

# Crime in Stereo, Choker

While you were taking sides, I was shaking the world from sleep.  
Our love, so visible yet so unseen, it sneaks in through your speech.  
The bloody world of your dreams comes crashing through the breach as you scream:  
"These ugly wolves! Once hibernating, they now awaken! You're going nowhere!"  
Girl, when I speak, I say which I mean.  
All these expensive art school teach is critique.  
We dance in common circles, we speak in such strange speech.  
Visible, yet unseen.  
As I scream:  
"These are the wolves of conversation! The nonsense you're making...you're going nowhere.

These are the wolves crawling out through your throat, saying  
"You love to turn your back then act surprised when we approach...now choke."

We seek a love visible yet unseen.  
We seek our love in such strange speech.