

# Headnoise, Haunting Enigma

How many dying must there be?  
So many untold memories  
Who really cares, so many stares  
People fade away everyday

Empty bottles tell sad stories  
Filthy photos fumbled through  
Grubby fingers buy a few  
Sick finds for the creep

I can almost hear you breathing  
Are you really out there crying?  
I can almost feel you dying  
Are you . . . Dead?

Parking lots of trash and treasures  
Bags and piles of sinful pleasures  
Discarded frightful secrets  
Jaded eyes dig so deep

How many voices,  
How many children,  
How many choices,  
How many lies,  
How many deaths,  
How many victims,  
How many addictions,  
How many loved ones,  
How many lost ones,  
How many searching,  
How many barely holding on . . . .?

Did she find the answer?  
Does anybody know her?  
Does anybody hold her?  
Does anybody love her?

We keep walking over corpses  
Retiring our own feeble voices  
Disillusioned in her volition  
We can see the end