

Lock In

William Beckett

I hear whispers, hear them talking
Might be lost, but not forgotten
I'm a tin man, I'm a lock-in
Politicians and semantics
add a flair for the dramatics
When it crumbles down, they come knocking

Windows bought and boarded down.
Floor falls out beneath our feet
Seas of screams without a sound
will carry clear across the world so loud.
Under the surface, it's much more than it seems.

Population in a panic
While the sickness is expanding
but the lights are on in the attic
Doors are closed, locks are on
People lining every street
Power to those who pry them off
They'll do anything to find the key
Under the surface, it's much more than it seems.

Not a nation unaffected
for the fearful are cemented
to the promise of a safe haven.

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