

Razor's Edge

Gary Chapman

Staring out over what once a horizon its been blotted out by this city spreading like a plague.

Consumed by glass and now we can't see the sun rising it doesn't seem to end and thats what makes me so afraid

Why must it be that everything we do just makes it harded for us to live with eachother

Why must it be that destruction equals intelligence.

Clawing my way through the urban decay everyday our lives our being wasted.

trying to make some sence of this tragedy etched in stone
the concrete highrise was just the disguise this is no place to call home

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