

Genghis Tron, The Folding Road

By now... by now we've cut our teeth on concrete
faced the bruising road he said "tonight I'll send you home."
threads like us we're taut
stretched we're deathly long
by fate we fray
the ground howls
the road folds
the sand pulls
as we scrape no cities hear us the ground lies ready:
"I lie, I lie steady," the growing desert preaches,
"I hit, I hit heavy-weighted with fate bye fate you'll fray."
threads go on and on and on
stretched along the roads we plague
they go on.