Metric, Speed The Collapse

All the way from where we came,
we built a mansion in a day,
distant lightning, thunder claps,
watched our neighbors house collapse,
looked the other way,

And then the storm was overhead,
All the ocean's boil and river's bled.
We auctioned off our memories in the absence of a breeze.
Scatter what remains, scatter what remains.

Pushed away and I'm pulled toward,
a come down of revolving doors.
Every warning we ignored,
drifting in from distant shores.
The wind presents a change of course, second reckoning in a sorts
We were wasted waiting for a come down of revolving doors.

Fame don't follow me

And when the days that followed past,
in another mansion built to last.
From our window we could see,
only possibilities down the road and back.
But, then the storm returned for more,
in a come down of revolving doors.
Auction off our memories in the absence of a breeze.
Scatter what remains, scatter what remains.

Pushed away and I'm pulled toward,
a come down of revolving doors.
Every warning we ignored,
drifting in from distant shores.
The wind presents a change of course, second reckoning in a sorts
We were wasted waiting for a come down of revolving doors.

Fame don't follow me /4x