Pripyat - Part 2

Seth Sentry

I'm in a place where I take a little refuge
A ghost town that a meltdown left to me
There's a door in my mind I can step through
When I'm bored out of mine so just excuse me
I switch reals and it gets moody
Your fake champagne got my head woozy
That's why they keep telling me I'm reclusive
There's no more moon, wait, which world was I born to?
I'm confused, pigs walk through to that court room in lawsuits
Then walkout with them tall tales
That twist turn and then corkscrew
Extort you for fame favour and fortune
They pollute you with false data and war flavoured exhaust fumes
It's all crazy, this whole place is a powder keg with a short fuse
I see them all smiling politely
And shaking their hands like a piggy bank
I mirror that smile right back at them, already I am in Pripyat

All I need
Is something to restore my faith
And I'm gone
I feel like someday I'll
See that I was always there
Pripyat

Is it weird I've become to feel
Comfortable here in this rubble filled city?
Abandoned where something so sudden and terrible happened
Where buildings are cracked and the paint on the front of them
Peels and they're filled with possessions
All left behind, all frozen in time
A ghost reminder that in the end nothing material matters
The air is as still as a ferris wheel
I don't feel like I should even explain
It's the worn out ruins of my head space
And I still run to 'em just to escape
Guess you can probably tell by the blank face
When I stand there waiting for the next train
Strange lot, watch as I just fade
I guess that's where I was when the dead came
And I'm gone, not even a blip on the minimap
Gone where the forest is taking the city back
Gone, yeah, you see me, but already know where I'm really at
Gone inside of my head where it's calm
So I'm sending this letter from Pripyat

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Is something to restore my faith
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