

# Bonfire Pickets, Concrete Dreams

Wings of blindness fly me home  
Temptation led to love with chrome  
The city and the problem child  
Teething, boredom, running wild  
Cheated, beaten, opened, abused  
These dreams of concrete have no real use  
The repercussions of the naive need,  
Torn and twisted by the failure of greed

chorus:

The trouble with concrete is the fabric of thought  
If only we used it like we were taught  
But battered by the pain and screams  
We're left with rubble from these concrete dreams

The teachers shun the chosen word  
And educate the losers with the absurd  
The system does not know the truth  
Radio edit hides the proof

Chorus

My dream of concrete led me here  
As the rubble fell, so did the fear  
Waiting for the lights to go out  
So concrete I can dream about

Chorus:

The trouble with concrete is how we're taught  
Make concrete the fabric of your thought  
I was told at a young age  
Now only death can halt my rage.