

Mad At Gravity, Run For Cover

Yesterday's
Cathedrals
Bleed to the malls of today
Each prick with
A needle
Carries the sacred away
The structure
That feeds us
Now comes with a concession tray

Time spent spending for the times leaves you worthless
Cry for reason over rhyme and you run for cover

Creation
Consumption
Replacement's American eyes
The burden
Of function
Is soothed by the greatest of buys
The hidden
Assumption
Is plain when the battery dies

Time spent spending for the times leaves you worthless
Cry for reason over rhyme and you run for cover

I've got no class
But I've got cash
I've got no class
But I've got cash
I can't afford
To be so bored

I've got no class
But I've got cash
I can't afford
The boredom

Time spent spending for the times leaves you worthless
Cry for reason over rhyme and you run for cover
Run for cover