

when art is all but gone  
will anybody care  
all creativity becomes standard fare  
I think we're closer than it seems to the equator,  
it's burning everything  
at what point does it explode,  
at what point do we scream  
turn the knowledge we've acquired into action on deceit

it must be closer than it seems to a total fiasco  
charcoal horizons, they're rising  
the situation calls for a decision  
put your drink down slowly, think it through  
option one watch yourself slowly sink in  
number two hold on for anything

at what point does it explode,  
what moment do we scream

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(always armored) the situation calls for a decision  
(eyes forward) put your drink down slowly, think it through  
(always armored) option one watch yourself slowly sink in  
(always) number two hold on