

Dead Factories

Austin Lucas

I had stayed indoors unless you count the front porch
Eating little, save for cigarettes and fear
But life was unshield
Singing come I believe you
Singing women
Singing children
Screaming me
The home I had made wasn't three years wasted
But the man that I'd become wasted away
My thoughts turned more sour
With each slur I had spouted
And to reconcile I had to run away

I was more than a boy
Though all children will tease
Screaming friends
Singing voiceless harmony
When I was a much younger man
In a town filled with dead factories

With June came the rain
And your mother went crazy
She was banging on the door while I did sleep
With all the broken glass and the police sirence passing
I admit I was afraid to be away
I have tired old eyes
Sleepless nights bred by guilt of wicked days
Tell me here in your arms
Was I ever that man
In a town filled with dead factories
In a town filled with dead factories
In a town filled with dead factories