

The Oracle of Nassau

Pyrrhon

There are no crowds out on the streets
No neon lights, no beautiful people
Just vacant windows staring down
At the heaps of ash and charred rags
And the avenues yawn between
Ruins that spike like polygraphs
At the half remembered husks
Int he cordwood-bundled clouds
Why won't you fucking listen to me?
I'm so close to finding the right words
Look past the sores and the slurring tongue
And take my reality into your heart
You think I'm pathetic
But the truth is mine, not yours
Because when they cut me open
I saw the future coiled up inside

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>