Here

Prince

I awoke to sirens, but all you heard was apologies.
Was it too loud or not loud enough
To move the mountains we built
To the trenches we dug?
Repeating ourselves,
Biting our own hands- counting how many fingers fit?
How many fingers?

Sit and wait.

You make this look good,
You make it look so good,
Dressed up in riot gear for a prat fall good for profit.
We claimed the product in the name of tragedy,
Were so dramatic.
Now I'm after pyramids,
What would you rig that with plastic explosives and trip wire?
And if we lost our arms,
And lost our voice
Could we trick ourselves-
That we killed ourselves.
Here come the sirens, were over and done for.

I can never stay awake long enough to see the ending.

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