

## 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