

Dead Agenda

Her Bright Skies

We brought upon this dead agenda now
we stole the chapter with spotless conscience
turn back time
recall a better life

Beneath the sky another season passed us
quick enough to go unnoticed
yet the pitch black sinks in deep
as promises shatter in our hands
and breathing is of greater importance
We turned out just fine, didn't we?

If not, then tell me what I am
tell me I'm not the monster in the office building

Show me where my heart is one last time
and I'll keep the memory inside me somewhere

Where it's safe from the sulphur rain
leached from the fires we watch
every night on the TV screen
but never get burned from

Make it burn
(through the cables)
make it burn
(follow the telephone lines)
make it burn
(we scream)