

Unarmed For Victory "Looks Like Broadway Has Seen Enough"

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Beyond the cliffs lurks a time when this all meant
something
Yeah, we once meant something

We are suffering with foolish tendencies to only watch
for ourselves
Yeah, we only watch for ourselves

We are trying to hold onto something made of dust
Oh!
We are children of the royal and strange
Remember? Remember?

When apathetic love meets the burning sun, what more
can be done?
When apathetic love meets the burning sun, nothing
can be done

We will grow tired of our lives on rerun,
We will grow tired, so let's change the channel

It's gruesome,
If only you could imagine
It's gruesome, it's gruesome
If only we could imagine
Hold on, it's more.
It's more...
Could you imagine?

When apathetic love meets the burning sun, what more
can be done?
When apathetic love meets the burning sun, nothing
can be done

Oh, how cold the air that will free the soul
Stories told about our time, all of this means nothing in
the end!
(We grow tired of our lives on rerun, so let's change the
channel...)

