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Headlights

Twilight of all that we've become
Last light before the morning sun
All the stray alarms resound tonight

Headlights are staring down the road
Pitch black beyond the silver glow
Our conversation's locked up tight

And in the corner of my eye
There's something trying to apply
And in the campfire at a distance
There's a figure in the pyre

Off the record now, right?
Wrap it up in tinfoil
Off the record now, right?
Wear it like you're paranoid
Off the record now, right?
Feeling like a Tesla coil
Off the record now, right?
Power up in three-four

You keep telling me that maybe we should do something
And I keep telling you it's already done

If it was me behind the wheel
Then I would steer into the sea
And maybe put this fire out

By the horizon comes the sun
So self-important on and on
As if the future's safe and sound

Firebird

There's a barren desert wasteland
That I call my own
By a dried up riverbank
Where I now stand alone

And when the sun does rise
It pains the sand in shades of gold
I've been here so long
But now it's time to break its hold

Tomorrow I'm a bird
And I'm leaving in the morning
Out of here with the dawn
On wings of fire

The future's just a word
I'm ignoring every warning
Aimed at keeping me down
When I could go higher

I'm gonna reach out for the sun
I'm gonna burn as bright as one

Tomorrow I'm a bird
And I'm not a bit concerned
Icarus took a fall
That I much admire

Nestled in a sycamore
Where lightning struck before
I keep my ashes in a jar
Awaiting the next storm

If You're Shooting With Your Left It Means the Right Side Is Working

I was born in the land of plenty
I was raised as a privileged child
This was once a great community
So they say, I don't know why

We built ships and automobiles
We made unions, guns and steel
Money talks in the angel's silence
Selling out once great ideals

Living in a ghost town
Feeling like a class clown
Running with the magpies
Walking like a crow
Never saw the factory
When it made out history
Now it's just a patch where the pennyroyal grows

Born with promise and chance of plenty
Walked that road in paramount shoes
Couldn't play the abacus melody
All I ever wanted was to be of use

One big chord of mocking birds
Cover the sky like a big f-word
Fame will get you heaps of treasure
Dedication is just a word

Ladders

Underneath your underwear
Your skin is white as scares
You couldn't catch the sun
Cause your ego's on the run

You could break through like a storm
And everyone would sing along
And all your colors would ignite
Like a firework of pride

Take your pills and fall asleep alone
Climbing ladders into the unknown
And if you lose your teeth tonight
At least you've had a lovely time

Underneath your pale facade
There beats a playwright's heart
You could tell tales of conquest
Set yourself so far apart

Science

I know why I'm feeling down
I've analyzed myself
I don't need to hear about it
From anybody else
And what I know is that
Everybody gets depressed

It's science
It's science

And what can I do if I know why I'm feeling bad
What can I do if I don't talk of my sad, sad life
Sad, sad life

It's science
My emotion is just an appliance
It's science
My emotion is just an appliance

Lay my down in Sigmund's couch
I've read his every word
Explained myself in thick and then confronted the absurd
And what can I do if I'm told another
"Everybody gets deterred"

I live in a society where sorrow makes you weak
So everyday I fake a smile and lie between my teeth

Missing Mr. Marchie

Now grey is sitting high
On my sunny August sky
And as the days go by
My summer fades and dies

It really is quite strange
How little that remains
Of the cool and the deranged
Cause the mirror's not the same

Standing around like crows
With draggled feathers
One of those all-time lows
Gone mad together

And now I'm all alone
And things are worse than ever
And I would give all the silence in the world
For a crash of broken glass
Just a crash of broken glass

Still you haunt me phantom wise
And call me once or twice
In the garden where I pine
Real distraught and paralyzed

Waiting for the Fall

It's easy to reach sub zero
Because I am so conveniently low
It's easy to gravitate downward
One of these days it's the only way to go

Come on now pick your poison
Come on and pain a picture
Create and then destroy
The memories of grand conjecture

Waiting for the night to take us home
Because we have no business in the sun
Waiting for the fall to take us down
Because we have no summer of our own

