The Matches, Proctor Rd.

All the people 'neath your feet
That you'll never speak to
You'll never meet

All of their windows on the glow
All of the dark age will go
Same as the dark when eyelids close
When you find a house on Proctor Rd.

It's walls of your skin, tissue thin
This is your Captain speaking:
"Welcome to the place
Seats back, return
To your all-importance of great concern
From your womb slash tomb
Slash seating coach
Feel the dead weight of a shadow approach

Feel the dead weight, weight of a shadow approach