Unloved

TrancEye

There will be no consolation prize
This time the bone is broken clean
No baptism, no reprise and no sweet taste of victory
All the stars have fallen from the sky
And everything else in between
Satellites have closed their eyes
The moon has gone to sleep
Unloved, unloved, unloved, unloved
Here I am inside a hotel
Choking on a million words I said
Cigarettes have burned a hole
And dreams are drunk and penniless
Here I am inside my father's arms
All jagged bone and whiskey dry
Whisper to me sweetly now and tell me I will never die
Unloved unloved unloved unloved
Here I am an empty hallway
Broken window, rainy night
I am nineteen sixty-two and I am ready for a fight
People crying, Hallelujah
While the bullet leaves the gun
People falling, falling, falling
And I don't know where they're falling from
(Are they?)
Unloved, unloved, unloved, unloved
Hoping that the kindness will lead us
Past the blindness and not another living soul
Will ever have to feel
Unloved, unloved, unloved, unloved, unloved, unloved

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