

I've got my veins tangled up, you see,  
And now my skin is a tapestry.  
Erect a wall only to wreck it down,  
I wear opinions like a wedding gown.

And not much left for me to explain,  
If all goes well you won't see me again.  
And now a sun is setting on a town  
"I won't be back but I will be around".

A sudden feeling takes me,  
I'm waiting here, just waiting,  
The ferryman is coming,  
His hand held out for coin.  
"I wanna thank you for the backlash,  
It's taken up my afternoon."  
I'm waiting at the station,  
There's fresh blood on the tracks.  
There's fresh blood on the-

An empty shell is where his head once stood.  
He drove a car once but he dented the hood.  
And even warcries that he used to do,  
They turn to grey like the songs he used to do.

His legs were aching and his hands were shaking,  
He heard a snap and knew his will was breaking.  
"Don't fear the end because you won't be here anymore,  
You'll have to face the fact you will be right before, though."

The old ways are outdated,  
Get ready for the new,  
We're grappling with the logic  
Of all we once held true.  
A break on the horizon  
For science and the truth,  
There's no right way of telling  
Which is which or who is who.

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(2x)