

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