Canon

Brazil

Mass of rain scaling skyscrapers.
Point only to failed ambitions.
Alone in the city of millions he walks on the left.
Against the open floor of human traffic,
Hourly inflicting and literally pulling.
Wanting to connect to the source.
Hes too afraid to ask so he walks alone.Hes the monolith.Like limbs of a dismembered poet rippling vains of lengthy full scars.
Yet just above the internal wounds that never seem too mit completely,
A world of great matter house a city he calls his own.
Standing on a ledge he surveys the land between his feet and the horizon.
Seeking projectile eyes burnt in a flame retile dress of the mob.
The lithium change seems to sting his tongue.
He's the monolith.
(HES THE MONOLITH!)Chorus:
They will break they will burn far,
It feels so missed.
x6

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/