

Parlour Steps, Make Way

The night glows sickly an orange and black paste
Holding the city submerged
The hero of our story leans into a crowd
And is lost amongst the sea of faces
Languages rise and expire
Mixing into just one flavour
Are there any "wilds" anymore?
As the indoors is eating the outdoors
Someone's counting all of our enemies
There's no place you can disappear into
Try to sleep it off
I guess I will too
Try to sleep it off
Maybe I could follow you
Crack our shells and show our treasure long armoured
Moving prescriptions, serotonin addictions
Your massive sugar rush
Your public space is dying
Communities in need or reviving
Someone is counting all of our enemies
There's no place you can disappear into