Waiting for the night

I seem to be heading this way
Because I guess it's lacking in friction
I keep accelerating
Despite never really having any direction

I'm prone to catastrophic
Results and inner workings
Come on and board the sinking
Ship of fools and excess thinking

Tomorrow Is Dead to Me

Locked in a cycle
Choked on a spiral
Alone in a dark room
Sunrise to bad moon

It calls out
To me

And if you ask me what I'm doing this weekend
I always answer in the past tense
Cause every day's the same and I can't break away
Ever since my accident

Tomorrow's dead to me, yeah dead already (Already, already)
Tomorrow's dead to me, yeah dead already (Already, already)
Climbing back up Salisbury Hill
Nostalgia creep and destiny
Tomorrow's dead to me, yeah dead already (Already, already)

My eyes in the mirror
Looks like a dragon's
My life is my treasure
Locked under pressure

It calls out
To me

And if you ask me what I'm doing with my life
I talk about my master plan
Cause nothing that I've ever lived is anything
That I would like to do again

Long Lost Dead and Gone

Round and round
It never seems to change
Through twists and turns
Somehow it stays the same

The pattern keep on changing and I can't adapt
(Walls are closing in)
The line becomes a circle and I'm lost and trapped
(Air is getting thin)

Long lost
Dead and gone
Locked up
Always wrong
Been staring at the walls so long
The wall is staring back
Strange eyes
Fade to black

On and on
Same illness different name
A cage of bones
Ensures that we remain

Domino

Fortunate I'm not
But I'm always changing
Sweden's always raining
When it's most inopportune

Black suburban clouds
And apartment towers
Always counting the hours
Until the next drinking moon

And it's almost as if you didn't know better
And it's almost as if you made a bad call
And it's almost as if you didn't know better
And like a domino
I'm taking a fall

Always looked the fool
No matter the clothing
There was always something
That seemed all out of style

I was born in March
And I'm just as unstable
Brought up by fable
On the back of a crocodile

This Mess I'm In

Falling down a hole
And pretending that I'm in control
Make it like I'm flying
Soaring into parts unknown

Coming down like dead weight
Trying hard to feel alive
Head above the water
Struggling against the tide

Friday I was thirteen
Saturday I'm buried
Underneath the beating
Burden that I carried
Everything was torn apart
Right from the start
Right from the start
Sunday I revive
And keep up the decline
Monday I arrive
And then I realize
That everything was torn apart
Right from the start
Right from the start
Oh yeah right from the start

Walking in a tightrope
Trying hard to miss the ground
Denial is my balance
I wear it like a worn out crown

Walking up in shambles
Never going back to sleep
Whatever I have left
Is something that I aim to keep

Corridor

Lay me down to rest
And hang your head down low
In panic and in shame
When you go

Build a raven's nest
Of withered bones and teeth
And dig a hole for me
Underneath

And let the mirror judge
If there's madness in our hearts
Let the soil embrace
And silence our alarms

Let our twilight world
Pass into gentle night
And let the moon obscure
The pallor of our skies

And you keep running down
Running down
Running down that corridor
And no one knows
No one knows
No one knows what it's there for
What it's there for

The tree was always dead
Yet never seem to grow
Polluted by the grief
Down below

In shades of white and grey
In heavy slumber's keep
In pieces and in shards
Let me sleep

Journey

It's a night
Yeah it's the night that I've been dreaming of
It's a party
Yeah that party I've been dreading so

And I kept telling you I didn't really want to go
I can suffocate just fine in my humble abode

And I don't know the song you're talking about
I can't hear the music's way too loud
And I've been through this whole scenario before
And it's just not gaining ground

Cause the journey is the first part
And the journey is the last part
And you get so sick of traveling
Before your aching heart stops

And the journey is the first part
And the journey's where you get off
And you get so sick of traveling
Before your aching heart stops

You and I are lightning bolts inside a thunder cloud
It's still the same, the first and forty-second time around

I always tell myself that getting out is good for me
I never seem to learn that misery is company