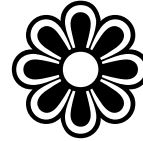


Professional Reactor



Halo Jones

This city is all rock and no star
This city has forgotten its way
The primal slave to injustice that
We are
This city is in a state of shock
I watch the ball drop
I watch the time clock
I watch the news talk
About another bomb drop
I see the state of affairs
And I wish I didn't care
But still I find you there
Weeping in despair
This city worships a lonely God
And guy named Ringo



Nomadic Plutonic Ironic

Signal tower unspoken hours
Days pass under sky lamps
The lines are drawn
The curtain is closed
I am in a relapse of my self-defeated
Ego
Like an eagle without wings
So are my thoughts without dreams

