

Minus

"Here Comes The Night"

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Hear the sound of crying drifting in my brain,
Elevator prozac going insane.
Dislocated daybreak hangs around my neck.
Pale against the canvas, get ready for a change.
I feel a hole inside my body.
I want to go where insects hide the silence.
I wake up to see all the long faces, leaving traces of
broken hopes.
Life leaves shortcuts of happy trails,
History is the only thing that can take care of us.
I sleep on a concrete bed,
Wake up to see all the long faces leaving traces of
broken hopes.

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