

## Dead Songs

Thursday

Dead songs are drowning out voices of compassion with a sigh  
"Alright?" Alright.  
Deadlines are winding down  
Fatal clocks keep ticking off dead time

Nothing hurts, nothing moves, nothing stays  
(No one hopes and no one dreams)  
Nothing matters when the dead songs play  
(Reject the death)  
When all the color fades away,  
The world is black and white

Dead breath from TV sets fill the empty houses with a dead white light  
It's no surprise  
Dead checks, dead sex,  
Dead cigarettes flood the ambulance in the dead of night  
Alright? Alright.

Nothing hurts, nothing moves, nothing stays  
(No one hopes and no one dreams)  
Nothing matters when the dead songs play  
(Reject the death)  
When all the color fades away,  
The world is black and white

There's a dead song on the audio tape  
The strongest magnet couldn't wipe away  
Singing, "It's alright."  
But it's not alright  
Then: pinpricks on the back of your neck  
A little voice inside you says  
"When you hear dead songs, don't sing along--let it die."  
Lift your small voices up  
And we'll stitch these cries into a choir  
Our lonely notes form chords that the orchestra just can't divide  
Alright?