

Dorling, Concrete Dreams

Wings of blindness fly me home,
Temptation led to love with chrome,
The city and the problem child,
Teething, boredom, running wild.
Cheated, beaten, opened, abused,
These dreams of concrete have no real use,
The repercussions of the na'ive need,
Torn and twisted by the failure of greed.

Chorus:

The trouble with concrete is the fabric of thought
If only we used it like we were taught
But battered by the pain and screams
We're left with rubble from these concrete dreams.

The teachers shun the chosen word,
And educate the losers with the absurd,
The system does not know the truth,
Radio edit hides the proof.

Chorus

My dream of concrete led me here
As the rubble fell, so did the fear
Waiting for the lights to go out
So concrete I can dream about

Chorus:

The trouble with concrete is how we're taught,
Make concrete the fabric of your thought,
I was told from a young age,
Now only death can halt my rage.