

i'm writing reports of the days and the nights.  
locked up for years in a measure of mind.  
when with a net of nothing.  
i was trying to catch the motions of a mind.  
and the methods of a crime.  
i never saw the chance.  
and never what i held in my hands.

the lights are all red in this town.  
where i'm killed by exhausts.  
and alcohols that dry out my skin.  
i never had a clue of the role that i played.  
but that's the condition and the price that we pay