

## Pin Drop Violence

### "Grey Machine"

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On the left side  
A parking attendant sleeps  
Selling space and time.  
On the right side...  
They have grasped the concept  
Of property.  
Understand that space and time  
Can be twisted into someone's  
Monetary advantage  
But, i can see myself  
In that building that stands  
Across from me.  
Reflecting in the sky.  
You can see yourself  
Swim along the giant whales  
Down the street.  
Reflecting in the sky  
On sunny days  
The people on the beach  
Like ants in my food.  
They must have closed the mall.  
Here comes whitey to exploit  
The simple pleasures nature gave me,  
Then Try to tax them all.  
Lay in the yard.  
Curled in a ball.  
Hails in your mouth.  
Keys still in the car door.  
Face in the dirt.  
Smells more than clean.  
Synapsis tapped.  
You're well out.  
On the side of the house.  
Its burned in the ground.  
That secret code.  
That signal go.  
There's a stain on the grass  
That's calling us home  
You lie inside for the  
Transistor send.  
My heart skips a beat.

Lie blinded.  
Out of reach.  
Out of touch.  
Out of ink.  
Out of kindness  
Never hazing new guys.  
Out of teeth.  
Out of thought.  
Out of time.  
Out of life  
Like cattle grazing.  
Your mind.  
On the way to the car.  
On the of the stone.  
On the edge of the lake.  
On the end of the joke.  
On the crack of the floor  
On the slab of the day.  
On the dent of the face.  
On the mind of the cop.  
On the scar of the rat.  
On the last of the calls.  
On the rest of the doc.  
On the smile of the kid.  
Pick me up.  
Take me home.  
Get me out of here.  
Please.  
On the underside i'm letting go...  
They know were on to them.  
We know to avoid - their snare  
They're pulling us back  
We run for cover  
Escape is far  
I'm letting go...  
Its scaring me  
Break...  
I'm gonna break...

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