

## Aftermath

## The Tea Party

Desperate to take  
lost in its wake  
time slips away to soon

Pleasures of fear  
drawing us near  
where could we go from hear

waste what we want  
we beg and we're bought  
and nothing is wrong with us

life in these veins  
godless and stained  
glimpses of hope exist

Slanted advance  
threatened by chance  
time slips away to soon

waste what we want  
we beg and we're bought  
and nothing is wrong with us