

# None More Black, My Wallpaper Looks Like Paint

Forty miles from the city. Sitting in traffic isn't fun.  
Crucifix stabbed in soil, to a father from a son.  
There's ghosts on the highway. I claim.  
Dancing on the medians. Slamming breaks.  
I'm forty miles from the city and this is the shit that's in my brain,  
I need a whim. Something I can get caught up in.  
I've got to get down to something. If I could sacrifice a little bit,  
I will. Some of us are drinking coffee,  
But how the hell could you read a paper. Probably headlines of fuel,  
While the governments putting all the red tape down.  
Wake up, I just woke up.  
The revolution won't be televised, 'cause it's in the morning drive.