

## Anatomy Of A Scene

### Burden of a Day

As the they stand in ruins of cities  
The children play in ashes  
Knee deep  
In our neglect  
Our bags in overhead compartments  
So secure  
We walk with the world underneath our feet  
Inside these cocoons made of band-aids and foam  
To stop the noises from bleeding in  
We like our music loud and different to alienate the masses  
Run into the nightmare of self absorption  
We are what it takes to survive  
Into the night we fall as pilots in paper planes  
We race against this coming rain  
Out running this chance  
To prove that we are alive and we're here to stay  
We let this go  
Our only chance to say  
Our lives meant something more  
The air our fists are beating  
Inside our hearts are bleeding  
We race to the end  
Tonight we're dancing on the edge of reason  
Pushing envelopes  
As if the postman could be tried for treason  
Our canopy's covered in graffiti  
With no parachute we'll crash and burn  
Baby burn  
Without your calming fire we'll burn  
Brilliantly without a cause...