

What left you blank could leave you restless  
out of breath young princes slave  
the day away your pennies save and often spent  
what has been lost has been received and lost in ceremony

She was a dancer for children  
She has a chance for an exit  
She was a builder of cities  
He had the lips of a cobra

They carved your portrait into woods  
our swords still under the sheets on T.V. screens and V.C.R.'s

Calling all jungle boys the party's over  
poaching won't get you nothing but death  
on the roof of my mouth to the bodies on the desert floor  
grab handfuls of hair pull to belly splits  
splitting on a system that made you rich

Words from your lips onto the ground all the novels that you read  
all the useless information words we throw them at each other and mix them all together  
to formulate an opinion without a second thought  
my thoughts are yours  
your thoughts are mine  
just divided by.

WORDS

I know why I'm talking will you leave the light on