

HERO JR.

MIXED
RACE
INDIANA
MARRIAGE

HERO JR. - MIXED RACE INDIANA MARRIAGE - EP

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ANGER ROOM

You're standing in the street
With open arms
And in-between
The good the bad
Prepare
Sophisticated nowhere

You're falling down on me
No smile no sympathy
Ill never become the life, the love
The things I never ever want to be scared of

In an anger room a thought begins
Like a chosen child and his evil twin
Sweater's torn
His tangled arms under braided trees
The sun burns strong
I'm moving out
I'm shedding skin
The ink's not dry but it's sinking in

Your wailing in the yard
Blurry eyes and same old fog
The movie shoots itself
In the mind
Where the crime does the time for someone else

I wonder back again
Just to meet the day
My heart is all I see
A million miles away

GRAVEYARD OF MIRRORS

Cut your teeth on frozen feelings
Alone
I've been looking, I've been looking
I've been looking for an end but its dead and gone
See for yourself before it drags you along
Thought forms a habit and it bleeds into your skin

You got a lot on your mind and you can't hear the truth
In a graveyard of mirrors and they're all on you
You got a chip on your shoulder and a line that you use
In a graveyard of mirrors they're not lying to you

When the street lights fail and the lines won't lead you home
Chewing on a silent sermon
Waiting on a special person that I might know
With a straight lace smile and a knife in your hand
Calling out in the dark
Waiting for this shit to start
It don't stand a chance

Come up for air
It's different this time
There's something in the fall-out and it's showing you a sign
Come up for air
It's different this time
There's something in the fall out and it's showing you a sign
Come up for air
I killed off the crime
Don't show me all your cards cause I'm reading all your mind
Burn it down
It's all about the minute that you saw yourself in your hands

STEPPING STONE

Picture perfect playground
Signs up in the yards
When dreams and schemes and dirty things are left out in the car

I aint no slave
I'm not your stepping stone
I aint no slave
Im not your stepping stone

Holes behind the artwork
Situation's old
Razor blades and lemonade in dixie cups for all

Meet me Jesus meet me
Meet me at the double door
Theres a line out back where they hit the smack
And now there putting in a hipster store.

THE GHOST IN ME

The ghost in me comes and goes and disappears
Hiding by day cause the night time is the right time my dear

Breaks down the ghost in me
Breaks down the ghost in me

The ghost in me speaks clearly
Now I understand
I'm all signed up
Played on demand
Hiding by day cause the night time is the right time my friend

He thinks he really knows me but he never ever cares
He's got the devil's handshake and a candy apple stare
That is when I must be careful
That is when I must near
The ghost in me
The ghost in me
The ghost is everywhere

Oh, I don't know where he goes
Wolf gets by in sheepish clothes
The ghost can taste my fear so I know he's getting near

NICE TO MEET YOU

The sound around this oatmeal town is recluse when it grinds
Cutting through the night time air the ravens talk you blind
The hand that feeds your every need is short and sweet and loud
Rippled voice that digs away and keeps you with the crowd

Its nice to meet you
You make it hard to see though

Running faster than a man's allowed
I don't fight it
Find it
Fight it
Find it
Die a little and get off of the ground
I don't fight

Twisted stale I'm not for sale
These lines are falling down
Washed ashore the reasons poor
Our time is running out
Push me pull me over again
I'm never going down
Broken bones on a shadow road
I'm dragging but I'm getting out

Waiting for nothing at all...
Waiting for something better....



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