

Round & round, we go.
Where it stops, nobody knows.
Tempt our fate again.

Endless days of darkness.
Noon & Midnight share clothes.
Dusk wanes like a fighter
w/no towel to throw.
Dawn wakes from her slumber,
in a smoke-grey bed of clouds
that's lost its silver-lining,
but has no strength to cry.

All our dreams our lost.
No one knows the cost.
Sound the alarm
buried beneath our hearts.

Wind whispers sweet-nothings
to black Murder in the sky.
Pregnant Moon sings for no one
while Sun hides its pride.

Here we go again.
The world's about to end.
Families become estranged.
Enemies become friends.

Contradiction & Paradox
place longshot stakes
on whomever, on whatever,
playing the odds against the game.
Mother Nature
shuts down the House.
All bets are off.

Fog rolls over the river.
Time stills, stops, then continues.
City-lights twinkle like they're made of dreams.

The party's over & nobody leaves.
The house is destroyed.
Nothing to drink. Nothing to eat.
Waiting for something that never comes.
Wasting what little
we have to spare, we have to care.