

Heading East

Aloha

They cry at the sight of doubt's red eye
Even the frail clench a fist eventually
And anyway, they beat it out of me
A dictator, etcetera
A gravedigger, etcetera
Walls crumble, do people rise
With nothing but tomorrow in their eyes?
Walls crumble, remain in piles
Basking in tomorrow's fear
After the rain sweeps the dust and dead wires
I have to admit, I am sometimes afraid
A dictator, etcetera
A gravedigger, etcetera
It's times like these
It's times like these, that I swear
That inspiration is locked down in a closet
On a boat heading east
I'm having dreams I shouldn't share