

Lonely Kings, True Grit

Electricity. transition
Information wired to never cease
This city, these phosphate lights
Shine to expose which can never sleep
Synthetic streets that run back and forth
Guided by voices without words
Common sense never meant so much
Our condition is peril
Stop the rain stop the rain
A quarantine from a quality life
You cannot stop and wait just a minute
All comforting when its not your life
Cold streets that claim lives twice every minute
You're so free you're so down
Spending too much time
Like a dream it fades out
Only images left
Just to fuck with your mind