

Lost in the Basement

Canterbury

We are up high and we don't, no we don't know where we are and the roads look the same but we soldier on. We took what we could of the taking along from a place that I fell in love with. Is it safe to go into a place where the room is shaking? The ground is moving under my feet. Scary noises and all of these people, moving to the place underneath.

I'm getting lost in the basement now and I'm tearing down the ceiling onto you. None of us leaving now. Nobody wants to. Nobody's getting out. You're gonna meet your replacement soon 'cause I'm turning into you. The faces seem the same (I'm watching feet though) but I'll see you on the end.

Is it safe for us to come in? I'm amazed at how you stand through this, all of this. I can feel there's something coming on. Scary people who feed on faces. Those who are weak, alone as they choose to be tripped by the stairs.

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