

411

"Riding"

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We've been riding all night and the skies that diminish
are right to be known
We've been finding insight in what we knew to be right
from the day we were born
Every day is the last, only further in time from the will
of the past
So we circle and strive and reverse when we drive so
we'll never arrive

We were silent before, but we're not anymore, now
we'll even the score
We'll describe and dissect every secret effect that lay
hid behind doors
There was time in the past to describe or outlast all that
cluttered and cast
A dispiriting light through our shallowing nights soon
will never be right

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