

Symptoms Of A Failing System

Our Last Night

It's a disease, this is a wrecking ball waiting in line
It's a disease, we're all just waiting in line
Its life spent putting holes through the hearts of buildings

There was a man back there on his hands and knees
In a confident voice voice he said he was dying
He breaths in toxins as a breath of fresh air
He was wearing a brand new suit

Your glass body will self destruct
In time for everyone to see right through you
No one's home, leave a note that won't be answered

It's a battle against the reflection
Your framework is crumbling to the ground
It's a battle against the reflection
Your fingerprints are ghosts among us

Your glass body will self destruct
In time for everyone to see right through you
No one's home, leave a note that won't be answered
I should've known

Without your own skin you're living inside out
You're living in a body with no lungs to breath for itself
So speak for yourself, breath for yourself