

## The Absentee Ballot

**This Is Hell**

A million candles line these streets.  
Back home there's just melted wax on the concrete  
And I recall a heart so pure it that ceased to beat.  
I haven't said nearly enough.  
But I've already said far to much.  
This is the best and worst things will ever get,  
So don't forget...  
Back home they curse our names,  
But good or bad we all rot the same