

# Future Foe Scenarios

## Silversun Pickups

The things we laid do not amount too much  
Made of abandoned wood, loose stones and such  
This revolution, baby  
Proves who you work for maybe  
Release the castaways who run amok  
From self-appointed winds which blow and such  
When present tense gets strangled in the mire  
Made of our cozy decomposing wires  
Who do you work for, baby?  
And does it work for you lately?  
But when the night is over and the walls start burning  
When fire starts to matter and the clock's still churning  
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