The Moon's Been Gone for Hours

Sikth

Surrounded by hands and faces
I'm clutching my baggage and ringing my bell of help
I don't think it will be heard
There are too many shuffling feet and shivering teeth
The moon's been gone for hours now
And her makeup needs reapplying
I wonder who she's with, or if she needs my help
Many a man surround her pockets
They only covert what is in her pockets
I clutch my luggage and stare fiercely into the wall
We are waiting for transportation, me and my luggage
A moving mouth has made contact
And the dust it looks friendly now
All the dollars I pay to one phone owning hand
Are well earned
It only makes me wonder where they go
Or what they do
And what lays beneath the dust
Under the eye of untrust
The badged and uniform wearing authoritarians
They are graced with notes from all sides of the world
And they seem to be in charge
But then I wouldn't know
The madness in this city glows
And my comfort in this chaos grows!
For we are taken care of well
And driven to and from our luxury shell
Machine gun man stands by the door, to protect us
I like it here, think I'll come back for more

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