

Pripyat - Part 1

Seth Sentry

Yeah, ayy

A faint ghost through the raindrops, pace a frozen train stop

I've changed a lot since a waiter jotted "Strange Lot"

I quit the day job, traded it for a day dream

Basically feel the same though, maybe little less angry

I'm not sure, maybe little less bankrupt

Maybe little more fucking, but lately a lot less make love

I cue the tape up, fade off into a made up

World that I've had one foot in as long as I can remember

A lonely town that I walk around in to fix my head up

Dry water fountains and dirty pigeon feathers

A rusty breeze that whispers you listening Mr Sentry

Every scrap of litter's a love letter my exes sent me

I'm barely here no more, I barely hear no more

My mind is reeling, watch it like a cinema

Cloud city citizen sitting here smoking cigarettes

Cynical people talk at me, pity my mind's in Pripyat