

Joseph

Keaton Simons

Joseph was a child of light
He never disappears
Standing up on dim lit stages
Shielded by his tears
Though he was not a lonesome one
His loneliest surprise
Was trapped in unseen reservoirs
Whose borders were his eyes
Lila never quite broke in
Never got too used to life
Standing up on podiums
Her words cut like a knife
But when confronted with her skin
Irrelevant she'd say
If only I'd been born a bird
I'd fly them all away
I've got a problem with right and wrong
'Cause it changes all the time
The weakest ones are acting strong
So people gotta die
Lulabelle was walking home
Beneath a crimson sky
A cool dry wind began to blow
She could feel it in her eyes
She came to get some fresh supplies
From an undercover cop
A box with biohazard signs
Is where she makes the drop
Franklin was a cameraman
A teleprompter scribe
And every night he'd tame his hand
Just to give it one more try
He never had to write the lies
Just had to spin 'em right
He says if people knew what I do
They'd be in the streets tonight
I've got a problem with right and wrong
'Cause it changes all the time
The weakest ones are acting strong
So people gotta die