

Die Monster Die, Teeth

Far from their world the dismal houses cry
By your window fortune flies
In squalor, the sky descends
Grey is the color - your only friend

Synchronistic daydream collides upon your teeth
Pupils swell... Pupils swell
And the possibilities emerge
On the breath of a rat's whisper
Whisper

And I can smell destruction's spark
Careening towards a speeding car
Driver and rider and the same -
All up in flames
Up in flames - flames

I stumble down stagnation's path
Resisting change's dying gasp
Immersed in squalor, the sky descends
Grey is the color - your only friend

Lips sewn shut, no need to speak;
Comprehension obsolete
The images feed,
The hungry lies grow fat and strong
Don't want to belong -
In this world of lies
Don't want to belong...
Belong