

Joy

Against Me!

All's quiet, except for this song.
So maybe while I'm not together I can feel like I'm not alone.
And somewhere off in the distance, rapidly advancing, is an onslaught of sorts.
Young sirens wail with a skewed sense of glory.
And the lions in the cages roar at the memory of flight. And there's a joy, a joy in all I can see.
A joy, in every possibility. And all around this is a great, great feeling.
American rockets red-glared our most
disgusting triumph.
And in passing I am asked "Do you believe in a God?",
I shrug off the answer and continue to get high in this terror of no explanation.
I am looking for a faith.
My panic is an only reason. And there's a joy, a joy in all I can see.
A joy, in every possibility.

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