

Iluvatar

"Dreaming With The Lights On"

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Cigarettes were the fragrance of another space in time
a trigger in his pocket and a tongue so full of rhyme
it's useless now to think he's got it all free and figured
out
you can tell by his breath he's a social outcast without a
doubt
could i be wrong without a doubt?

It was a heat-thick charity moment so they drummed
into my head
an irony of catastrophe in my mind they'd beat me
dead
they had me cross examined so thoroughly,
had me dug down deep in my seat
breathing accusations of annihilation, in my soul I knew
the deal

His mother said, "why do you walk the way your father
did?"
"well, tonight you'll be sittin' here dreaming with the
lights on"

Another fourteen years in the pen, i had landed on my
way
no possibility of parole or a drink at the ranger's chalet
the way i see it i saw nothing, asleep in my keep
incriminating myself awful, i was trying everything

His mother said, "don't you walk the way your father
did"
so for tonight I'll be sittin here dreaming with the lights
on.

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