Dark Matters

Propagandhi

Another day of life, I was drifting off in thought
But I can't escape this nightmare very long.
Young girls flag the johns who troll the block in circles,
Waiting for their moment to take the plunge.All of us crossing paths.We're all in the same place but it seems
We're living in parallel worlds.I try to imagine the predator's stinking breath,
His body against mine, the foulness when he's spent.All of us passing by.Somewhere in the alleys of our minds
We all have our secret worlds.Some are haunted by memories,
Some have an impulse to be cruel,
And they're watching intently
To see who they can use.You don't know who's a freak,
And on this street they're out here lurking all the time.Amidst the swirling snow I saw a friend out jonesing and cold,
She was pacing and waiting alone for an unknown.I guess that life has taken its toll.
The vultures circle close.
At any moment we might slip and fall.
The jackals are waiting, waiting for us all.

Songwriters
CHRIS HANNAH, JORD SAMOLESKY, TODD KOWALSKI, DAVID GUILLASPublished by
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