

## Lock In

William Beckett

I hear whispers, hear them talking  
Might be lost, but not forgotten  
I'm a tin man, I'm a lock-in  
Politicians and semantics  
add a flair for the dramatics  
When it crumbles down, they come knocking

Windows bought and boarded down.  
Floor falls out beneath our feet  
Seas of screams without a sound  
will carry clear across the world so loud.  
Under the surface, it's much more than it seems.

Population in a panic  
While the sickness is expanding  
but the lights are on in the attic  
Doors are closed, locks are on  
People lining every street  
Power to those who pry them off  
They'll do anything to find the key  
Under the surface, it's much more than it seems.

Not a nation unaffected  
for the fearful are cemented  
to the promise of a safe haven.

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