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Deacon Jones

I Don't Believe That We Can Conceive
Of An Afterlife That's Meant To Be Perceived
Catastrophes, Calamities, Catastrophe
Everyone Loves A TragedyBut There's Guns, There's Guns Guns Guns
Pointed At Our Head Every Time We Close Our Eyes
But What Are We, Little Folk
To Do About This Bakery Full Of LiesWe Don't Need No One To Turn Out The Lights For Us
When We Go To Sleep
Catastrophes, Calamities In Our Dreams
When We Dream We Like To Dream About Tragedy And Afterlife
A Perceived Reality, A Tragedy, A CatastropheSeems My Life Is Only Just Pretend
And Dreams Are Only What You Make Of Them
And Themes Are Reoccurring So Often
If I Were Wise I'd See A TrendWe Don't Need No One To Turn Out The Lights For Us
Arguing Things That Have Never Been Said
The Mail Was Empty, The Books Were UnreadProgress Hindered By Arrogance
Inquiries Made In Present Tense
Future Stars Will Be Twice As Dense As Ours
Twice As Dense As OursRepetition Shoved Down My Throat
Answers Given By Anecdote
Crueler Sonnets Were Never Wrote At All
Never Wrote At AllAnd It Seems My Life Is Only Just Pretend
And Dreams Are Only What You Make Of Them
And Themes Are Reoccurring So Often
If I Were Wise I'd See A TrendOne, Two, Three, FourProgress Hindered By Arrogance
Inquiries Made In Present Tense
Future Stars Will Be Twice As Dense As Ours
Twice As Dense As OursWe Don't Need No One To Turn Out The Lights For Us
Arguing Things That Have Never Been Said
The Mail Was Empty, The Books Were UnreadWe Don't Need No One To Turn Out The Lights For Us
How Can You Sleep At A Time Like This
The Answer Was Pointless, The Question Amiss
To Err While Conscious The Words A Mistake
How Can I Afford To Stay Awake

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