

# Good Riddance, Fire Engine Red

Forgotten stories of excess  
both real and fiction  
Too many hollow lives spent  
chasing benediction  
We plummet to the earth like  
scores of fallen angels  
Play out our tragedies on empty  
weathered stages

But before we lose it all  
The final curatain call  
Conflicted and rejected

Beware the opulence inherent confusion  
When reality's obscured  
by clouds of disillusion  
Held under far too long by  
the weight of our existence  
We labor fruitlessly against  
both time and distance

But before we lose it all  
The final curtain call  
Conflicted and dejected

What's in the past can't be undone  
You'ce got to seperate to become one  
Your indescision hides the guilts  
just underneath your clouded eyes

So sick you'd sell your soul  
For another fifteen minutes lie