

Finding A Way Out When There Is No Way

Verse

We opened fire with a .45 on everything.
Then turned the gun and painted the white walls behind us a stunning cardinal,
soon discernible to our eyes as a grotesque, almost ruddy brown
.

Again and again this scenario played out in my dreams.
I can't speak for everyone
but this is an uncontrollable vivid representation
of a potential dark future of the self,
or perhaps even for all.

A dream that comes in different forms for everyone,
but this one is mine.

Again and again this scenario will play out in our dreams.
It's an inescapable metaphor for the low-life in all of us.
We are in love with our own paranoia
and always in a struggle with our love of natural beauty
and the temptation of wretched ugliness.

Again and again, we put ourselves through hell.