Nothing Happens

Desperate Journalist

It's early evening, I keep going back;
The hazy warning, the gentle attack.
A basement beckons, the station where
An absence happens, nothing happens there.
Bruises burn here on these small shoulders;
Patterns stick, dear and you just get older.

Is it a sign of weakness as you shut the door?
Are you sure about this?
Are you really sure?

Imagined cameras, the scene played to a song;
You have your mantras: "With this I can belong".
Accepted internal, the star-aligned event.
The pages of your journal; you call it heaven-sent.
Bruises burn here on these small shoulders;
Patterns stick, dear and you just get older.

Is it a sign of weakness as you shut the door?
Are you sure about this?
Are you really sure?

And yet it comes to form you, makes you less or more.
Are you sure about this?
Are you really sure?
Are you really sure?
Are you really sure?

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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