

## New Dreams Broken

J Church

Tonight the lights are bright over the cityscape,  
I'm miles away from where the skies are gray,  
It's wider than a postcard,  
More than I could hope for,  
I no longer want to live in the U.S.A.

Parish brings the cup to his lips,  
Hot liquid burns,  
It's what he needs,  
Hands run through his hair,  
Grease on what is still there,  
Pen to paper spells out H-A-T-E

Take the biggest bite,  
Take all you want,  
There's plenty more where that comes from,  
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Take all you want,  
There's plenty more where that comes from

Parish stares into the white noise,  
He thought he was an artist,  
How wrong can you be?  
He died a little on his 40th birthday,  
All I know is that accumulation loneliness has no sympathy

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Parish thinks about Angelique,  
Back in the summertime,  
Talcum and calamine,  
Built a wooden boat,  
He bet it on one note,  
But it didn't touch the walls of Jericho