

# Clark Anne, Nothing At All

All this tenderness has come to nothing  
All that we require is being rearranged  
I've no wish to look to the future  
For my exspectations will no doubt be changed

Just rolloing along on the rest of the waves  
My statements and strategies are quickly dismissed  
Poisoned pens in invisible paper  
Steel knuckles concealed by velvet fists

What is the chance of us living  
Some of our simplest dreams  
Are all the structures we build here  
Really as frail as they seem

The dying are the lovers of this modern world  
The power and the glory survives  
With radio active bargaining  
And the valueness of our lives

My turn to crumble  
My turn to fall  
From so very humble  
To nothing al all.

This is where silence runs its course  
And sadness wipes its eyes upon us  
We fall from a structure build on troubled minds  
My world becomes iron and grows an cold as Winter

Soldiers in uniforms of nudity march over open hearts  
Sweetly and sickly scented by roses  
And your world id crushing you like those flowers  
By scripts written into your skinwith the in of thorns

Ashen faces sink into silence  
All lonesome trends brush shoulders  
All of last nights degredation  
Builds foundations on us both.