

Belson, It's Hard To Find A Switch In The Dark

Late nights and brake lights
Are all that we know,
And timelines forget the cities they image.
There are promises that we should keep
And miles to go before we sleep.
And miles to go before we sleep.
Ticking clocks are arbitrary.
Temporal times are temporary.
Let's forget who we are,
Remember who we were.
For just a moment.
Last chance.
Make it count for something.
Their defense is pretense,
And sits on threadbare strings.
Deadweights and windows don't hold for much.
We are a thing of the past.
For a moment, let's go back in time.
I'm forgetting who you are.
I'm stuck on who you were.