

When They All Fell "Busy Work For The Dying"

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Turn the page as the world is dying, can dead tech
keep you alive? Are the ashes interfering with your
broadcast? Life's feeling a bit too rushed. Busy work
for the dying masses, seems we were not built to last,
skin burns and it peels disintegrates from the blast.
This all we are, flesh machines left to rust, this is all we
have tomorrow we are dust. The sky over jersey is
burning colors so vivid. Do my eyes decieve, will I see
angels if I believe, the plumes of ash appear as devils
laughin' I cannot feel. This is all we are, flesh machines
left to rust, this is all we have tomorrow we are dust.

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