

# Operation Ivy, Hangin' Out

The Bricks, construct, the place in which I self destruct  
my eyes, they see, the zombies limp abreast to me  
structures ascend, channeling wind  
we beg for change in the valley within

waste away  
hanging out

coffee acid cigarettes and matches  
stairway, cafe, were adrift for another day  
how far we surpass the nameless mass  
in endeavors so meaningless I look for some kind of meaning  
all my actions seem so self-defeating

two friends, some pens, sixty five cents  
real life brings it to an end  
how far we surpass the mass, in endeavors so meaningless.

thanks to matthew joseph roche