

## Good Riddance "The Dubious Flow Of Excess"

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Here we stand arm in arm  
at the corridors of time and reason  
with jaws set  
Our collective gaze unflinching  
Under the eyes of gods, men, martyrs and saints  
And what if all your hopes and dreams came true  
tomorrow  
would you lie  
Basking in the dubious glow of excess  
Forsaking all other

Life alone with a broken promise  
These thoughts wont pray away  
Stand still stone cold and empty  
Begging grace to favor this soul  
One more day

Im struck blind  
With it all  
Ive never been the kind to say im sorry  
Its strange  
To hear the dead keep calling

How many restless days and nights will pass  
As the salience of all your broken reveries  
Hammers upon your consciousness  
and will tomorrow bring anything  
save the vacant reproach  
of your pensive ministrations  
Run out the pain of indifference and avarice  
All the small towns and cigarettes  
Ive seen much more than I wished for  
Watched our surface calling in all his debts

So once again we stand staring into the sable horizon  
our jaws set  
Collective gaze unflinching  
Under the eyes of gods, men, martyrs and saints

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