

# The Airborne Toxic Event, This Is Nowhere

We all sit on the curb  
And we stare at the rain in our boots  
The car, the clouds, the sky  
While Ishmael wraps himself in the sheet again  
He'll clench the fists and close his eyes  
I don't know how many times  
I can loan him my cigarettes  
When I don't even know if he's alive  
Do prophets lie?  
It makes me feel less horrified

And my closet's filled with  
All these endless accouterments  
These shoes, these scars  
These shirts, these ties  
And these things I say to make myself feel good again  
I'll speak, I'll write, I'll laugh, I'll lie  
I can't bear to sit here and drink myself sick again  
Another night  
When everything I know was just a lie  
And I don't even know where I'll sleep tonight

I got nothing to do but stare at these walls  
And take some time to screw my head on right  
We all ended up alone, wasted here at Silver Lake  
We'll work, we'll feed, we'll change, we'll try  
I can't make any sense of this or you or anything  
I'm wide awake, and all our parents lied  
It's not alright, and all our words collide  
Awake all night