A Cinema Spine

Before Braille

Just a little bit of feeling in your stories and I'm ready rearing to go
Just a little bit of grieving in the words you relate and I'm alright
Crash land, insist, can't exist on frailty
I always crash land, resist, exaggerated authority
Just a little bit of bleeding in your stories
and I'd be really wanting to know
how they treat internal bleeding when they're dying to be the future glow
All attacks come two by two
We've been gliding, so far just spinning our wheels
When all the bodies fall do they face the sky
To choose which star to make it home
When all the bodies fall is it finally quiet
Or does their last heartbeat echo till they're gold
Crash land, resist, re-define a dire need
Crash land, in this unassuming reality
When all the bodies fall will they shun the light
And dust their feet on brittle stone
And all this time is wasted on an assembly line
To keep things plain enough to be sold
Tell me something to ease my worry,
tell me something to calm me down
Tell me something to prove your story,
a shot of sodium pentathol
Tell me something that's not too late to deny'
Why would anybody treat your right
We already know how the actors feel

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