

# Maddening Swarm

Light This City

It may feel like it's too much to handle,  
But it's not time yet.  
Your body operates, automatic,  
Like a breathless engine,  
It shines in the swimming haze and heat.  
While your mind,  
Like a swarm of insects in a gust of wind,  
Crumbles and reassembles,  
Forgetting its original, innocent form.

No, it's not the time.  
Don't let your frantic mind  
Run you away  
From me.  
No no no, it's not the time  
You'll be alright  
Don't let your frantic mind

In our oldest, wisest years  
We'll laugh,  
Looking back  
At our losses.  
Yours, the self-control you longed to  
Trust,  
Mine, any adequate words to dissolve the  
Mounting Pressure Moment.  
And in our tissue-paper skin,  
We'll mock the frailties of youth.  
And cherish the steel-solid minds  
We acquired in time.

No, it's not the time.  
Don't let your frantic mind  
Run you away  
From me.  
No no no, it's not the time  
You'll be alright  
Don't let your frantic mind

I know life starts in slow motion  
And ends in a fast-forward-flash,  
When all you want to do is rewind  
So you can relive  
Those days we spent  
Never wondering about how it all will end  
Remember the languid, mesmerizing  
Hours we spent, spellbound,  
Dreaming of the life we lead  
Now?  
Don't be disillusioned  
Dreams and reality may  
Never synchronize  
But someday, we'll get away  
With a perfect day  
And we'll laugh,  
Looking back.

The machine hums to the whine  
Of the cloud, the swarm  
No louder than before  
When did it become  
The anthem of impending tragedy?  
A maddening melody building  
In shrill intensity?  
Maybe it's just a new song to sing us to sleep  
It's not going to end the way you think