

# Keaton Simons, Joseph

Joseph

Joseph was a child of light  
He never disappears  
Standing up on dim lit stages  
Shielded by his tears  
Though he was not a lonesome one  
His loneliest surprise  
Was trapped in unseen reservoirs  
Whose borders were his eyes  
Lila never quite broke in  
Never got too used to life  
Standing up on podiums  
Her words cut like a knife  
But when confronted with her skin  
Irrelevant shed say  
If only I'd been born a bird  
I'd fly them all away  
I've got a problem with right and wrong  
Cause it changes all the time  
The weakest ones are acting strong  
So people gotta die  
Lulabelle was walking home  
Beneath a crimson sky  
A cool dry wind began to blow  
She could feel it in her eyes  
She came to get some fresh supplies

Lyrics

From an undercover cop  
A box with biohazard signs  
Is where she makes the drop  
Franklin was a cameraman  
A teleprompter scribe  
And every night he'd tame his hand  
Just to give it one more try  
He never had to write the lies  
Just had to spin 'em right  
He says if people knew what I do  
They'd be in the streets tonight  
I've got a problem with right and wrong  
Cause it changes all the time  
The weakest ones are acting strong  
So people gotta die