

Monks of Doom

"Trapped"

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Trapped

A game of roulette
A marble and wheel
Revolver and steel
While down on his luck
A grimacing drunk
He spins on his axis
On top of the table
Espousing his views

... familiar

Removed it may come to you
How your contempt is renewed
The train of thought running here
Makes me see all too clear
How I'm like everyone I can remember I knew

Trapped

Supply and demand
Mathematics and facts
Computing revealed
The secret's concealed
Displaced of it's day
The weight of an age
A hideous scheme
Horizons of steel

Walking on tightropes

They're lost in my neighborhood
Long streets I know very well
Wandering aimlessly, wavering endlessly
Leaving today for the next town that gets in the way

Trapped

By fear in my voice
I struggle to speak
I struggle to reach
That tone in your voice
The onset of fear
It spins like the world
As is everything near
Just from breathing the air

Trapped by my point of view
Locked in a waiting room where we are smothered
desire
Lost in a notebook who's heartstrings sing out to you
Coming to terms with the slow spiteful passing of years

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