

Vincent Minor

"Dead Air"

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Coffee spilt on her wedding dress as a crack opened
up in the earth
Sent the ambulance into a cable car it's the last day of
the world
Strangely calm on empty streets, panic sworn off like a
hedonist
Can't believe what I'm seeing now, they never taught
this stuff in school

His will is waning, a grip abated
The red shoes warning, there's no place like home
As I'm fading into a vortex with you

Give tone to the death and sight to the blind
As a white man will kill an Indian tribe
As you figure this riddle from the top of a building and
jump through parting clouds
Oh my god my fear is enough to cut with a knife as I
slam on the brakes
Walking into your future the kind with computers
Your head spins and heart aches

With laughing bibles and serious faces
A haunting smile in distant phases
Walking off the edge of a sidewalk and dropping into
dead air

Coffee spilt on her wedding dress as a crack opened
up in the earth
Sent the ambulance into a cable car it's the last day of
the world

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