

## **Austin Lucas**

# **"Dead Factories"**

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I had stayed indoors unless you count the front porch  
Eating little, save for cigarettes and fear  
But life was unshield  
Singing come I believe you  
Singing women  
Singing children  
Screaming me  
The home I had made wasn't three years wasted  
But the man that I'd become wasted away  
My thoughts turned more sour  
With each slur I had spouted  
And to reconcile I had to run away

I was lower than a  
Screaming friends  
Singing voiceless harmony  
When I was a much younger man  
In a town filled with dead factories

With June came the rain  
And your mother went crazy  
She was banging on the door while I did sleep  
With all the broken glass and the police sirens passing  
I admit I was afraid to be away  
I have tired  
Sleepless nights bred by guilt of wicked days  
Tell me here in your arms  
Was I ever that man  
In a town filled with dead factories  
In a town filled with dead factories  
In a town filled with dead factories

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