

Hour "The Empty Streets"

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takes me up so high
alone atop a lush green hill
the wind runs through my face my hair
yes i can feel your presence still
and the harder the rain eats the ground
and the greyer the clouds swallow the sky
and the closer i can get to tears
without getting to the point of crying

i stand with arms outstretched
i stand with no regrets
i'm feeling warm in the cold
and i'm waiting to see where you descend
i'm hungry for that burning hole

and the more the colours are sucked from life
and the more it seems like there is no time
and the louder it al
and the less it makes me feel like trying
and the more i've drunk the night before
and the harder it is just to open my eyes
and the drab and the bleak
and no one speaks

and the harder the rain chews the ground
and the greyer the clouds swallow the sky
and the more my head swims in tears
without getting to the point of crying
and the more the colours are drawn from life
and the less it seems like you're bound by time
and the louder it all and the empty streets
and the closer i am to flying away

away from the stagnant people
content with going nowhere
the specks of dust
pretending to be someone
they all make me feel
as i walk with barefeet
under blades of grass
that apart from you striking me down
and lighting up my sky

all i could do to make the world seem brighter
is to shut my eyes

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