

A Street Scene

Bark Psychosis

I'm sure you can make it.
Flipside now nothing changes.
I run past your street deserted;
Fading light on your fading face

Incision. Carved out.
No trace of doubt.
I can't extract the truth, you know it.
But what you give you get.
While this place spins like a heavy doorway.
But you've seen it all.

Pretence. Rip this town.
You turn my world upside down

Incision. Carved out.
No trace of doubt.
I can't extract the truth, you know it.
But what you give you get.
While this place spins like a heavy doorway.
But you've seen it all.

Gather it around:
you built it up to tear it down.