

# Before Braille, A Cinema Spine

Just a little bit of feeling in your stories and I'm ready rearing to go  
Just a little bit of grieving in the words you relate and I'm alright  
Crash land, insist, can't exist on frailty  
I always crash land, resist, exaggerated authority  
Just a little bit of bleeding in your stories  
and I'd be really wanting to know  
how they treat internal bleeding when they're dying to be the future glow  
All attacks come two by two  
We've been gliding, so far just spinning our wheels  
When all the bodies fall do they face the sky  
To choose which star to make it home  
When all the bodies fall is it finally quiet  
Or does their last heartbeat echo till they're gold  
Crash land, resist, re-define a dire need  
Crash land, in this unassuming reality  
When all the bodies fall will they shun the light  
And dust their feet on brittle stone  
And all this time is wasted on an assembly line  
To keep things plain enough to be sold  
Tell me something to ease my worry,  
tell me something to calm me down  
Tell me something to prove your story,  
a shot of sodium pentathol  
Tell me something that's not too late to deny'  
Why would anybody treat your right  
We already know how the actors feel