

Politics of Sleep

Strung Out

I awake
To the dance apparitions trapped inside my heart again
Acquiescence
Of this desire bleeding through
And I don't know what to do
Something's still missing through the hours
Of this inertia

And you climb the highest peak
You smoke with souls beneath the street sleepless and alive
You paraded like you had something to show
It's gravity that keeps you down as you sleep with satellites

In the realm of light there is no time
In your disease there is no crime
Just smoke and ashes and everything we burn
The romance of the way we were
The savior the murderer
Incantations of our love divine

It's suicide in increments of time
In our memory
Satellites at the edge of the sky will guide you home tonight