

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