

One Dead Three Wounded "Cardia"

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We've been living off your pulse in the absence of
light
The only sensation we feel is the draft for the freezing
outside
Our eyes glance at the clock, waiting for the minutes to
move
Bathed in digital light that paints everything in view.
We've spent those past few years contemplating an
escape
If death is the consequence it's a chance we take.

Open your eyes. Flash your brights. Ignore octagon
shaped signs.
You're fucking drowsy if you think this drive will get you
further than our street.
You're fucking drowsy if you think this torch will burn
precisely as you seek.
You ask how the fuck do our hearts beats so long
untouched and the beauty of it..
Trite, awkward gestures frame the canvas of what we
claim to be.
Night driving so long we are in the furthest points of a
car.
Night driving for so long sitting in the furthest points of
a car.
Watching the cob webs grow from wall to wall

You asked for my thoughts on the politics of whether
God exists or not.
We live our lives by dialogues on bathroom stalls.

You ask how the fuck do our hearts beats so long
untouched and the beauty of it..
Trite, awkward gestures frame the canvas of what we
claim to be.

Open your eyes. Flash your brights. Ignore octagon
shaped signs.
You're fucking drowsy if you think this drive will get you
further than our street.
You're fucking drowsy if you think this torch will burn
precisely as you seek.

Open your eyes if you think that this torch will do
anything
More than infect old sores and heat up cold wars
Open your eyes if you think that this torch will do
anything
More than infect old sores and heat up cold wars

Up go our hopes like smoke from the cigarettes in a
bar
The only reason we breath is cause the pure air is
sparce

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