

Leagues of bleached disease
Lay at the helm of iron appendage
We'll never vocalize the
Words that summoned us to life
A slow line drip of fact to fiction
Seeps though crack in pantomime
We dragged our lives
In our frozen bags behind us
My pages turned by fingers of ice
Blur sets the stage under city light closer and closer
I saw as they watched in confusion
And it comes within inches of hemorrhaging
A slow glow of metropolitan
Chokes the fear out of me
We'll never make it off this train alive
Would you haven't an opinion
Your thoughts construed my amnesty
Sentries of the old held paperweights
To sop their breathing
I've only been 11 years but I've never felt so alive
it's the drink that keeps on giving
A temporary vitality
Whats says the ones that threw the bottles
Sprinting from fragmenting
The glacial backdrop leaves me
With a sting of longing
Though this ice storm it predicates sleeplessness
Lock the door behind you
Cause it may be the last ride we aver take
Bury me alive, I'll never forget what
They gave us
Sleep predicates sleeplessness
It's never ending