

On Behalf of the Dead

This is for those who'll die tomorrow, now planning for ages to come
"Broken alarms cannot be fixed with paper clips and minted gum"
A homeless guest so featureless to know where he is coming from

He lives within that hollow promise, between those hopes however old
Inside the steel safe in the bedroom, laying beside the buried gold
Far from the sun and its reflection, for life is warm and death is cold

The sleepless nights, the semi-whispers, the tortured souls that make my bed
Red collar slaves that never lived, but now at least they're being read
The oldest song I'm chanting now
Written by spirits more than dead

Benyoucef from Algeria