

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?
It's the friction

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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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