

The Audience

The Chariot

She raises up her voice.
To the public she will speak.
She makes her way to stardom.
May the warning on your head be a chain unto your neck.
Don't give in, don't give in.
"Come along with us" they say.
"Let's like in wait for someone."
"Let's waylay on their soul."
"Let's swallow them alive"
To the bottomless pit they wait, they fake, everything they can
bleed dry and they fill up their house with waste.
So don't stay and make believe that they are home.
Don't go along, don't beg for blood, don't set your feet, don't
beg to bleed.
These men lay and wait for their own blood to rise up.
Don't set the trap for everyone to see it.
These men waylay on themselves.
I never sang along to the beast.
They shake inside their blood.
As we pass the storm, don't go: refrain.
For I never knew your name.
From a whisper she raises her voice to me.
Unsung.