

Dead Star Shine

Horrorshow

Underneath a pitch black sky, with the bright stars
My only guide through the cover of darkness
Lying on my back, staring up through a cloud of smoke
Was when I found a brief moment of catharsis
A path to follow, in a ride that I borrowed
I hit the road, looking for a brighter tomorrow
Live by the sword, but the pen's mightier
I wonder if I'll die tryna live by that motto
My dad let me in on one of life's little secrets
A thing's greatest strength is also its greatest weakness
In the very realisation of our achievements
Self-destruction on the path to completeness
I be the son of two teachers who each told me
When I got old enough not to follow in their footsteps
Said I should dream bigger 'cause they wished they coulda
And that teachers never seem to get the thanks they should get
Well I'm sorry Mum and Dad but I think I messed the plan up
'Cause I'm starting to think maybe I am one
I stand up in front of these people, class is in session
Pay attention, requesting they put their hands up
I ask the questions but you have the answers
Yours is the voice that makes the anthem
I know it seems like nothing's going to plan, but
Do you really think that this is random?

There I am looking up at the night
Getting lost in the stars
See how they burn so bright
But they seem so far
So many light years away they could die
And you wouldn't know, still putting on a show
I don't know if it's a beautiful sight
Maybe my eye caught that dead star shine
Dead star shine, shine, shine dead star shine
Shine, shine, dead star shine
Shine, shine, dead star shine
In a minute you can get passed by
You can get passed by, shine, shine dead star shine
Shine, shine, dead star shine
Shine, shine, dead star shine
In a minute you can get passed by

So now I'm getting by with a little bit of kindness from strangers
Under the skyscraper lights I wander aimless
Making arrangements, to wake your neighbours
Tryna keep a straight face when they tell me I'm famous
Nah, my head in a mess of mixed messages
In the same breath I'm your hero or your nemesis
Soothsayer or conveyer of your sentiments
The object of your affections, even your therapist
'Cause therapy is what this music is
A best friend to a moody kid, got me sitting on a
Black couch in a padded room singing the blues
In these tunes, no wonder I'm starting to think I'm fucking losing it
Sunday night revelations
Misguided attempts at medicinal meditation
Dunno if it's hell, nothing or heaven waiting

In the meantime I'ma have me a celebration
I walked the city streets till my feet hurt from the calluses
Returned home to find my hands frozen with paralysis
At the end of the search was the catalyst
Took it back to the lab for further analysis
Heard the siren, saw the ambulance fly by
Maybe my eye caught a flicker in the night sky
Price of admission to the greatest of heights
And everybody got their own way to shine bright, right?

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