

The Dubious Glow of Excess

Good Riddance

Here we stand arm in arm
at the corridors of time and reason
with jaws set
Our collective gaze unflinching
Under the eyes of gods, men, martyrs and saints
And what if all your hopes and dreams came true
tomorrow
would you lie
Basking in the dubious glow of excess
Forsaking all otherLife alone with a broken promise
These thoughts wont pray away
Stand still stone cold and empty
Begging grace to favor this soul
One more dayIm struck blind
With it all
Ive never been the kind to say im sorry
Its strange
To hear the dead keep callingHow many restless days and nights will pass
As the salience of all your broken reveries
Hammers upon your consciousness
and will tomorrow bring anything
save the vacant reproach
of your pensive ministrations
Run out the pain of indifference and avarice
All the small towns and cigarettes
Ive seen much more than I wished for
Watched our surface calling in all his debts

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