

Solstice Coil "Fall Schedules"

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This wooden heart bleeds for no one
Stapling medicine onto their eyes
This cardboard box has filled it's purpose

Our society is counting on you
To paint all the sidewalks
Whenever they start to fade
You are indeed
The cornerstone of humanity

I turned into what they've created
They canceled my sense and my mind is outdated
My life source is now barricaded
I cancel myself
I turned into what they've created
They canceled my sense and my mind is outdated
My life source is now barricaded
I cancel myself
But it no longer makes any difference

We circle ourselves with exploitation centers
Seeking redemption in our flabby papers
Replacing warmth with sophisticated plastic

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