

Panic

David Ford

Exactly where should I begin,
Forgive me father I have sinned,
Been caught perpetuating wrongs,
I screamed an accusation,
And yet convinced that still I can,
Somehow be better than I am,
If I could only bring myself,
To step in one direction.

But all this progress that I've made,
Has left me bitter and afraid,
I bolt the doors and let the
Trappings of my life surround me,
And hope to God nobody calls,
But trust the scratching in the walls,
To be my comfort and my shelter
From the world around me.

Ignore the whisper on the wind,
Forgive me father I have sinned,
I swear right now I'd cling
To anything you'd care to show me,
To save me from improper thoughts,
That modern miracle of sorts,
Against a tide of advertising,
And survival only.

Poor condition has been set,
And every new potential threat,
Must be eradicated from
the face of all that's sacred,
Not just anger for the cause,
I'll be hysterically yours,
And death to any reason,
Evidence or explanation.

So tell me what have I become?
A middle finger to the sun?
I traded fireworks for love
and I was left with nothing,
But paper shards and empty shells,
A burst of sulphur blown to hell,
It might just be that all this
history has taught me something.

So I'm taking lessons from the past,
They won't build anything to last,
But engineered to fall apart,
The day the warranty expires,
So keep the wheels turning round,
Keep our flag pinned to the ground,
Just don't look back and don't look down,
In fact try not to look at all.

You'll see opinion dressed as fact,
See definitions inexact,
And explain away the darkest days,

As misinterpretation,
This dumbing down it's so uncouth,
Like there's one single fucking truth,
I couldn't bear that right and wrong,
Could be so uncomplicated.

And swagger dripping from the stage,
Curse the impatience of the age,
It all takes time, and time is money,
Money talks, and talk is cheap,
Cheapest road to lead the way,
From seed to forest in a day,
And by the time summer's set,
There's only dirt and matchwood.

So could it be the end is nigh,
The time for idly standing by,
Is now upon us,
Everybody look for some distraction,
Throw my patience to the wind,
Forgive me father all my sins,
Feel like they're woven,
Double stitched into the fabric of the World.