

We are the sad people those scared eyes insane unseen  
An island inside inside out minds unbeing dead isn't being alive  
What's wrong with the air?  
The red line when the sky ends the pretty ugly lives  
Can't take your car to heaven can't take god for a drive  
Unbeing dead isn't being alive  
What's wrong with the air?  
In mourning for the morning, you laughed yourself into the afternoon  
You thought was endless you wanted to be weightless  
You didn't want to wait  
What's wrong with the air around you?