Desolate [the Conductor]

Woe, Is Me

Out in the everglades,
Sleeping in with the poor is a fortune for the brave,
I can easily say that we will never change
But be implacable and never lose your flames.

Wouldn't you say that the world has spit on you enough.
Unanswered prayers, sleeping under streetlights
And I don't understand the danger of talking them up
Every night,
You salvage every skyline,
Only enough so that you might have the chance to feel fine.

Swear to God I believe we've had enough trying to save the world,
Did you hear me,
We have had enough.

This is how we close the show,
So sit back and listen,
Cause it's not over yet.
You think you know us
Well you don't know shit.

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