Jesus Is My Ride Home

Crime In Stereo

Sin first through the madness, Glass and Ash. Rooftop
perched staggering captains over the backyard captive.
and it's not what's so attractive is in the madness
and sin. it's in waiting for the kids to ignite so we
can see what happens watch the place divide into
private bathrooms, arising wide -eyed scissored
straws, looking surprised. we can watch the commerce
rise across the cobblestone, selling everything from
getting stoned to being less alone. and if you want to
be left alone endanger gutters on your own. what's the
use of those solitary's rooftop blues when there's
smoke to stain your fingers? chasing rafters, raining
sulfur and English on every pretty face in the room.
oh the gravity of the spinning ground slows the
growing legend in this house surrounds the night,
closing in like a crowd in gossip, traffic and sound
oh the soul of this dying town, it's come alive when
you come around in every muscle twitch that shakes the
dust right off your skin. every backseats niche. the
younger kid that run to tell their friends all the
things our private roof can bring. much of madness,
much of sin.

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