

The Return Of...

Crime In Stereo

I Can feel this coming together.
Frequency live from beneath the snow.
Signal escape, we might take forever.
Don't think I don't know. I'm not alone.
Silver lining serrated to sever.
Static claimed from the lines above.
But a couple of bucks and a fistful of luck
says the skies open up above my home.
I bet you I won't sink.
Hell, after a couple of drinks I might goddamn well just fly away.
I bet you I won't fade.
I'll burn out brilliantly. A cacophony of energy.
I can hear the dramatic drowning. Transmission live from beneath the words.
Signal eclipse, ignorance in a sea of "guess what I heard"s.
Polished motives advance so gently. We wear our advantages like a crown.
The same couple of bucks, the same fistful of luck says
I'm in the shade when it all comes down.
I remember changing weather, but never this rapidly to gray.
I think I need to replant my dreams.
I remember the spark fading, so how did it burn my scenery?
My heart belongs elsewhere it seems.
Position yourself with the best of friends, remain safe when it all goes down.
Just sit and stare. A night like this could run yourself into the ground.
There's only hope when you know despair. His only chance is to never care.
So if you're going to speak of hope,
let everything go and see what takes you there.
When I say goodnight to this extraordinary life of mine,
I'll take to the skies in hopes to find
that all the lights above this town indulged the hopeless,
misplaced their focus and burned it to the ground.