

Riverside, Escalator Shrine

We are escalator walkers
In the brand new temple
Came to reshape identities
Shed our skins
Be reborn
And feel the same
That no one here is real

We are moving standees
In the shrine of choices
Incarcerated between floors of
Hope and disappointment
We feel the same
That no one here is real
We feel the same
That nothing here is still

We are stairway drifters
Made of cyber paper
Google boys and wiki girls
Children of the self care

We come to pray every single training day
Looking for a chance to survive
Buying reduced price illusions
Floating into another light
Melting into another lonely crowd

We feel the same
That no one here is real
We feel the same
That nothing here is still

Used to have our love
And now
Disposable needs
Used to have our souls
And now
Refined new skins

Take
Use
Throw Away
Forget

Dragging our feet
Tired and deceived
Slowly moving on
Bracing shaky legs
Against all those wasted years
We roll the boulders of sins
Up a hill of new days

In the arms of the setting sun
Our burdens cast shadows over fiery ground
Catching final rays
We try to reach the journey's end
Before the sun will die

We sense we're almost there
But the night comes too soon
And we crawl in the dark

Not ready to face up
To unknowing lies
We ache to go back

But we can't stop
So we walk ahead