

# Tilt, White Homes

white frame homes to live in leave nothing to gain  
your colorless divinities can scarcely light the way  
white frame lies in celibate rows they swell and meld together  
aspirations lie in possessions each dwellers dream so similar

keep witches behind mythical lines and squeeze my faith behind my knees  
i cant take one more lie so ill take one of these

in this static heat i barely make my home suffice  
persuaded by a sleepy beat i cant tell which is mine  
impeded by machine awash in blue light  
spending nights imbibing life through my screen  
it shows me to believe

pack it in  
save it up  
pack it in  
save it up