The Tour

Crimpshrine

Over fences and through backyards
We tiptoe past empty boxcars
So as not to wake the bums inside
Industry that once thrived now is gone
Abandoned factories and tracks trains ran on
Are all that's left from those daysThrough barbed wire fence we see sculptures in a field
We find some maps at the front gate
And walk inside to investigate
Following a stream, it leads a path
To sewer's entrance and a raft
Ever wonder how it looks down under the concrete?
Over murky water we ride
Through concrete tubes we float inside
Our voices echoing through the endless darkness
Oblivious to life above
Our minds are clear (no mental spewage)
The voice in my head is dead, maybe he drowned in the sewage
When we emerge though darkness sunlight seeps
And we all go home to sleep
Concluding the tour for this day
Other sights we've never seen
And places that we've never been
We'll find when things get stagnant againCome on, let's go outside
And take a look and see what we can find in this city
Leave these four walls far behind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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