

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "A Tune Of Panic"

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Sirens scream a tune of panic.
Heartbeats rival the speed at which the pistons are
pushing the engine.
Dispatched to the aid of black despondency.
Life has left the body,
And barely lingers somewhere in the grey matter.
Faces pale with the knowledge of whys and hows.
It's haunting to know that life can beat you down with
such great ease.
Confirming those things that you have tried to ignore.
Compelling you to bathe in your despair.
Bankrupt on the fact that you have no power over your
disposition.
Like a (great)ghost that speaks breathy in your ear.
It's a common theme but one we can't discount.
Let's bring aid to those not fervent enough to help
themselves.
Raise a flag of hope, that there is a brilliant tomorrow.

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