

# A Thousand Followers

Birdpen

The fire arms in patience hear the ravens cry,  
A town with empty feelings and the darkest skies  
A lonely paranoid, policeman, how he weeps  
Dying for the day when the whole world breaks.

He's caught with heartbreak on a crushing shore  
Cover him in loneliness and nothing more  
Through the years of hunting down, what he will never find  
Is pockets and he's older now, he's out of time.

He is the light that he's been waiting for  
A thousand followers who they all adore.  
For he can bring them all the gifts of gold and self assure,  
Pick up help and fire as the bullets hit the door.

They all go to another place, join hands, join hands  
They all go to another place, join hands, join hands.

Flashing lights and sirens, they all travel from afar  
Telling how they knew it wasn't far from the start.  
Smoking books and flames and nowhere for them all to hide,  
Gather up together, road is ready for the ride.

They all go to another place, join hands, join hands  
They all go to another place, join hands, join hands.