

A18

"Misery Street"

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Another broken vow set against another broken vow
Your promises hold no water here
Another hopeless tone pacifies another heartless home
Your love is just smoke and mirrors
On behalf without a voice
I confront
In the stance of innocence
I confront
Another empty space occupies another crowded face
You couldn't see me if you tried
Another sick react so fucking sick infact
The thought of faith just leaves me pale
Weight of distress rides squarely on your heart

Mid-shoulder and back
You've got too much to lose but nothing to live for
Put a rope around your neck to pick up the slack
Draw a blank
I don't know what you're looking at but you don't see
me
It's clear one look into your eyes tells me you're guilty
Wake this slumber burn out my eyes to be able to sleep
Forty-eight fucking hours awake on misery street
Call your soldier march of the damned or parade of
fools
This is where I live.

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