

The Faint, Sealed Human

The body dances to the beat
Of the noises from the street
As patterns, grids, and schedules go
We took a subway to the show
So give us this day our daily commute
On the bus in three piece suits
Say goodbye, kiss and ride
On the way to the club, look outside
The movement kills in several ways
Although we see it as delay
The steering wheel, a guillotine
The body dances to the beat
Wife: "Take the subway, fuck the street"
The flesh twists between the gap
And passengers are also trapped
Inertia pushed them all along
But they won't make it to their next stop
Patrons complain about the wait
While the man outside can't feel his legs
Man: "Just pull me out, save my life"
But all the cops can do is phone his wife
She drives as fast as she can
And gets caught up in a traffic jam