

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