

Thieves In The Palace

Logh

There, in the dust at my feet something flickered in
The heat and then just like that it disappeared
Last night the mutiny spread
The cops were on the run, the kids were out for blood

You can see for miles but there's not a thing in sight
Not one sign of life

I've tried but I can't feel a thing
Could this really be right?
Someday I will stop trying
Fights for imitations of life
Everything is predefined
No surprises, no defiance

You can see for miles but there's not a thing in sight
Not one sign of life
But you can see for miles
For miles

The pool was ours for just a fraction of time in the
Cover of night
Flashlights tight in our shaking hands, too rare to die

Weekend comes in the wastelands
You're always, or at least sometimes, on my mind
Disillusion tears new holes, miles wide, through an
Already empty space
Coming to at the waters edge
I feel the waves embrace

You look so handsome on my bathroom floor, like the
Blond side of life
The scent of gasoline still fresh on your hands in the
Cold neon light