

Two-Day Booze

Bison B.C.

Standing at dawn, watching the end of beauty, identity, immunity.

The end is something to live for, Vancouver's an empty bottle.
Our dying thirst causing problems.

We stand at dawn, the beginning of something, heartfelt, replaceable.

Two-day booze, works faster.

My city on the water, spots of flame, midnight rain.

The glass sky reflects our prize.

Glass towers for sleepers; they're dying.

Broken city for dreamers.

Two-day booze works a faster fuse.

Two-day booze works faster.

Feels like falling.

Shame, like killing.

Homeward bound.

Tension rising.

Children of tomorrow; earth's new rapists.

Spring rain comes; wash away the purpose.

Between our days, empty distance sways.

Copper wires pay, for days and days.

What are we waiting for?