

Transit, Nameless (Songs To Static)

Now isn't it sad when we find our place.
(Condemned and rebuilt so easily replaced now.)
We stick to the floors just like shadows.
(A nameless kid, an empty place.)
I remember when our hearts skipped to this sound.
Now we long for that beating pulse.
Would you believe me if I told you that I was afraid of the end.
(This bed of yours is never made you're constantly dreaming)
The movie plays and it rewinds back memories and fading pictures from a crash.
When those bright lights flashed against our faces.
Then we sat alone in the dark.
Is anyone there.
Can anyone hear me.
Still we long for that beating pulse.
Would you believe me if I told you that I was afraid of the end.
As I sink into this seat the open windows and the radio sings to me.
This comfort makes me feel at home, just some nameless kids and a few songs.
We're on our way through rows of endless broken white lines
until we run this engine down.
Without a trace we will disappear in static and leave behind this broken town.