

## crash

Ohgr

Here is what I said  
Made up is his blanket  
Up above our heads to  
Satisfy the masses lost

This is a present  
The Gift-wrapped hollow story sent  
Made in ???  
The elemental spiritless

What have we become?  
A better fitting graces  
Makeshift housing a medical nightmare  
What have they done?  
A tipping over cowardice  
Fleeing from the wrong side  
The body with the hive

Crash!  
No where left to run

Wake up never-land  
A never ending worry  
Walking hand by hand  
And overtaken by the sweat  
What have we become  
So wrapped up in the blanket's hum

What have we become?  
A better fitting graces  
Makeshift housing a medical nightmare  
What have they done  
A tipping over cowardice  
Fleeing from the wrong side  
The body with the hive

Crash!  
No where left to run (2x)

Note the afterbirths  
Needles my forgiveness  
But opium's excesses  
From sitting on the grasses green  
Who then holds the gun?

Crash!  
No where left to run