

With Honor, Pipe Dream

We are the generation lost
Buried below your reasons
We are the fractured frame
Evidence of your false foundations
Seasons change, but we don't change a thing
Until push comes to shove
Opportunities passed and fate comes calling
We are well beyond our means
The noose is set in place
And like those who've swung before us
We'll drop fast to our escape

We've discovered a failsafe way to sweep our troubles underneath the rug
To bid the weight of this world one last goodbye
All the while you are sleeping still
Under the greenest tree money could buy
Hoping the rain will bring you peace of mind
But it can't, it won't, and it never will

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Progress has its ball and chain
Claiming us a casualty as you look away
Your hands have stopped our eyes for much too long
Now they threaten to take our lives before the day is done
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