

## 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 all  
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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