

Yesterday's Headlines

Good Riddance

Running short on imagination
Still we waste it all on words
Spoken without the benefit of our mindsThe candle burns the edges fray
Our best intentions waste away
And everybody loves the things you've done
And on and on and onLife appears weightless
For everyone but me
This world grows heavier every day
Deterioration
Growing old before my time
Nobody cares never mindWe all prey on our vain condition
And the hopelessness of it all
These days there's nothing
We can trustThe dreams we made we've seen them face
Trampled by our sad parade
Yet we're so pleased with what we've done
And on and on and I'm doneThe mind breaks down when it dies
Our machines doubled in size
To orchestrate the grand collapse
I see us all trapped in its path
There was a time we were unbound
As if we're never hit the ground
But just like rain we can't keep from falling

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