

End Of An Era

"Revival Of The Fittest"

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The factory smoke still paints the sky
Low planes heard in fading light
A ghost lives here but I don't know why
So cold a life frozen in time

We keep on digging
We keep on digging these holes
For ourselves
We keep on digging
We keep on digging these holes
For each other

The factory smoke brushes the sky
Four seasons living to die
I watch the sun move across the sky
But all the clocks are on one time
We've got to get out of this town!
Well nothing is working
And nobody cares
We've been killing ourselves
To get through these years
We're just going in circles
And won't stop anyway
Why should I want to live long?
I can't get through one day
So I look at you
And I can't seem to bear
If there ever was a god
Why'd he put you here?
To cut me out of the picture
The scene and the town
But when I leave this place
There'll be no one around for you

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