

# Living in the Shadow of the Terrible Thing

Therapy?

With heavy tread and treacle feet I drag my baggage behind me  
Everything's absurd, everything feels strange I experience time  
as a terrible ache

Alone and unnoticed on the busy street I'm living in the shadow  
of the terrible thing Windows shatter and alarm bells ring I'm  
living in the shadow of the terrible thing

Halfway down the road i've lost all purpose No Virgil at my side  
to guide and interpret Darkness visible, failing light I hurt  
in every inch of my lived life

Sinking slowly in this miasma Too much hurt for my head to handle  
Hanging on to hope and a handful of chances Because if you take  
away the future then the present collapses