

## 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