

The Faint, Violent

I checked in a room today
Up above the downtown market bricks
Right now a boy gets old
A boy gets bitter
A boy learns not to trust
Someone inside his room
The door locks tight
You keep the door locked

Months went by and doors got kicked in
Two outlaws collecting what they loaned
In a room beside my walls
A girl gets choked
She can't pay back the loan
48 more hours to go
"48 more hours," that's all they say
In two more nights
I hear a sound
A shrill from one thin wall away

Every place is the same
Every day is the same
Every place is the same
Violent
There's a conflicting sound
Hear the arguments loud
Every day, the sounds of the
Violent, violent, violent

I moved uptown a bit
Not much changed
Conflict is never gone
But just as a calm sets in
A police line barricades
A place next door
I asked around the lot
A store clerk told me
Two young kids were shot
Mother was near the tracks
Dragged to where a train would go past