

Good Riddance, The Dubious Flow Of Excess

Here we stand arm in arm
at the corridors of time and reason
with jaws set
Our collective gaze unflinching
Under the eyes of gods, men, martyrs and saints
And what if all your hopes and dreams came true
tomorrow
would you lie
Basking in the dubious glow of excess
Forsaking all other

Life alone with a broken promise
These thoughts wont pray away
Stand still stone cold and empty
Begging grace to favor this soul
One more day

Im struck blind
With it all
Ive never been the kind to say im sorry
Its strange
To hear the dead keep calling

How many restless days and nights will pass
As the salience of all your broken reveries
Hammers upon your consciousness
and will tomorrow bring anything
save the vacant reproach
of your pensive ministrations
Run out the pain of indifference and avarice
All the small towns and cigarettes
Ive seen much more than I wished for
Watched our surface calling in all his debts

So once again we stand staring into the sable horizon
our jaws set
Collective gaze unflinching
Under the eyes of gods, men, martyrs and saints