

From Autumn To Ashes, Inapprope

Mothers nursing orphans, retreating through the beams
I think that you exist but do you really?
Electric correspondence, you cannot pay the rent
With hand me down appendages for chemical enslavement
It's not indefinite, it's got a lifespan
You try to nurture it, hope for extension
As far as right and wrong, I know the difference
But right is oh so dull, and no one's interested
Amsterdamage doctors, prescribing recipes
With side affection stapled to your black jeans
Expressions are revealing just where I'd rather be
But I'm thrown under the bus to try to resurrect a dead scene
Buckle down, when it becomes a threat you vocalize a hard truth
So here goes
I've reached the top of this ladder but what did it matter,
It's on the wrong wall