

## Amenta "Dirt"

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Every morning after  
Will be shades of grey  
All spotlight sunrise  
Or bruised sunset  
When the clock stops  
And everything is stale and still  
And the rust finally shows  
On everything we've gathered

All of your plans  
All of your promises  
All those revolutions  
Your resolve  
All of your power  
And all your pride  
Will all be nothing  
Nothing but dirt

In the end what remains?  
Not the body  
Nor forgotten hours  
Drowned in drink  
Our lives flicker  
The soul is just  
A collusion of senses  
It's just our deeds  
That see morning  
Book ended by black  
We are water dripping  
From leaking, rusted taps  
The sound of clocks  
Twitching through dust

We are  
Flickering embers  
In dusty ashtrays  
We are the dirt  
We are just dregs  
We are water dripping

From rusted taps  
We are dirt

This is all we paint  
Blank canvas, blank canvas  
Humanity is aches  
Creaking joints  
Hunched shoulders  
Traces of blood on bed sheets  
Persistent benign tumours  
This is all we paint

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And all your pride  
Will all be nothing  
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