

## Ink Slowly Dries

### We Were Promised Jetpacks

When my skull becomes an ornament  
Instead of casing my brain it holds keys and loose change  
When my skin begins to disintegrate  
Finally disappear, my body evaporates with everything else

Now my hands and my feet are tied  
It's safe to assume this is how I will die  
I'm not evil  
Through I am trying

Still be building buildings  
So say goodnight  
'Cause I'll still be here tomorrow

Now that my hands and my feet are still tied  
It's safe to assume this is me, most alive  
I'm not evil  
Through I am trying

Still be building buildings  
So say goodnight  
Still be building bridges  
So say goodnight  
Still be building buildings  
So say goodnight  
Still be crossing bridges  
So say goodnight  
Still be building bridges

Still be building bridges  
Still be building houses  
Still be building bridges  
Still be building buildings