

Under lines of trees  
inside caves that open up to cityscapes  
i was a failure and they found me out  
i was a drunk and blinded sailor  
to sew your insides close  
these are landmine carburetors  
i find it hard to believe that the medicine is helping me  
at the end of the day  
the computer screens give blue and silent offerings  
at the end of the day  
view that all the trains are churches  
and roads like muddy water  
they gave you poetry and endless hours of conversation  
and it affects the colors over  
i'm a drawn out corporate warrior  
on the night that smells like water  
your crutch and your cross  
your voltage your watts  
and at the end of the day