

## Gathering

### "Me And Ed Loyce"

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The vagrant on my corner who is speaking to birds  
Is as crazy as the commute on their way from home to  
work  
Well hey ya'll! Let's get apocalyptic!  
We need it to be just so damn apocalyptic!  
We're all down to get down. Down down to get down.  
If on our knees will be the lead to the top of the food  
chain  
Let the foxes dig holes in the stations  
Ain't this such a grand new dark age!  
Why shouldn't they believe that their homes just an  
Asbury park!  
In the opposing hand were bulky two inch thick  
Overlapping pages of white paper  
Whose flawless black print in a comparison  
To our chewed nails was much fucking smaller  
No one around here ever seems to notice the  
Mountains awaiting out east  
But that carrot is within reach!  
That carrot is within reach!  
So we've got to get down just to get down  
And we keep on tracking the beast  
So do you hear the tune of a thousand  
Trampled streets they sing me off to sleep  
Where I am chased by stampeding machines  
Only to awake to give into the chase all again

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