

Good Riddance, Yesterday's Headlines

Running short on imagination
Still we waste it all on words
Spoken without the benefit of our minds

The candle burns, the edges framed
Our best intentions waste away
And everybody loves the things we've done and on, and on, and on

Life appears weightless
For everyone but me
This world grows heavier everyday
Deterioration
Growin' old before my time
Nobody cares, never mind

We all prey on a vain condition and the hopelessness of it all
These days there's nothing we can trust
The dreams we made, we've seen them fade
Trampled by our sad parade
Yet we're so pleased with what we've done, and on, and on, and I'm done

Life appears weightless
For everyone but me
This world grows heavier everyday
Deterioration
Growin' old before my time
Nobody cares

The mind breaks down when it dies
Our machine's doubled in size
To orchestrate the grand collapse
I see us all trapped in its path
There was a time we were unbound
As if we'd never hit the ground
But just like rain we can't keep from fallin'