

Fools Gold

Antimatter

The sinking feeding
A scene to behold
As lights go out in tow

And the altar is reborn
Wall to wall

All the cards I hold
Are mine and mine alone
It seems the empty show
Is not sinking in
And the actor is both the star and the audience
On the screen of his mind
As he's honing his lines

And they can't get off
As sure as the sun is sinking
Pulled to the careless breeding
And all the wired souls stay on

Aligned by a change in the heart
No semblance of yesterday
We've all gone numb to feel
With mouths on fire
Just cross your heart and believe
That nothing is unreal
So medicate and surrender
For all roads they lead back here

Still they can't get off
The lines we draw today
Will breed in the end
And extort
As the feast
Goes on and on and on

Flies feed
Like the beat of a heart
Coming inside
Flies feed
Like the beat of a heart
Coming inside