

Listen Close

Horrorshow

"Read my palm and see the evil of my forefathers"
"I can't take it y'all, I can feel the city breathing
Chest heaving, against the flesh of the evening,"
"It's deep, I heard the city breathe in its sleep"
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Can you feel the change in the air?
I never could, took a second look now I see it everywhere
Today moving so fast, becomes yesteryear
And if you can't keep up, well then you disappear
I see the lonely old buildings round my way
Slowly fall into a state of disrepair
Then the real estate buy it up, sell it off, knock it down
Then it's gone like it was never there, does anybody care?
Wood, brickwork and steel laid bare
Like the city's broken bones exposed to the open air
And there I am, the heir apparent
Surveying the damage as my neighbourhood vanishes
Without a trace - an unsolved mystery
Whole decades erased instantly
No room for sympathy in the pursuit of efficiency
The legacy of a colonial dynasty
In a city still growing out it's infancy
Built on invasion, displacement and misery
Foundations laid by blood, sweat and industry
Of convicts inspired by aspirations of liberty
Before that history goes to the grave
I listen close to the whispers of the ghosts of yesterday
From beneath the coats of paint they speak
Empty shop-fronts the faded evidence of a generation's dreams

And on a still night, if you listen close
You can still hear the whispers of the ghosts
Seek it out and you'll find that it's all around you
The sound of that which was handed down
And on a still night, if you listen close
You can still hear the whispers of the ghosts
Know where we've been to grasp where we're headed
Looking at the past from the present
And on a still night, if you listen close
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Now the signs in the street say for lease and for sale
An invitation to dream, a reminder of those who failed
A long way from land grants, rations and dirt trails
Disillusionment's still in fashion in New South Wales

Rusted iron, rubble and chipped paint
Signs of urban decay in a withered landscape
I see it everyday, the heritage fades
Gentrification, nothing's gonna get in the way
Of this concept that we call progress
Locked in a contest with our superiority complex
Monuments to man's dominance are the imagery
Scaffolding sketches out the blueprints of visionaries
In a city still growing out it's infancy
Built on invasion, displacement and bigotry
Foundations laid by cold-blooded killing sprees
Severed heads sent back on ships for the king to see
Before that history goes to the grave
I listen close to the whispers of the ghosts of yesterday
From beneath the coats of paint they speak
Empty shop-fronts the faded evidence of a generation's dreams
I stay playing these beats on the same train platform
That Lawson waited on watching faces in the street
Except that somehow the scene appears differently
Soaked under the cold pale glow of electricity
So, before that history goes to the grave
I listen close to the whispers of the ghosts of yesterday
From beneath the coats of paint they speak
Empty shop-fronts the faded evidence of a generation's dreams
But I know this city, I've felt its heart beat
Watched the life breathe through the cracks in the concrete
Where it stops is beyond me

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