

The Future is Cancelled, Pt.II

Captain, We're Sinking

You're taking steps like all your friends are
The awful mess the best laid plans are
Put on a game face they'll appreciate
Follow your pride and concentrate

And stop f*cking around
Play, play, play, kid
The stage lights, the crowd
The bitter taste in my mouth
The way old men learn

The way old men learn
The way that kids burn out
Trust, disappointed trust
Misdirected lust
The lies between us

Fate, so sedate
All the petty ways she has to hate us
Behold, ancient kings of old
Whose hands turned things to gold
What crumbles at our touch
Fate, so sedate
All the petty ways she has to hate us

Boys in the cockpit navigate
So idle chatter, radiate
And animals come out to play
Play, play, play, kids
The gentlemen's lounge
The bitter taste in my mouth
The way young kids learn