

DESERTED STREET

I forgot the view I had of my city
Just have the one from my window
Stuck in the house, stuck in with me
Old time crushes for the weirdo

Sweet time
Stuck time
Traffic in my mind

You better Lock the door
It looks like we are here for a long time
Why should we steal the stores?
It looks like fears take on some minds

I guess it's a good time to bind
Again to my family
And why do I need to run when I'm confined?
Walk up to anxiety

Sweet time
Stuck time
Traffic in my mind

You better Lock the door
It looks like we are here for a long time
Why should we steal the stores?
It looks like fears take on some minds

Robin IVES, écrit le 26 mars 2020

TIME

The clock stopped it's ticking
I heard it twenty minutes ago
It's time to stop thinking
Spiders tied their webs to my shadow

The bright roof turned to black
I have seen the sunset fading down
Lost the blood running down my back
Lost my train of thoughts, clown with a frown

I think I'm good here
Avoiding the time that flees
I think that I'm not free
How can I if I think about it?

The adults are talking
And they say nothing
They're just as scared as the kids

They try to behave
The adults are savages
Have no clue about medicine

I think I'm good here
Avoiding the time that flees
I think that I'm not free
How can I if I think about it?

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