

# Goldmines

Josh Pyke

Dark night, it's a dark night.  
And you can feel it, out with the big cats.  
And there's a jaw trap, and there's a razor net.  
And it's a dark night,  
so paint your necks red,  
so we can see you.

Vastness, there's a vastness,  
and it looks empty,  
but it's really full up to the brim.  
And you can taste it,  
like a battery on your tongue,  
electricity passing particle, to particle, to particle.

And I'm gonna need some proof,  
I'm gonna need some proof,  
so set your traps right before I lay my money out for  
you.

Decision or indecision,  
is it safer to stay in the light where I can see them?  
But there was nothing there,  
but you could feel the hum.  
And it could core you like an apple kid,  
or burn you 'til you turn to dust.

And I'm gonna need some proof,  
I'm gonna need some proof,  
so set your traps right before I lay my money out for  
you.

Buzz saw in the ears for days  
and there's only so much a man can take  
before crack, crack, crack, cracking in.  
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Car ride,  
we'll take a car ride,  
out to the country,  
to see the goldmines.  
See where that hill ends?  
That's where it all began,  
and it was teeming then,  
now it's a fucking wasteland, and it's such a waste  
man.

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