

No Bragging Rights "Paul's Lament"

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Why are you here?
Why are you mad?
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Why are you mad?

Is 6 feet the extent of your love?
Your trust?
Is that all that stands between us?
I'll find a way to make this right.
To shield the wind,
And hold your light.
Ask for change, pray for rain.

Let it fall, let it break.
Let it crash into the sea.
Blinding lights of search and rescue fall off course.
Let it be sure and tall.
Let it question who we are.
Break the framework that's enslaved us for so long.

Where's the point that we break?
Where's the point that we state,
That these lines are about us?
Let the stories unfold.
Let the lies that we told come back and expose us.
Refuse the idea of failure.
Accept the fact that it's over.
All this time, you were wrong.

Let it fall, let it break.
Let it crash into the sea.
Blinding lights of search and rescue fall off course.
Let it be sure and tall.
Let it question who we are.
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Can tons of despair be held up by hopes alone?
The damage kings can do before their dethrone.
When you finally realize that it's no one's fault but your
own.

Her: Start the countdown.

Him: What took years to build, crumbled away.

Her: It's almost time.

Him: So, why should this be any different?

Her: Mark this building,

Him: From these tombs I fear no martyrs will rise.

Her: If we're still inside...

Both: At least not on my behalf.

To scream in vain "All Hands On Deck",

But not one's left,

Accept your fate,

And go down with the ship.

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