

Surveillance Footage Highlights

Drowningman

blood burns clean. i can piss gasoline. what you're willing to waste i can smell, almost taste. see these lights in my eyes. they record a life of crime. fingers all wrapped around. tongues pulled back like loaded guns. we'll do it again one last time. blood burns clean, wash away gasoline. what you're willing to waste i can smell. almost taste.. see these lights in my e yes they record a life of crime. we'll do it again one last time. we'll do it again till they pull this gun from my cold dead hand. living your life like you're waiting to die, eyes on the clock like you're hoping you live through this. this is where we got off quiet calm hanging from dull needles in the air. dirty rubber souls tracked behind us the faint trace of suspicion on the terminal floor. if we had been able to we would have seen our reflections in passing store front windows only the late afternoon light refused to let us in and we moved like ghosts up escalators and down crowded concrete corridors. every movement was carefully detected and words painstakingly decoded and still we fell out from the camera's eye- erased from the taped evidence- we were the light footsteps of a practiced and polished abomination. we passed unquestioned into their vaults where they gave us anything we wanted without a word. this whole world laid open wide. say my name like it's all you've got s ay my name while you bleed into me. tonight the world is ours.

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