

a Brief Case history

Papers briefcase corporate face
moneyclips ties walls
machines-answers-calls

"Sorry, Mr. Jones isn't here..."

but he's got black shoes

company car credit card wife

kids dog,

bible beer belching pollution

contribution to society

meat and potatoes

Vacation Inn Barbados

'time is money'

'life is not funny'

he's got...three piece suit

he's got the loot

and he doesn't have time

for you. Please leave

your name/number

and he will ignore it."

To Fill

It would be so much easier

to fill my head with landfill

It would be so much easier

to fill my heart with hatred

It would be so much easier

to fill my eyes with shadows

It would be so much easier

to fill let myself be led

It would be so much easier

to fill my soul with blackness

It could be so much easier

to fill my hours with boredom

It would be so much easier

to kill the pain kill the pain

It could be so much easier

just go insane just go insane

I'm holding some sort of rope

and i'm trying to do more than

just stray afloat

somewhere in this place of

dissonance and distortion

i have found something real

and i couldn't want what is easier

Leaves.

this fall all the leaves turned grey

and i never know just what to say

late at night trains pass me by

and i stare down and never stop to cry

this ink thick river pushes leaves away

and i pass on to another day

the ground rumbles low by the railroad track

and i spend the day looking back

when everyone sleeps leaves rustle through the town

and i see them clattering and sound on sound

passing through city streets to places we've been

and i can never stop to remember just when

leaves blow and finally rest in a hidden place

and i slowly forget a face

I Don't Believe In You

Don't know where you're coming from

when you say it could never happen here.

In this modern world

Fear's not the only thing we have to fear.

Got the sword of Damocles above our heads,

wake up tomorrow, you could be dead,

How could you say,

It couldn't happen here?

I look into your mind

I can't believe there's nothing there.

I listen to you speak

I can't believe you just don't care

Your not the latest thing coming round

this ain't the only scene going down,

So how can you say it couldn't happen here?

So you went to a concert

To stop what your heroes said was wrong.

You don't give a damn

All you wanted was the songs

It's over now, you can crawl back into your shell

Your private life, send the rest of the world to hell.

Whipping Girl

The whipping girl wakes early in the morning

her boyfriend decides he doesn't like the way she looks

She cooks him breakfast, he hits her in the face

just because he doesn't like the way she cooks.

So it's off to work but the lay-offs came

the boss says he feels for her pain

It doesn't matter it's all the same

Looks like she's on welfare again

The whipping girl tries to keep her head above water

As the sharks close in.

The whipping girl says it doesn't matter

as the sharks close in.

So it's back to the bus, back to the house

To read the help wanted ads in the daily times

she gets another job, it isn't great

she'll have to work late but she'll take what she can find

Off to work again but she doesn't care

her face is weary, it shows the wear,

Look into her eyes, there's nothing there,

Nothing to greet you but a hollow stare

How does it feel to be

Pushed down, humiliated, kicked in the stomach,

by the people you thought were your friends?

How does it feel to be

trapped in a nothing world, a nothing life, a nothing job

that never seems to end?

Died on a Monday, buried on a Tuesday,

No one cared Wednesday, 'bout the life she led.

They sold her apartment the very next day,

Threw her stuff in the street doesn't really matter now

She's dead.

Breathing

I was walking down the hall

breathing

I could see my breath

and it is black

a black devouring cloud

I can feel something coming out of the corner of my mouth

feels like drool

and it's black

and I can't stop it

and it's flowing down my chin,

and it's leaving nothing in its wake.

nothing.

nothing.

and it's devouring me.

Bag of Wire:

4746 Northgate

Ann Arbor, MI 48103

OR call Soren

at 517-339-8458

for booking!!