

# Garret, Spear

You're right I'm not in the mood to talk  
Drove late back home, no lights were on  
Though the color of night, everything seems red  
Damn things that crawl behind my speedy head  
It's hard to sleep in soft bed at night  
When your conscience raves  
It's on the streets, it's everywhere  
Rage is all around me  
That from the gutter echoes back  
Confusing signs drill into my head  
Can't you smell the waft of dirt while you walk  
Stop facing things with eyes turned to walls  
Don't place a frame onto others' disgrace  
To call it art and just live on carefully  
While their tears blur their certain end  
You yawn and go to bed, you failed to stand  
They hold a spear in despair  
That's not art to me  
The cutting edge is on your neck  
Sarcastic smiles will motivate the stab