

Second Hand Jackets

Proud Simon

Stray cats masquerading in chiaroscuro paintings.
There's a hole so deep in the pavement, I wonder how many layers are beneath it. Suddenly demons of antiquity
illuminate the construction machines.
They pierce my pockets for change. Relics still in fashion; our second hand jackets.
But the warehouses are abandoned under the towering expansion.
And as they grow so too shadows, a playground for the vagrants. Three kings are parading, and I for one am
waiting.
For the ashes and straw that remain there.
I lost everything in your hypnotic stare.

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