

Brandtson

"Jesus Is My Ride Home"

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Sin first through the madness, Glass and Ash. Rooftop perched staggering captains over the backyard captive.

and it's not what's so attractive is in the madness and sin. it's in waiting for the kids to ignite so we can see what happens watch the place divide into private bathrooms, arising wide-eyed scissored straws, looking surprised. we can watch the commerce rise across the cobblestone, selling everything from getting stoned to being less alone. and if you want to be left alone endanger gutters on your own. what's the use of those solitary's rooftop blues when there's smoke to stain your fingers? chasing rafters, raining sulfur and English on every pretty face in the room. oh the gravity of the spinning ground slows the growing legend in this house surrounds the night, closing in like a crowd in gossip, traffic and sound oh the soul of this dying town, it's come alive when you come around in every muscle twitch that shakes the dust right off your skin. every backseats niche. the younger kid that run to tell their friends all the things our private roof can bring. much of madness, much of sin.

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