

## Beacons

Luca Brasi

It's fucking futility  
This post-teen slavery  
The sweat burns that form on me  
Holds in everything  
Everyone that I know  
Has some sadness about them  
Could this be the theme  
Of letting it all go?

What I brought, I brought down on me  
I'm not accepting that I'm running out of steam  
That's us, and that's us  
We've got each other to watch for  
There's a spark and some life in us yet

I'm glad I have you with me  
'Cause it's a long fucking drive from the city  
Cat's eyes burn like beacons  
We're burning our way home

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