

Saints of Eden, Another Dark Day

Strange times lie behind me. A sunset broken by the wind.
Dust clouds gather those memories.
Rise to another height and scatter like flies.
So as we kill ourselves through a looking glass, you know it hurts, a long time after mine.
Sew the seeds of pain for another day, where the dollar will win time after time.
And when you reach your goal make it ever enchanting.
A ray of light in the darkness outside.
More than just a ticket to staying awake at night wondering why.
You're held in the hands of the software pioneers.
Dependency stayed, so you'll never get paid.
You've just woken up on another dark day.
The children play as the buildings sway.