

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