

Marathon

"Closing Time At The Distortion Factory"

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A wartorn town
A snapping sound
Takes a child down
He wins the stray bullet lottery
Reporters there with corresponding flare
Asking "Who would dare let a fight get so ugly?"

Then his story beamed home to me
Where I'm complacently watching TV
And in between, a producer's carving
The truth to give me the juiciest piece

Every channel shows me a handsome close
Spinning yarns that make me dizzy
Woven hand-me-downs from the man on top
Meat to keep me cozy on those bitter nights
Insomniac eyes
When I dare to peep through their curtains
But why bother when I could wrap
Their newspeak tight 'round my arms
And smile to sleep

Then history pumped through the factory
Polished to keep us disarmed to the teeth
And reality dies with our memories
Unless we capture it now with our ink and lenses
That want truth like hopeless romantics
Pirates sailing airwaves
To ransack bottom-line synchophantics
Give me the cutlass and toss their anchors in the
atlantic
And start telling our story

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