

## Friction

## The Midnight

The city skin  
It fits too tight  
In the late, hot summer sweat  
The kids come looking for a fight  
And everywhere  
The sirens call  
And the gods that built these walls  
Are taking bets to watch you fall

But in the Underground, there are no names  
Just a kick-drum heartbeat, pounding insane  
On stranger's lips and in our veins  
We grind out the freedom with our chains  
It's the friction

Come closer to me  
Can I breathe you? I need to  
Come closer to me  
Do you know what you do?  
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The static sparks  
Across the wires  
And the wind blows in from elsewhere  
Caching embers of desire  
But the flames  
Are in our hearts  
And the longing floods the circuit  
We peel our masks off in the dark

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