

Wide Awake in the Concrete Asylum

Antimatter

Here in this severance we're calmly incomplete
We've always tried so hard to keep emotion from our sleeves
No small change in a paper cup no hint of deity to promise Eden

Who'll shout our names in marble halls for everyone to hear?
While hollow masses plot the course of grace so insincere
Seems everyday they print the names of those who tried to make
a change
Who's next in line to try?

The deaf fall back to making claims to immortality
By congregating, playing games designed to drag your days away
Is there anyone real, is there anyone real who feels right to be
here?
In this concrete lie

While the sea is so cold
We leave the toys on the shelf
Try to kiss through the snow
And as the callous grow, the mild remain in here alone

If the cuts should fall from the air would the lines still hang
somehow?
Could the walls regain in pride after all has dared to transpire?

Here in this severance were calmly incomplete

While the sea is so cold
We leave the toys on the shelf
Try to kiss through the snow
And as the callous grow
They bow down in droves
To the loudest throne
And we hide as the uniformed clone