

Quietdrive, Stones

Another generation
Coming to grips with
Their own assimilation
People are waiting
The difference is in
The way that we look at the world
It makes attention
Lead in the back of our minds
Lead in the back of our minds

Chorus
Race and class distinction
Whatever does that mean
One billion different people thinking
All of the same damn things
Across the world
Minds over enemies
We are throwing stones
We all pick up the pieces
But in the end
We're water under that bridge

Another disintegration
Of the values we
Hold to be in revelation
People always think
They can be a big gun
In this world today
It makes attention
Break in the back of their minds
Break in the back of our minds

Chorus

We've come too far
To let it go and end like this
We've come too far
To let it go and end like this
We've come too far
To let it go and end like this
We've come too far
To let it go, let it go

Go! Go!

Across the world
Minds over enemies
We are throwing stones
We all pick up the pieces
But in the end
We're water under the bridge
Bridge bridge bridge bridge