

Good Riddance, Out Of Mind

Forget the shadows of experimental bliss
And all the efforts to consolidate our pride
For we can fight just as well
We can send them all to hell
With all the pomp and production of a tidewater bell
We are the ciphers of old and we'll do as we're told
So long as units are sold throughout the night
So many lines in the sand that we can't understand
Revert to closing the ranks on every shortsighted plan

(Chorus)

It's just society, anxiety
Sometimes it's like the story never ends
It's heresy, hypocrisy
And through our ignorance we suffer our revenge
So quick to throw the only truth we've ever known so far away

Too many times we've turned our backs on all the crimes
And passed it off as borrowed time that's not our own
But with the gravity of greed in all the lies we intercede
We take the pressure off the seat of those who revel in defeat