

# Dead Songs

## Thursday

Dead songs are drowning out voices of compassion  
With a sigh, alright, alright  
Deadlines are winding down  
Fatal clocks keep ticking off dead time Nothing hurts, nothing moves, nothing stays  
(No one hopes and no one dreams)  
Nothing matters when the dead songs play  
(Reject the death) When all the color fades away  
The world is black and white Dead breath from T.V. sets fill the empty houses  
With a dead white light, it's no surprise  
Dead checks, dead sex  
Dead cigarettes flood the ambulance  
In the dead of night, alright, alright Nothing hurts, nothing moves, nothing stays  
(No one hopes and no one dreams)  
Nothing matters when the dead songs play  
(Reject the death) When all the color fades away  
The world is black and white There's a dead song on the audio tape  
The strongest magnet couldn't wipe away  
Singing, "It's alright" But it's not alright  
Then pinpricks on the back of your neck A little voice inside you says  
"When you hear dead songs, don't sing along, let it die"  
Lift your small voices up and we'll stitch these cries into a choir  
Our lonely notes form chords that the orchestra just can't divide  
Alright?

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