

Blame the City!, An Affront To Mrs. Brown

barricades surround me
limit my air capacity
holding on to every breath,
breathing deep to soon forget
distant lights fade in and out
ticking clocks, a soundless sound
I'm fading to the shadows of this town
there's no going back on what you said
because what you said is written in stone
Grey clouds turn to blue again,
the rain is gone, the storm has passed
the fields have grown, the clocks have turned
everything's compatible again
I keep moving onward, I keep moving forward
until I'm content with my resting place
there's no going back on what you said
because what you said is written in stone