

Lean my forehead against the window glass, it bends the lights  
that drip.

Inside, spent days roaming room to room with instincts un-  
applied.

September's here and we ain't been ourselves lately.  
The old me liked the old you.

I'd know from around the corner.  
When no one's there it's panic and disorder.  
Clock hands creeping by; why am I always surprised?  
The dish cracked and dried.  
I wait for the door to unlock, clawing walls  
And gnawing on the sheetrock.  
Sifting through wreckage for some scraps  
Thrown before the world collapsed.  
I'm winding up, still I'm more unwrapped.  
If something snaps...

You know that just a walk through Logan Park could save us all;

We'd hear some natural sound.  
I'd stretch out and feel the grass beneath, not artificial grou-  
nd.  
But you've had plans lately;  
When you hit the floor maybe scream if you can see me.  
Scream if you...

Treating creatures like machines.  
But we can't be controlled all the time, no, resistance breeds.  
If we don't get what we need, get bent and bowed, tick explode.