

# This Beautiful Republic, Black Box

The plane is starting to smoke  
I think that everyone knows  
That this thing will soon be going down  
Some people think that we'll choke  
Some people think there's hope  
Which will it be?  
When we know we see the ending

Quickly fading, we see that we're dying  
I know it's a tragedy  
That sometimes people can lose their wings  
Now we're crashing down, what will they see?  
When there's nothings left, who are we?

It's going down like a flame  
There's no one out there to blame  
We made our choice and now there's no more time  
The black box is hearing the hope and the fearing  
What will it say?

After all the smoke has cleared  
There's only one record that they'll ever see  
Our black box says it all, it tells them who we are