

Justice Fails "Clutch"

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(As we scatter the ashes of heroes and bastards
From mountaintops where we once stood with our pride
We bury
For the purpose
Of dodging extinction
While shovelling dirt on our past and our pride)

At the back of the theater
At the back of the theater sits all of the drama kids
Trying on their costumes
Applying their make up

What will it be today?
Will it be a comedy?
A thriller?
Perhaps a murder

What will we be today?

(Heartache, disasters
And ethereal masters
Sent out to fight by a god with no face
We breed for the purpose
Of dodging extinction
Whilst shovelling dirt on our past and our pride)

We continue
We continue down
We come to the cafeteria

There sits blond hair
There sits red hair
There sits brown hair
Short hair
Long hair

They talk about their fast cars
And the faults of others

What will we do today?

(We scream head first

Into reverse evolution
Open your fucking eyes
And tell me what you fear)

In the blistering cold
At the far end of the field
There sits a boy
And no one seems to know his name

Dear Journal:

Dear Journal:

That blond-haired girl that sits in the cafeteria
I love her but she doesn't seem to know my name
I love her
I love her but she doesn't seem to know my name

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