

Big City Dream

Modern Life Is War

The last words I heard before I slammed the door...
"You gotta be humble in this life."
But my shoulders tell me that ain't right
As I race down the stairs and step out into the night.
I scan the city skyline...
Smoking like a neon mechanized Christ.
So I walk with intent towards my salvation.
Thoughts rise and fall... sharpen my mind into a razor.
I try to see into the future.
I try to sense impending danger.
There's a bum on the corner with his shopping cart filled with
plastic bags.
Somedays I would wonder how he got there.
Not tonight, I don't care.
Steam rising up from the gutter... shining in the headlights of
passing cars.
The sound of distant sirens drowned out by thick concrete walls
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My state of mind makes me all alone on this platform in this su
bway station.
If you can make it here... no one will care.
I see faces cut by lines of weariness.
Intelligent eyes hardened by cynical resignation.
I catch my reflection... my face is changing too.
I find the reasons while I suffer
Just like all the others.

Up the stairs into a hazy dream.
I hear the neons scream.
I hear the billboards scream.
Fields of concrete stretching infinitely.
The industries that made us free...
With money to spend on all the wrong things.

I get down on my knees.
The crowds rush past me.
I pray to no one and I feel nothing. [2x]