

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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