

## **Good Religion**

### **"Fire Engine Red"**

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Forgotten stories of excess  
Both real and fiction  
Too many hollow lives spent  
Chasing benediction  
We plummet to the earth like  
Scores of fallen angels  
Play out or tragedies on empty,  
Weathered stages

But before we lose it all  
The final curtain call  
Conflicted and dejected

Beware the opulence inherent in confusion  
When reality's obscured  
By clouds and disillusion  
Held under far too long by  
The weight of our existence  
We labor fruitlessly against  
Both time and distance

What's in the past can't be undone  
You got to separate to become one  
Your indecision hides the guilt  
Just underneath your clouded eyes  
So sick you'd sell your soul  
For another fifteen minute lie

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