

# Rise Against, Endgame

And on that day they'll tell you  
That life hummed on with no clue  
The warning signs were all dismissed or shouted down  
So it goes  
The kings all failed to tell us  
The madmen failed to sell us  
on what would then become the only life we know

Were they burning signal fires  
to guide us to the fields?  
Or building funeral pyres?  
The outcome of a final appeal

The city lines are down  
The kerosene's run out  
The fracturing of all we relied upon

Let's shed this unclean skin  
And start to feel again  
Because all the shoulders  
On which to cry are gone

The paranoia gripped us  
The rain turned engines to rust  
The panic set in like a cancer to our hearts  
Spreading through  
We bet on finite genius  
Or prayed for gods to save us  
But there was no antidote  
Disease tore us apart  
We left bodies in the fields  
So numb that we forgot how to feel

The city lines are down  
The kerosene's run out  
The fracturing of all we relied upon

Let's shed this unclean skin  
And start to feel again  
Because all the shoulders  
On which to cry are gone

He looked at the fields  
And then his hands,  
"All I need is what I have"  
then shed a tear of happiness

She watched the world  
Crumble away  
"Is this the end of yesterday?"  
"Lord, I hope so", is all he said  
All gone are the old guards  
Gone are the cold, cold wars  
Weightless we go forth  
On wings of amnesty

Oh, we relied on now

The city lines are down  
The kerosene's run out  
The fracturing of all  
We relied upon

Let's shed this unclean skin

And start to feel again  
There are no shoulders  
Shoulders to cry on now

No more, no more  
No more, no more  
No more, no more  
The weight that we once felt is gone