

What Story Down There Awaits Its End

The Age of Rockets

A steady hand at dooms blank stare
with voices calling you back to bed.

Delancey Street trembles beneath
as you rise to meet the dayIt's a long night wide awake
with work in the morning and I'm
Saving each word from certain death
always look right, always turn left
and I'm up to meet you there
Cat got your tongue and left the rest
got chased around like marionettes
and i'm up to meet you there

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