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