

# Archive, Dangervisit

So much writing on the wall, can you read it all?  
Can you see through the haze when the writing's small?  
Can you read what it means, is it making sense?  
'Cause it's all dollar, bills, and pounds, and pence  
telling you what to do and what pills to take,  
when your head's in your hands and your belly aches,  
where to go in the world when you need a change,  
dost you worry about the bill, that can be arranged.  
Make me sad, make me sleep, make me question,  
give me things that can calm this depression.  
Let me know what to do when my money's spent,  
let me know how to spell and to pay the rent,  
let me know what to do when my hair is gone,  
let me know who to kill when the war is on.  
There's a woman of your dreams and she's on the phone,  
better send her a text when you're on your own.  
Make me sad, make me sleep, make me question,  
give me things that can calm this depression.  
So much writing on the wall...  
Feel, trust, obey...