

Like counting coup
Inside a bottle
I look inside
down to the bottom

I've been thinking
I've been drinking
another voice I've never heard aloud before

visions of when you were my religion
a silhouette of what you were before
miracles in mirrors, what your viewing
the image is lost, but I'm still at war

I will not bow down
and this will keep running

meet my dystopic man, with tongue in hand,
guised to deliver news to you

keep burning on

I will not bow down
and this will keep running

keep burning on