

Artist: lonely\_kings

Title: True Grit

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Electricity. transition  
Information wired to never cease  
This city, these phosphate lights  
Shine to expose which can never sleep  
Synthetic streets that run back and forth  
Guided by voices without words  
Common sence never meant so much  
Our condition is peril  
Stop the rain stop the rain  
A quarantine from a quality life  
You cannot stop and wait just a minute  
All comforting when its not your life  
Cold streets that claim lives twice every minute  
You're so free you're so down  
Spending too much time  
Like a dream it fades out  
Only images left  
Just to fuck with your mind