

No Bragging Rights, Broken Bottles

Oh no?

Once scaled roof tops now only serve as lonely monuments to remind us of what we've done,

The peaceful skies feel so empty now,

we've compromised so much we don't dare look up

The gentle sound of rain drops now sound like angry screams,

we know why they're mad,

We're screaming for a hero and though his absence makes no sense,

the bloody mask you're holding does

The sweet fruit that our trees once bore

have all lost their taste and are full of worms,

we know this because we eat them anyway

How does your foot taste now? Has your wish brought you contentment?

You damned the rescue boat to sea

who can save us now?

We're all gonna drown

Oh, no

Broken bottles lay like stain glass windows

in search of cathedrals,

But all they'll ever find is bare skin,

Puncture veins,

bleed me dry,

fill me with an anesthetic and a lullaby,

So I can lay comfortably in this bed of broken glass

Screaming for someone to grant you mercy but you don't know who to ask

who will save us now?