Arcades

B.A. Johnston

Swimming with piranhas in my gut
Feeding on the hand that waves good night
For I am also what I have lost
And I have it all except mercy
So I wait in line
And I wait my turn in line
You're getting away
You're slipping away from me
And I know that soon
You will be out of my hands

Be assured we will not be ashamed
For a second there it all made sense
Standing naked so that they can see
All the scars inflicted
By the blade of my dreams
And I know that soon you will be happy again.
In my defense I never promised you the world
In my birth marks I've begun to decode my fate
I read the signs but got caught out by the hidden clues
Another second too late

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