

Farewell

Electric President

Out in the fields the skies crack and peel.
While off in the distance the buildings collide.
And down in the grass is a sea of broken glass.
And remnants of lives that I used to label "mine." And I've lost my tongue and I've lost all my friends.
And I can't remember if I give a damn. We peek from the edge of an old rusty bridge.
Down in the water is the house where we were raised.
And over where the trees and gardens used to be.
Are remnants of pictures we still carry in our minds. And you've lost your mind and you've lost all your plans.
And I can't quite tell if you even give a damn. The neighborhood is gone. The air reeks of smoke ash and cold.
Winter's sleeping on our doorsteps.
As you hum your songs, the water turn to ice above our home.
So we go collect our paychecks and leave. Up comes the sun to burn everyone.
And we pay the difference by peeling off our skin.
And as far as we can tell, it's pretty cold in hell.
But you've got your sweaters,
So I'm sure you won't mind. But you've lost your heart. And you've lost all your will.
You're shot full of holes, and what you hold always spills. The city's met its end. The monuments have all
crashed and burned.
I doubt that we'll miss them.
We walk through the woods, and neither of us looks back, not once.
There's nothing behind us anymore. It was all in our heads. It was all in our heads.
The sky was never falling; it was all in our heads.
So sleep well tonight. And dream some good things.
The sky was never falling. It was all a bad dream.

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