

Ampere

"Secret Hallways"

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Smoke and mirrors, secret hallways.
Our home, left behind in ruin, became someone's
sacred holy land.
And still, searching for the devine, your plague will
choke the life from us.
One day we will learn to stand.
No one in front, none above, not quite sure what we've
become.
We're all great communicators and all such fucking
fakers.
We're doves with golden haloes shot dead in the
streets.
And looking up with fear, clouds open wide.
We stand, mouths agape at smoke and mirrors: your
fucking lie.

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