

Thursday, Dead Songs

Dead songs are drowning out voices of compassion with a sigh
"Alright?" Alright.
Deadlines are winding down
Fatal clocks keep ticking off dead time

Nothing hurts, nothing moves, nothing stays
No one hopes and no one dreams
Nothing matters when the dead songs play
Reject the death
When all the color fades away,
The world is black and white

Dead breath from TV sets fill the empty houses with a dead white light
It's no surprise
Dead checks, dead sex,
Dead cigarettes flood the ambulance in the dead of night
Alright? Alright.

Nothing hurts, nothing moves, nothing stays
No one hopes and no one dreams
Nothing matters when the dead songs play
Reject the death
When all the color fades away,
The world is black and white

There's a dead song on the audio tape
The strongest magnet couldn't wipe away
Singing, "It's alright."
But it's not alright
Then: pinpricks on the back of your neck
A little voice inside you says
"When you hear dead songs, don't sing along--let it die."
Lift your small voices up
And we'll stitch these cries into a choir
Our lonely notes form chords that the orchestra just can't divide
Alright.