Fucked Up, Blaze Of Glory

It's all small town hucksters and big city thieves trying
with all they can to take the rug from under our feet.
Broken down and beaten down, another day will surely rise.
What's the point in getting up?
We begin to finally realize with nothing left to hold onto we're left grasping at straws.
We're looking for someone to love us in spite of our flaws, so our hope hangs on a con man the kin
So they conceptualize heaven in our eyes, we can see it there floating in the air, blind with faith and
We can finally see the light smiling through another week, shining in the darkness night but then th
Maybe they are also wrong, in the foundation comes a crack no longer our belief so strong this isn't
For lack of any option better we'll continue to sing the song.