

Like a specter adrift in the rain
The familiar solemn shadow sweeps
Over the lonely graveyard
These suburbs that we live in

All of the people we once knew
Moving slowly, going nowhere
We know their faces
But not the names

Like corpses, children sit on swings
Empty and pale with very sad eyes
Moving slightly, as a tree might
On a windy day

We are all alike somehow
As a constant uneasy feeling
Hangs over every being here
Silently killing us all

Such a feeling connects us all
For we are all afraid
Together
But alone.