

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 onslaught 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.