

# Transient

[Andrew Scott Foust](#)

We'd like to take a year off to think about  
What brought us here and where and when  
Everything went wrong Now we're standing in the welfare line  
In fact we're running because we're out of time  
We got to make a living and there's nothing left for us The same bad news is all we get  
The same debt, the same guilt, the same hate  
Is that really all that's left of us? Your face is still everywhere  
But it's just fragments  
I guess that fit so seamless We go on living with our TV sets  
Pay our bills and take the threats  
But someday we'll start to think about what we lost We lost control, now we're objects  
We lost our hearts, what did we expect?  
We lost each other, now there is really nothing left for us Nothing  
Can we regain our consciousness?  
Nothing  
The remains on the battlefield Your face is still everywhere  
But it's just fragments  
I guess that fit so seamless Into all the other ones  
You know far too well  
In your fifteen square meter, tied up world Your face is still everywhere  
But it's just fragments  
I guess that fit so seamless Into all the other ones  
You know far too well  
In your fifteen square meter, cracked up world

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