

# 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