

Fugazi, Provisional

Somewhere in these private minds,
The last one comes just in time to clear out
The chambers and sew up the lips,
'Cause that's the price to pay for hoping every slips not a slide.
In other words not to get it wrong,
It's pointless to walk when it's past time to run.
Secured under the weight of watchful eyes,
Lulled to sleep under clear expansive skies.
Somewhere in these prying hearts
Conflicting histories tear us apart
And we hope we don't get what we deserve,
Hide behind the targets in front of all the people we serve.