

# Logh, Thieves In The Palace

there, in the dust at my feet something flickered in the heat and then just like that it disappeared  
last night the mutiny spread  
the cops were on the run, the kids were out for blood

you can see for miles but there's not a thing in sight  
not one sign of life

i've tried but i can't feel a thing  
could this really be right?  
someday i will stop trying  
fights for imitations of life  
everything is predefined  
no surprises, no defiance

you can see for miles but there's not a thing in sight  
not one sign of life  
but you can see for miles  
for miles

the pool was ours for just a fraction of time in the cover of night  
flashlights tight in our shaking hands, too rare to die

weekend comes in the wastelands  
you're always, or at least sometimes, on my mind  
disillusion tears new holes, miles wide, through an already empty space  
coming to at the waters edge  
i feel the waves embrace

you look so handsome on my bathroom floor, like the blond side of life  
the scent of gasoline still fresh on your hands in the cold neon light