

The Mall & Misery

Broken Bells

Use your intuition
It's all you got
Keys are red and there's a dozen locks
Standing in your way
So goes the gold age
Your tired life

Digging for a way, you cast a spell
Carve a path from all the things they sell
But they don't let go
Just thought you should know
Keep away....

I know I know
That nothing is simple
So let to mine girl
Straight down the runway
Does one want to
Get more used to
The mall and misery
The dead amounts it costs to be alive

Your lives are burning from the budding coals
If only to learn what you've never been told
That there's a real world
And somewhere a good girl
Lives and breathes

Part of hoping, the callow mind
Idle still in the morning tide
Though it's a dark time
And this is your dark mind
Feel your heart....

I know what I know
would not fill a thimble
so let to mine girl
straight down the runway
Does one want to
get more used to
The mall and misery
the dead amounts it costs to be alive...