The Flobots, Monday

MAYDAY!!!!
Born in the flood
Bloody fingerpaint sets
Blackmarketed fresh
Water canons forget me not
Epitaph airbrush with death
White t's
Wife beaters
Button up
Reattach flesh
In between the lines
Outside of the law
Underneath the veil
We dig our foundations
We navigate the globe
Trying to find a pattern to break the mold
With a family to feed
Theres nowhere we wont go
But what if were caught
They say Im a snitch
Shot at the check point
Found with his throat slit
Theres spray paint on the teleprompter
Anchorman screams that hes seen a monster
Mayday
Theres bloodstains on his shirt
Mayday
They say that hes gone berserk
Sometimes
When I wanna shut out this world
Wanna rip up this page
Wanna pour out this heart
Wanna get up on this stage
And my lips become percussion
And my fists become the rage
And I pound on this table
Til it gives me something to say
Then I think about things that Ive seen
Right in front of me
That I dont wanna believe
Gimme one of these mikes
Lemme letem know
The way that it is is not how its gonna be
Not if we dont letem get ahead of us
The present tensions no threat
Its just a fence across the path
That were already ready to walk
Rock solid footsteps
Letem put up obstacles
And prove that it isnt possible
Fuck that
We dont giveem any weight
True liberty and freedoms at stake
Peace will never become pass
Live my life until my last day
It was half-past eight in the bat cave
When the cracks in the plaster collapsed
And gave way to gaps in the pavement
Mayday mayday
Put it on blast
For the passengers and messengers
Cause this is a disaster
Where the fuck are the rescue workers
Not far

Off pissing on a cop car
In the hall with a poptart
Sipping liquor in the rockbar
Everyone climb to the frontline
Lunchtimes cancelled
All hands on deck to pull survivors from the landfill
Onlookers passers-by shake off that rubble
Brush off your shoulders
Break free from your standstill
Signs of a better world
Causes we understand
Failures we expected to occur
And bring redemption for our sins
Safety from the crowds
In the shadows on the run
We write our own cider house
Rules to keep alive
Rituals that prove their worth
Search for systems we can trust
Rhythms we can lock into
This is madness salvage teams
Can't bandage
Hope when its damaged
Or broken compassion
Not enough rope in the van when
World is collapsing
Our mode of action
Broadcast through the glass
Its all we can manage
Donate with the plastic
Scraps from the salad
Hoping to balance
Emotions invalidated
And staged on 4:3 aspects
Just ballast for sadness
Lives shattered are standard
Fare for cameras and channels
Stare no abracabras
No faster answers
Or mantras for disasters
Remastered and plastered
Got it all backwards
Do you know the faction your backing
Its another man down
Another mother gone
Child drowned
Another silenced song
Solitude
Another kind of strong
I miss you
Another strung along
Missing in action
Another page is blackend burned
Turned to ashes to ashes
Dust off the flags and the caskets
We will never find another you
Despite the life of love we knew
These lightning times are trouble who
Cant count the strikes that punished through
The bonds we thought would never break
And never will and never fade and never change
But there is the rage
Of losing you to their mistakes
In between the lines
Signs of a the next movement

Refuge from the crowd
Outside of the law
Causes we understand
Hands that trace
Instructions for descendants in the
Shadows on the run
Underneath the veil
Failures we expected to
Occur and bring redemption for our sins
In between the lines