.
Blending in with cardboard skies.
Soon we'll manufacture replicas.
It's all replaceable. From the sky, the train tracks look like stitches.
Like they're holding the world together; like it'll blow any minute.
And I've got another thought I'll keep to myself.
Until the skeletons walk free. Until the make-up all comes off.
There's nothing new to discover, there's nothing new to invent.
There's nothing new to think that hasn't been thought of before.
And there's nothing to believe we haven't already forgotten.
There's nothing left, there's nothing new, there's nothing
No, no, no, no.
And I've got another dream I'll keep to myself.
Until the tyrants are dead and the patriots are swallowed whole.
And I've got a bottle I can aim at the center,
Full of letters, as a kid, I'd always meant to send.
We'd speak our minds and change the world.
We'd fix the past and pave the way.
But now we're fresh out of heroes; now we've run dry on hope.
There are no saviors in technology: just quick fixes.
And holes, within holes, within holes, within you.
And a place to hang my head, and convince myself there is no difference.

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