

Diamond Rugs

"The Carpenters' Coalmen"

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It has been so long
I'd like to kill
The carpenters' coalmen
I want you
Caught by the coalmine
But I can't help think
That going in circles
Won't bring a thing

Somewhere from nowhere,
Came blood through your veins
Don't want to live only,
To rot in a grave
The facts of opinion,
Are stacked as the truth
Be mindful who's dealing,
And ready to lose

In the survival,
I'm losing my cause
Somewhere in the people,
Who claim it belongs
I'm going in circles,
All in a rage
As decisions are broken,
Divisions are made
As the carpenters' coalmen,
Are prescribing the dream
To weaken the many,
To stand on the meek
As we are encircled,
Surrounded in flames
As we become broken,
As we are unmade

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