

Covenant, 20hz

I ride the morning train
People come and go
So many different faces
As the city passes by
I watch their tired eyes
Journeys never made
Broken dreams of leaving
Fill the streets with dust
This is our final journey
It's the end of the line
Constantly in transit
We just want to go home
The rain that falls for weeks
Painting pictures on the streets
Twisted stars beneath my feet
I cruise the crowd
I could be one of them
Going back and forth
Between familiar places
As my blood turns cold
I watch with gypsy eyes
Secrets never told
Stolen years of yearning
Turn their tears to dust