

## The road to nowhere

Radical Face

The lightning climbing up the walls  
The finger drawings on the glass  
The map of those who used to live here  
Until the gilded hand was broken

Often there's a voice in my sleeping mind  
The words inside my skull at night  
But once I wake, I cannot read them  
My bloody hands remain a question mark

Sifting through the hiccups of time  
We'll hide in the bones of the city  
The engines sing along with their cries  
This song, it spells disaster  
But it's buried beneath the laughter

The words that fall from out their mouths  
Can change in your hands and split the skin  
So I will keep myself apart  
from shining eyes and privileged boredom

The thing that I've learned from unusual blood  
Is never touch a person's comfort  
The voice of change is often heard  
But fear itself has come to visit

Sifting through the hiccups of time  
We'll hide in the bones of the city  
The engines sing along with their cries  
This song, it spells disaster  
But we drown it out with laughter

And our eyes  
They were always pointed at the sky looking for an answer  
And our hands  
They were stained in black and grey busy solving problems  
And our backs all bear the load of all the things we'll never k  
now until it breaks us  
And in the comfort of the Earth we will not wonder what we're w  
orth  
No, we will sleep soundly  
All along the Road to Nowhere