

Zola Jesus

"Dead In The Queue"

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One lonely night I trembled,
Asking "what purpose has an angel?
And do we die forever?
And how can this pain be so simple?"
Smothered, like being buried alive.
It's perverted, the burden of life.
But we will push our hands to reach the air -
Only the dead say they're not scared.
Bodies that move without minds,
Slaughtered while standing in line.
But soon the time will come to rise up.
Rise up!
We sit transfixed in mesmerized delight.
Hypnotized, manipulated, we're grabbing everything in
sight.
Our fingernails are bleeding from beneath.
We smile so vacantly - we grin and show our rotting
teeth.
Eating the remains of the meaning that we seek,
The substitution of illusion leaves us cowardly and
meek.
We sit transfixed.

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