Piao Voca Slung

Jonathan Boulet

Man on the street
Preaching what he dreamed
Waters rise up
Claiming everything
People see the news
Add up all the clues
Now everyone's looking
For the man off the street
But he left us all something to read

He said,
I've seen it all
Seen it all
Seen if fall

But I've never seen
Never seen
You before

What could we do
Even though we knew
People stop working
Everything stops
We're all just waiting
For the end to come
We're just left dreaming
What we could have done

It might be the end of things
But maybe it's the start of something

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