Pale New Dawn

Jets to Brazil

sickly surrender to cola remember machines
shaky somnambulist shiver out all your screams
go to the room with the chair and wait for your life
scared that the voices i hear may never be mineseven december a paper back letter recalls
you knew such happiness crashing her loveliness one wedded fall
cutting through gray where you're holding the pages amazed
cutting the picture to ribbons in winter paradespale new dawn put something on
you're thinking faster than i run
now the more i get connected
the less i know who i am
and it feels like i'm the only onethe month has gone rabbits the winter is taking my life
am i a passenger passing through scenes in someone else's life
cold will outlast me apartments are castles in space
warm with the void holding court in a four poster gravepale new dawn put something on
i hate the shape of things to come
now the more we get connected
the less i know who you are
i dont' think you thought that farthey gave you a food stamp
for the air sucking wound in your chest
all the best. all the best.strange pale fighter you only grow lighter in time
willfully silent declaring yourself with your cold scribbled rhyme
making her find you beneath all the skin of your mind
she's digging towards nothing a hollowed out center in timepale new dawn put someone on
i hate the shape of all you want
now the more you get connected
the less i get who you are
but i don't want to think that hardit's a lonely way to live
when you take what you give (and you don't give in)
in a nation of promises
your anonymous promises

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