

Dawn On A Funeral Day

Tsunami Bomb

Did you ever realize why there are no stars in the sky?
Because they're on the ground
The air is brown
We're trapped in this town
Let me go - I can't breathe
I drag myself through the debris
I never felt more alone than on this starry road

The air is warm but I feel grey
The chill of dawn on a funeral day
(I lie in unrest) While heavy dirt falls to my chest
(I fade away) And the hollow phantoms stay

Imagination in a chokehold, I've been steamrolled by gold records
Inspectors are watching over me, under lock and key
Chalk my outline; they'd talk of this if I'd died from a broken heart
They've taken art, turned it to something they think (We'll buy
)

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My blood is their liquid vitamin
Their madness festers under their skin

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I have never felt so alone in my whole life