

Elliot

"Dying Midwestern"

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saw it all fall apart in a mass hit.
telephoned right before the heart quit, and we just
stare.
control's not enough, your lives aren't enough,
cold poison the forms of your addiction calms to make
us civil.
paralyze this body to stake direction with chemicals
and contract hits.
feeding on me, paralyzed soul, giving me no way out.
but are we ok?
waving cars six dollar hauls make business.
we learned a lot by burning out in smoketown.
but are we ok?
you're feeding on me, you're bound to let go and i'll
just wait to make my move.
do you believe what you are?
gotta make it straight, gotta set it all off.

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