

The Amenta

"Dirt"

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Every morning after
Will be shades of grey
All spotlight sunrise
Or bruised sunset
When the clock stops
And everything is stale and still
And the rust finally shows
On everything we've gathered

All of your plans
All of your promises
All those revolutions
Your resolve
All of your power
And all your pride
Will all be nothing
Nothing but dirt

In the end what remains?
Not the body
Nor forgotten hours
Drowned in drink
Our lives flicker
The soul is just
A collusion of senses
It's just our deeds
That see morning
Book ended by black
We are water dripping
From leaking, rusted taps
The sound of clocks
Twitching through dust

We are
Flickering embers
In dusty ashtrays
We are the dirt
We are just dregs
We are water dripping

From rusted taps

We are dirt

This is all we paint
Blank canvas, blank canvas
Humanity is aches
Creaking joints
Hunched shoulders
Traces of blood on bed sheets
Persistent benign tumours
This is all we paint

All of your power
And all your pride
Will all be nothing
Nothing but dirt

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