

You're Not Carving Deep Enough

Ion Dissonance

This City is lost as I am.

Standing still on an unfriendly sidewalk,
Staring at the flickering streetlights...

Gently pressing my palm against the dead-cold iron of the pole.

The lights suddenly shut and again I'm left alone with my thoughts.

Navigating directionless on a stream of a grey density, hiding
in the confinement of a filthy back alley...

I think I had sex here once but that's not the point.
The molecules surrounding me are definitely moving at a faster
pace than mine,
I guess that's why my vision is so blurry.

Dry cold air fills my lungs, leaving an aftertaste of dust in my mouth.

I washed it clean with several shots of vodka.
And why am I coughing this much?
I've never smoked, if I'd known maybe I would have started.
To quit, would've been a goal to reach in life.

There goes passion, out of a broken window...
Passing by great buildings, giants of man-made desires that are spreading their wings
Of darkness upon the city for miles.
I'm out of breath, and I can't do a thing about it...

(...No One will hear me scream.)