Synchronicity II

Empyria

Another suburban family morning
Grandmother screaming at the wall
We have to shout above the din of our Rice Crispies
We can't hear anything at allMother chants her litany of boredom and frustration
But we know all her suicides are fake
Daddy only stares into the distance
There's only so much more that he can takeMany miles away, something crawls from the slime
At the bottom of a dark Scottish lakeAnother industrial ugly morning
The factory belches filth into the sky
He walks unhindered through the picket lines today
He doesn't think to wonder whyThe secretaries pout and preen like cheap tarts in a red light street
But all he ever thinks to do is watch
And every single meeting with his so called superior
Is a humiliating kick in the crotchMany miles away, something crawls to the surface
Of a dark Scottish lochAnother working day has ended
Only the rush hour hell to face
Packed like lemmings into shiny metal boxes
Contestants in a suicidal raceDaddy grips the wheel and stares alone into the distance
He knows that something somewhere has to break
He sees the family home now looming in the headlights
The pain upstairs that makes his eyeballs acheMany miles away, there's a shadow on the door
Of a cottage on the shore, of a dark Scottish lakeMany miles away, many miles away
Many miles away, many miles away
Many miles away, many miles away

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