

Can't Happen Here

Stabbing Westward

Late last night I tripped in
violent shades of green
1000 voiceless faces were chasing me
I ran through the air as thick as glue
Through night as black as hate my spirit fled
Through branches filled with thorns
my eyes bled and bled
How could I ever hope to win this race
When everytime I close my eyes I see your face
It just can't happen here