

Living in the Shadow of the Terrible Thing

Therapy?

With heavy tread and treacle feet I drag my baggage behind me
Everything's absurd, everything feels strange I experience time
as a terrible ache

Alone and unnoticed on the busy street I'm living in the shadow
of the terrible thing Windows shatter and alarm bells ring I'm
living in the shadow of the terrible thing

Halfway down the road i've lost all purpose No Virgil at my side
to guide and interpret Darkness visible, failing light I hurt
in every inch of my lived life

Sinking slowly in this miasma Too much hurt for my head to handle
Hanging on to hope and a handful of chances Because if you take
away the future then the present collapses