Quiet Little Screams

Jason Rubero

Dreams.

Quiet little screams.

Propped up, it would seem.

By cantilevered beams.

Faith.

That thing you have misplaced.

That thing you pulled out of space.

Cut up and defaced.

And we fell down.

Fell down without assistance...

Holes.

Turning 'yes' men into 'no's.

Molten earth between two poles.

Suspicious murder of the crows.

And these words.

Making left and right turns.

Theatre of the absurd.

'Rara Avis' means rare bird.

And we got down.

Down without a reason.

Some things simply can't be denied.

And we are liars.

And here we lie.

We are buyers.

But we cannot buy.

Dreams.

Quiet little screams.

Propped up it would seem...

Rings.

Shinning pretty things.

Who knows what they'll bring.

Scintillation or a sting.

Hate.

Scratching at the garden gate.

Gaining footholds as of late.

Governor of this sorry state.

And we got down.

Down without a reason.

Some things simply can't be denied.

And we are liars.

And here we lie.

We are buyers.

But we cannot buy.

Dreams.

Quiet little screams.

Propped up it would seem.

Lyrics submitted by Jason Rubero.

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