

## The Arrivals

# "Ballad Of Lon Stokes"

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I've surrounded myself with bastardized logos  
They help me get to sleep  
I've been searching the horizons for the scapes I find  
dearest  
And I think it makes me weak  
Over time, I've realized  
That the comforts I most prized  
Will all clean my bones  
And circle like flies  
Now I'm feeding myself away from the table  
And I don't care if we speak  
I've gotten a bit nervous about paying lip service  
But I'm sure that you won't weep  
Over time, I've realized  
That the comforts I most prized  
Will all clean my bones  
And circle like flies

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