

# The Folding Road

Genghis Tron

By now... by now we've cut our teeth on concrete  
Faced the bruising road he said "tonight I'll send you home"  
Threads like us we're taut  
Stretched we're deathly long  
By fate we fray  
The ground howls  
The road folds  
The sand pulls  
As we scrape no cities hear us the ground lies ready:  
"I lie, I lie steady," the growing desert preaches  
"I hit, I hit heavy-weighted with fate by fate you'll fray"  
Threads go on and on and on  
Stretched along the roads we plague  
They go on