

Thursday "Dead Songs"

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Dead songs are drowning out voices of compassion
with a sigh

"Alright?" Alright.

Deadlines are winding down

Fatal clocks keep ticking off dead time

Nothing hurts, nothing moves, nothing stays

(No one hopes and no one dreams)

Nothing matters when the dead songs play

(Reject the death)

When all the color fades away,

The world is black and white

Dead breath from TV sets fill the empty houses with a
dead white light

It's no surprise

Dead checks, dead sex,

Dead cigarettes flood the ambulance in the dead of
night

Alright? Alright.

Nothing hurts, nothing moves, nothing stays

(No one hopes and no one dreams)

Nothing matters when the dead songs play

(Reject the death)

When all the color fades away,

The world is black and white

There's a dead song on the audio tape

The strongest magnet couldn't wipe away

Singing, "It's alright."

But it's not alright

Then: pinpricks on the back of your neck

A little voice inside you says

"When you hear dead songs, don't sing along--let it
die."

Lift your small voices up

And we'll stitch these cries into a choir

Our lonely notes form chords that the orchestra just
can't divide

Alright?

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