

Old Money

Cursed

They've got words I never heard.
All seeing eyes staring me down through the centuries.
And with thirty three degrees of separation
In between the indoctrinated and the paranoid.
Someone turn the lights on.
Got an old and sinking feeling that the wolves are at my doorstep.
In the concrete.
In the context.
Blindness of the ages passed on to the children.
Built the courthouse.
Built the schools and built the circles they live and die in.
And the wolves can wait it out while they live and die in doubt.
The lies that fall from the books we trusted.
The skull and bones that rise again.
The devils in the details, in the walls.
Someone turn the lights on.
Got an old and sinking feeling
That the wolves are at my doorstep,
And always have been.
Someone turn the lights on.
Turn the lights on.
Turn the lights on.
Someone turn the lights on.
Turn the lights on.
Turn the lights on.

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