

Good Riddance "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 our 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 of 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've 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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