

Adelleda, Edge Of History

There's a television on
In the basement where the beasts are chained to the wall
There's a fistfight in the hall
Where the beasts all dance to songs made for listening
There's a backbone in a proportion
The majority lack one
But it's not about backbones this time around
Maybe one chance, I don't know
I keep on counting down
I keep on getting to zero
Dragging ourselves over the canyon
Blank stares three thousand miles wide
One by one we gently fall upon the jagged edge of history
We're on the edge of history
One, two, three, R-A-B-I-D
Beastly invertebrates we be
This is a problem, you know you know the same
It took a while to connect
Swallowed transformed and caged
Showcased celebrities or suburban families
We have no means to save ourselves today
Maybe one chance, I don't know
I keep on counting down
I keep on getting to zero
Dragging ourselves over the canyon
Blank stares three thousand miles wide
One by one we gently fall upon the jagged edge of history
We're on the edge of history
We're on the edge of...