

This Beautiful Republic, Black Box

The plane is starting to smoke
I think that everyone knows
That this thing will soon be going down
Some people think that we'll choke
Some people think there's hope
Which will it be?
When we know we see the ending

Quickly fading, we see that we're dying
I know it's a tragedy
That sometimes people can lose their wings
Now we're crashing down, what will they see?
When there's nothings left, who are we?

It's going down like a flame
There's no one out there to blame
We made our choice and now there's no more time
The black box is hearing the hope and the fearing
What will it say?

After all the smoke has cleared
There's only one record that they'll ever see
Our black box says it all, it tells them who we are