

They All Float Down Here

The Swellers

The smokestacks cut off all the light.
Polluted skies mean polluted minds.
Keep waiting for a new day.
The masses block out all the signs.
They're taking over without a fight.
Keep waiting for a new day.
Keep waiting for the haze to disappear.
They'll never see a new day.

It never ends, removing grip from idle hands.
It never ends, removing grip from idle hands.

No way to survive on their own.
They'll feed on themselves down to the bone.
Keep waiting for a new day.
A new day that won't ever come.
They're lining pockets till it's all done.
It doesn't have to be this way.
Still living in a state of constant fear.
Try to stop us we're the new wave.

It never ends, removing grip from idle hands.
It never ends, removing grip from idle hands.

We can't ever leave this to die.
We can't ever leave this to die.

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It never ends, removing grip from idle hands.