

Take back all the heroes
Send us a loser
We all fight the admin
And end up a user
All the people are crying
Send us a savior
The kind you find in
Big metadata

I'm floating like a caught cosmonaut up in my headspace
Trying to make sense of the pattern

Somewhere in the hype yeah we all got
A bad case of the bends just swimming for the top
If the good die numb under spotlights
We're the useless ones with the shelf life

We can't hear the lesson
Over the shooter
We can't see the here and now
Over the future
But we got what we need to
Take on the empire
We load up a shotglass
To put out the hellfire

I feel a little cached out, crowded and forgotten
Someone tell me I matter

Somewhere in the hype yeah we all got
A bad case of the bends just swimming for the top
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We're the useless sons on the run from a
Bad taste in the wells where we came from
If the good die numb we're the wrong type
We're the useless ones with the shelf life

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