

## The Moon's Been Gone for Hours

Sikth

Surrounded by hands and faces  
I'm clutching my baggage and ringing my bell of help  
I don't think it will be heard  
There are too many shuffling feet and shivering teeth  
The moon's been gone for hours now  
And her makeup needs reapplying  
I wonder who she's with, or if she needs my help  
Many a man surround her pockets  
They only covert what is in her pockets  
I clutch my luggage and stare fiercely into the wall  
We are waiting for transportation, me and my luggage  
A moving mouth has made contact  
And the dust it looks friendly now  
All the dollars I pay to one phone owning hand  
Are well earned  
It only makes me wonder where they go  
Or what they do  
And what lays beneath the dust  
Under the eye of untrust  
The badged and uniform wearing authoritarians  
They are graced with notes from all sides of the world  
And they seem to be in charge  
But then I wouldn't know  
The madness in this city glows  
And my comfort in this chaos grows!  
For we are taken care of well  
And driven to and from our luxury shell  
Machine gun man stands by the door, to protect us  
I like it here, think I'll come back for more