

Under lines of trees
inside caves that open up to cityscapes
i was a failure and they found me out
i was a drunk and blinded sailor
to sew your insides close
these are landmine carburetors
i find it hard to believe that the medicine is helping me
at the end of the day
the computer screens give blue and silent offerings
at the end of the day
view that all the trains are churches
and roads like muddy water
they gave you poetry and endless hours of conversation
and it affects the colors over
i'm a drawn out corporate warrior
on the night that smells like water
your crutch and your cross
your voltage your watts
and at the end of the day