

Citizen Fish, Wet Cement

We went up to the buliding site/saw the building and the concrete piles/and watched them all working/building muscles and no-one smiled/we stood there and watched them/staring back in complete contempt/I'm building a building/signed his name in the wet cement/we walked throught the cemetary/social tombstons in black and grey/someone had a bunch of flowers/talking sentiments felt okay/we stood in the shadows/feeling it was that time of day/when everything gloomy/hits the light as it fades away/we came to conclusions/knew that life was a paradox/so many illusions/kept alive till the old ones dropped/demolishing lifestyles/building up all the tower blocks/life is so sacred/why spend it all in a man-made box?/we stared at the empty shells/passed a smile and then cried alot/while all this was passing by/no one stopped to see whta they've got/they took it for granted/used the space for a parking lot/we'll kick off the real world/allocating the beauty spots/industrial death camps/man made something and then forgot/knew what it should look like/trod on nature and said "why not?"/but you cannot replace it/just take a photo and watch it rot/and bury the feeling/til no-one knows what it really meant/got caught in a landslide/and left a name in the wet cement