

The Loved Ones **"The Inquirer"**

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Is the writing on the wall?
It's getting harder to read it these days.
Are we paranoid or basically ok?

Are the books not adding up?
Is every battle an effort to maintain?
Does the signal fade? Do you feel afraid?

Has your faith been shattered cause you've never had
a say?
Do those planes keep crashing in the middle of your
dreams?
Does your conscience scream a little louder every day?
Is it just fear that keeps you here?

Are we in over our heads?
We're popping pills just to sleep sound at night.
The fever holds like a lonely parasite.

Is their truth not adding up?
Is it getting harder to not criticize what we justify?
Are you terrified?

Has your faith been shattered cause you've never had
a say?
Do those planes keep crashing in the middle of your
dreams?
What I'm really asking here is: will you find reasons to
stand
Or is it just fear that keeps us here?

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