

The Halos "Helium"

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It is magnificent

It is (this) party

It is (this) business

And it isn't

You set me up; I'm leveled now

And my shoes are worn and cracked from the wide,
hard ground

"Put back the pieces and pull yourself together, man

We've got so much further to go"

(Son, you won't make it)

They can find him in broken spirits on a broken bed,

Dreaming of lead,

In the basement of a house where dreams go to die

The grass outside my tiny window shows evidence of
prying eyes,

And I still don't care how bad they want you...

"Save his soul. Sort his goals."

Kneeling by the bedside light each night

While I lie in the next room,

Praying, "Please get me out of here alive."

"Oh, you're so morose..."

And when you fail, I need to know."

"We lock the doors at night, for fear that we are in your
sights."

Son you won't make it

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