

Every Other Fate

"Deny The Dreams"

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We were just standing in time
and all of these pieces were racking into nothing
and I should just settle down.
These time-clock instruments display
some kind of currency
I fear that we are all the same.
and I could find the evidence
all transcribed in circumstantial lies
they were everything
nothing's left but somehow I go on.

They are lost in
subtle sleeping.
These hours, these hours
all lost in this design
This time around.

These hours, these hours
they are lost in this design
this time was dead this time was dead
but I'm not waiting ever.

Silence Virtue
originality is not required
it's trite
not required but I'm still speaking

This droning this breathing
these dripping wires are torn apart.
My mind is dead my mind is dead
and I'm not ever better.

And I was just waiting for something to happen
this time could trickle down and I might follow.

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