

The Road to Nowhere

Radical Face

The lightning climbing up the walls,
The finger drawings on the glass,
The map of those who used to live here,
Until the gilded hand was broken-Often there's a voice in my sleep at night,
The words inside my skull ignite.
But once I wake, I cannot read them:
My bloody hands remain a question mark.Sifting through the jacob's of time,
Or hiding in the bones of the city
The engines sing along with the cries.
This song, it spells disaster,
But it's buried in the laughter--
(Ooooh oooh oohoooooooo)
(Ooooh oooh oohoooooooo)
(Ooooooooooooo)The words that fall from out the mouths
Can change your hands
And split the skin,
so I will keep myself apart
from shining eyes
and privileged boredom .The thing that I've learnt from unusual blood
Is never touch a person's comfort fort.
The voice of change is often heard
But fear itself has come to visit.Sifting through the jacob's of time,
Or hiding in the bones of the city
The engines sing along with the cries.
Their song, it spells disaster,
But we drown it out with laughter.
And our eyes
Rose, pointed at the skies, looking for an answer.
And our hands,
They were stained and black and grey,
busy solving problems.
And the backs (were bent?), below the fall
of things we'll never know
Until it breaks us.
And in the comfort of the earth
We will not wonder what we're worth,
No, we will sleep soundly.All on the road to nowhere.

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