

Flatliners, The

"The Calming Collection"

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Collect your head, collect yourself, collect your
severance
What on earth will you tell the wife and kids?
You pace the hallway until your paranoia peels off your
feet
We're only flesh and bone
In disbelief you'll see so clearly

Burn all your clothes and all your photographs
And embrace the concrete
You'll never feel it coming
I'll see you there
On the hinge of your life decision
Are we going nowhere til we're gone?
Shaking in our great collapse
We are the calming collection

Just breathe in and out with me

Can we escape without the effigies?
Penniless isn't worthlessness
So just for now spare your tears of your empty pockets

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