

Upon Viewing Oregon's Landscape With The Flood Of Detritus

Titus Andronicus

I saw somebody die out upon the road today
I felt lives dissolve on sidestreets as that head hit the highway
I see first responders rush in as a white plume dissipates
Trying to pull their will to power from the flames

Now there's miles of angry motorists stretched as far as eyes can see
There are a billion breathing beings each with schedules to keep
They get a long look at the tow truck as they sit and grit their teeth
Hating that which comes between them and their coffee

I'm on that ribbon highway and I've seen some sickening things
One good kid smashed to splinters, another wicked one crowned king
And upon the pavement, for each and every particle of glass
There are a thousand dreams never to come to pass
Cause dreams can't be, nor people, indeed, built to last
Built to last, built to last, built to last, built to last...

I've adored every inch of this country through the same dirty windshield
Peeking through blotches of the blood of bugs towards the Elysian Fields
Behold my brother's beautiful babies! It's obvious to see
The world's been making plans to go on without me

I gave my youth to yelling at rivers that refused to flood with angry tears
Now abundant beers await to erase redundant years
So there's nothing for me to do now but turn the radio up loud
Put Eric's sunglasses back on and black it out

Now I'm writing manifestos on old B.O.A. receipts
I know it only is alfresco when I take meals in the streets
There was promise in these pages once, now they rot under the rain
Of their wisdom, all that now remains are stains
Cause, just like me, they were made to be thrown away
Thrown away, thrown away, thrown away, thrown away, thrown away
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