

# Dusted

## Guided By Voices

Comes a sign of wasted times  
I will wait no more  
Ever trudging through the aimless  
Forest we explore  
In our boots and money chains  
Misfitting cloaks we can't contain  
Hidden hates of urgency  
Declaring our emergency  
And up the tallest window world  
The distance was not clear  
Unoccupied with brutish thoughts  
We had no cause to fear  
A lesson so severe  
Hotter than the fire we build  
Darker than the truth  
Ignorance reflected in  
The windows of our youth  
Push me now beyond the bounds  
Of healing hands and thorny crowns  
And all the sadness it implies  
I've tasted with my own two eyes  
And as the cattle rack was cleaned  
The floor was brightly stained  
And larger though we grew in size  
Not a thing was gained  
But fate has so ordained

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