

Waterdown, Transient

we'd like to take the year off
to think about
what brought us here and where
and when everything went wrong

now we're standing in the welfare line
in fact we're running
because we're out of time
we got to make a living
and there's nothing left for us

the same bad news is all we get, the same
debt, the same guilt, the same hate
is that really all that's left of us?

your face is still everywhere but it's
just fragments i guess
that fit so seamless
into all the other ones
you know far too well
in your fifteen square meter
cracked up world

we go on living with our tv sets
we'll pay our bills and take the threats
but someday we'll start to think about
what we lost
we lost control now we're objects
we lost our hearts what did we expect
we lost each other now there is really
nothing left for us

nothing can we regain our consciousness
the remains on the battlefield