

Slurring the Rhythms

Against Me!

There were cameras brought for pictures,
to hold all the small details.
We left them all behind.
There was a place for and there was a time for,
and now we arrive to leave again.
There is no point in a keepsake when you run from collections.
I know one day there will be a book,
or a song line to remind me
how much it meant to be hungry, exhausted and alone

Direction is a point,
direction is a purpose,
destination is a reason to live
and this makes a heart beat

This could be any day,
this could be any year.
This could be any stage.
This could be any city.
All that matters is we're moving on.
The roadside graveyards pass and we escape, we escape repeating
.
The construction of a nation building up and the destruction of
a nation tearing down to build again.
Trailing taillights like the ghosts of the past, en route to ar
rival.
We're never going home.