

Zachary James Dodds "1905"

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Well, the park-life people sent me off today
With a bright, bound package and pink balloon parade
And with all their good advice, that when applied, just
turns to lies, and said -don't dare turn back now, okay?
- Okay, okay.

And I made my way inside the grey machine
With the work-worn withered bones and smoke and
steam
And for everything I've done, I could've won that war
and gone,
But somehow, it got to me.

Where is love? Dead to this route. It's quite melancholy
to think about. But in the outside air, it's been a miracle
year- quite really lovely- wait... I'll make it there.

It's only for a year I sold my life
To the steel, mechanic motion keeping time.
I wanted just to see if I could stand upon my feet.
I'd never found a place I couldn't find the bright side.

Crawling away from here...

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