

## Joy

## Against Me!

All's quiet, except for this song.  
So maybe while I'm not together I can feel like I'm not alone.  
And somewhere off in the distance, rapidly advancing, is an on  
slaught of sorts.  
Young sirens wail in a skewed sense of glory.  
And the lions in the cages roar at the memory of fight.

And there's a joy, a joy in all I can see.  
A joy, in every possibility.

And all around us is a great, great failing.  
American rockets red-glare in a most  
disgusting triumph.  
And in passing I am asked "Do you believe in a God?",  
I shrug off the answer, continue to get high  
in this terror of no explanation.  
I am looking for a faith.  
My panic is an only reason.

There's a joy, a joy in all I can see.  
A joy, in every possibility.