

## National Product "Collision"

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Don't call me back, you said  
I won't answer from that number anymore  
Or at least until my will runs out  
Then we're back in the same place  
Racing down the same road once again  
This wasn't supposed to happen

This curse is getting worse  
You climb so high  
It's such a long way to fall  
Fine mess you can't assess  
You just wanted for things to be simple that's all

I understand but I'm not fine  
You've recruited the next in your line  
But I leave the door wide open as you get inside

This road has caught fire  
Miles of red pass under the tires  
We paint the junked parts  
Invisible blood stains from transparent hearts  
Buckle your seat belt and shut those eyes  
We race for collision blinded to bright yellow signs

Ask why we call it goodbye  
It's a sick addiction to beating walls  
Obsess, ignore the lesson  
I wanted to cut all my losses that's all

We sing this lullaby  
To sing with open lies  
A tribute to mending once severed ties  
The melody of years  
Is music to my tears  
Sweet dissonant harmony fills our ears  
And we sing along to wasted songs

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