

R.E.M., Until The Day Is Done

The battle's been lost, the war is not won
An addled republic, a bitter refund
The business first flat earthers licking their wounds
The verdict is dire, the country's in ruins

Providence blinked, facing the sun
Where are we left to carry on
Until the day is done
Until the day is done

As we've written our stories to entertain
These notions of glory and bull market gain
The teleprompt flutters, the power surge brings
An easy speed message falls into routine

Providence blinked, facing the sun
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Until the day is done

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A voice whispers "Son,
The blessed vision comes."
What have I done
What have I done

So hold tight your babies and your guns
Forgive us our trespasses, father and son

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