

Genghis Tron

"The Folding Road"

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By now... by now we've cut our teeth on concrete
faced the bruising road he said "tonight I'll send you
home."

threads like us we're taut

stretched we're deathly long

by fate we fray

the ground howls

the road folds

the sand pulls

as we scrape no cities hear us the ground lies ready:

"I lie, I lie steady," the growing desert preaches,

"I hit, I hit heavy-weighted with fate bye fate you'll fray."

threads go on and on and on

stretched along the roads we plague

they go on.

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