

One Dead Three Wounded "Planning Obsolescence"

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We've been planning our obsolescence
Would you dance on our defeat when we plan our
death in a week?
We've been planning with every word we're confessing
Will you meet me in the streets when these songs are
obsolete?

By the time you read this we'll be. We'll be gone.
Someone keep my blood pumping longer than this van
in running
Someone keep my legs kicking longer than this disc is
spinning
You'll learn to love this much more than your legs

If your curiosity ain't quenched after this town
You'll be searching the whole damn world for a new
fucking cure

Will I meet you in the streets on the night of our defeat?
Will I meet you in the streets when these songs are
obsolete?

I hope that sweet heart is pumping longer than this van
in running
I hope our legs will be kicking longer than this disc is
spinning
I hope those lungs will be breathing longer than us
fools are screaming
I hope those lips will keep singing louder than this
noise we're bringing

I'll meet you there.
In our adult matured despair
I'll meet you halfway there
In our delusions, dreams, and fears
I'll meet you halfway there
We are buried in our years

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Will you meet me in the streets when these songs are
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