

# Mayday!!!

## Flobots

born in the flood  
bloody fingerpaint sets  
blackmarketed fresh  
water canons forget me not  
epitaph airbrush with death  
white t's  
wife beaters  
button up  
reattach flesh  
in between the lines  
outside of the law  
underneath the veil  
we dig our foundations  
we navigate the globe  
trying to find a pattern to break the mold  
with a family to feed  
theres nowhere we wont go  
but what if were caught  
they say Im a snitch  
shot at the check point  
found with his throat slit  
theres spray paint on the teleprompter  
anchorman screams that hes seen a monster  
mayday  
theres bloodstains on his shirt  
mayday  
they say that hes gone berserk  
sometimes  
when I wanna shut out this world  
wanna rip up this page  
wanna pour out this heart  
wanna get up on this stage  
and my lips become percussion  
and my fists become the rage  
and I pound on this table  
til it gives me something to say  
then I think about things that Ive seen  
right in front of me  
that I dont wanna believe  
gimme one of these mikes  
lemme letem know  
the way that it is is not how its gonna be

not if we dont letem get ahead of us  
the present tensions no threat  
its just a fence across the path  
that were already ready to walk  
rock solid footsteps  
letem put up obstacles  
and prove that it isnt possible  
fuck that  
we dont giveem any weight  
true liberty and freedoms at stake  
peace will never become pass  
live my life until my last dayit was half-past eight in the bat cave  
when the cracks in the plaster collapsed  
and gave way to gaps in the pavement  
mayday mayday  
put it on blast  
for the passengers and messengers  
cause this is a disaster  
where the fuck are the rescue workers  
not far  
off pissing on a cop car  
in the hall with a poptart  
sipping liquor in the rockbar  
everyone climb to the frontline  
lunchtimes cancelled  
all hands on deck to pull survivors from the landfill  
onlookers passers-by shake off that rubble  
brush off your shoulders  
break free from your standstill  
signs of a better world  
causes we understand  
failures we expected to occur  
and bring redemption for our sins  
safety from the crowds  
in the shadows on the run  
we write our own cider house  
rules to keep alive  
rituals that prove their worth  
search for systems we can trust  
rhythms we can lock into  
this is madness salvage teams  
can't bandage  
hope when its damaged  
or broken compassion  
not enough rope in the van when  
world is collapsing  
our mode of action  
broadcast through the glass  
its all we can manage

donate with the plastic  
scraps from the salad  
hoping to balance  
emotions invalidated  
and staged on 4: 3 aspects  
just ballast for sadness  
lives shattered are standard  
fare for cameras and channels  
stare no abracabrasno faster answers  
or mantras for disasters  
remastered and plastered  
got it all backwards  
do you know the faction your backing  
its another man down  
another mother gone  
child drowned  
another silenced song  
solitude  
another kind of strong  
I miss you  
another strung along  
missing in action  
another page is blackend burned  
turned to ashes to ashes  
dust off the flags and the caskets  
we will never find another you  
despite the life of love we knew  
these lightning times are trouble who  
cant count the strikes that punished through  
the bonds we thought would never break  
and never will and never fade and never change  
but there is the rage  
of losing you to their mistakes  
in between the lines  
signs of a the next movement  
refuge from the crowd  
outside of the law  
causes we understand  
hands that trace  
instructions for descendants in the  
shadows on the run  
underneath the veil  
failures we expected to  
occur and bring redemption for our sins  
in between the lines

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

