## 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