Dead Songs

Thursday

Dead songs are drowning out voices of compassion
With a sigh, alright, alright
Deadlines are winding down
Fatal clocks keep ticking off dead time
Nothing hurts, nothing moves, nothing stays
(No one hopes and no one dreams)
Nothing matters when the dead songs play
(Reject the death)
When all the color fades away
The world is black and white
Dead breath from T.V. sets fill the empty houses
With a dead white light, it's no surprise
Dead checks, dead sex
Dead cigarettes flood the ambulance
In the dead of night, alright, alright

Nothing hurts, nothing moves, nothing stays
(No one hopes and no one dreams)
Nothing matters when the dead songs play
(Reject the death)
When all the color fades away
The world is black and white
There's a dead song on the audio tape
The strongest magnet couldn't wipe away
Singing, "It's alright" But it's not alright
Then pinpricks on the back of your neck
A little voice inside you says
"When you hear dead songs, don't sing along, let it die"
Lift your small voices up and we'll stitch these cries into a choir
Our lonely notes form chords that the orchestra just can't divide
Alright?

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