

Ashengrace, In The City Of Light

I wake into the day upon the dawn of apathy
here in the city of light, I see it all for what it is and then
those eyes, that mouth, that face, that girl, that distant stare
this heat, this line, one more reason to leave it all behind

I wander through the streets, listen to a city breathing
see the light nighttime writhe beneath the neon ground
condemning, they all move in line against the grain
I press my fingers to my ears, can't seem to drive out the sound

I couldn't if I tried break free from what I keep inside
her words become my underground when the streets of the city are paved with time
these hands hold empty space and push me so far and out of place
where names are not remembered, in a city it's just another face