

## ENTERTAINMENT

### SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

I woke up when I heard the blow  
Heading east towards KSMO  
Sixteen wheelers passing too close  
Dust picks up and swallows us whole  
(It's alright, forget it)

I regret some choices I've made  
Entertainment only remains (While I keep descending)  
Who will decipher pain from the lie?  
With every decision phased and finalized  
  
(I keep descending)  
(And no one remembers my face, my name)