

Failsafe

"Cities And Headlights"

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I'm stuck here with my hands tied on the floor
surrounded by moonlight.
Cascade,
I fall from the hillside.
Swept away,
I suffer the landslide.
The rush of cities and headlights is reborn to a
mÃlÃ©e of human cries,
But it's too late to prise open shut eyes to see more of
the world that we've chastised.

Well,
Where did we go wrong?
The past is engraved and set in stone for us to keep-
we've suffered the worst of it.

I'm stuck down here with my hands tied on the floor
surrounded by eager eyes.
It's too late to question our lifestyles,
Swept away, I suffer the landslide.
Pick yourself off the ground.
Remove the shackled from around your perforated
skin.
Pick yourself off the ground.
Remove the shackled from around your perforated
skin.

Well,
Where did we go wrong?
The past is engraved and set in stone for us to keep-
we've suffered the worst of it.

There's no solution if you forget what you've done,
You need to find the route of every problem.
There's no solution if you forget what you've done,
You need to find the route of every problem.
There's no solution if you forget what you've done,
You need to find the route of every problem.

So pick yourself off the ground.
Remove the shackled from around your skin.
Remove the shackled from around your perforated

skin.

Well,
Where did we go wrong?
The past is engraved and set in stone for us to keep-
we've suffered the worst of it.

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