

BECOMING A JACKAL

The most familiar room
Every implement was leading to you
And your homely sense of disarray
Never once the same – always rearranged
But things would never change
In the scene between the window frame
Where the jackals preyed on every soul
Where they tied you to a pole and stripped you of your clothes

I was a dreamer
Staring out windows
Out onto the main street
'Cause that's where the dream goes

And each time they found fresh meat to chew
I would turn away and return to you
You would offer me your unmade bed
Feed me 'til I'm fed and read me 'til I'm read
But when the morning came
You would catch me at the window again
In an eyes-wide-open sleeping state
Staring into space with no look upon my face

I was a dreamer
Staring out windows
Out onto the main street
'Cause that's where the dream goes

And when I got older
When I grew bolder
Out onto the streets I flew
Released from your shackles
I danced with the jackals
And learned a new way to move

So before you take this song as truth
You should wonder what I'm taking from you
How I benefit from you being here
Lending me your ears while I'm selling you my fears

I was a dreamer
Staring out windows
Out onto the main street
'Cause that's where the dream goes



'Circles in the Firing Line' video stills, 2021 / Credit: Rosie Barrett, Albert Hooi, Cian McKenna & Eat the Danger

NOW
(i'm)
~~I~~ TWISTING ~~OUR~~ YOUR WORDS
BEYOND RECOGNITION
~~I~~ SHIFTING ~~MY~~ ^{YOUR} POST
TO SUIT ~~YOUR~~ ^{MY} POSITION

I'M SPENDING MY DAYS
CURSING DISPARITY
WHILE YOU MAKE THE MONEY
AND ~~THROW~~ ^{GIVE} ~~SOME~~ TO CHARITY
↓ ↓ ↓ (EYE-TO-EYE)

BUT ALL THE WHILE
ON THE WINGS OF AN OATH
A FIRST RESPONDER
~~HE~~ ^{IS} SERVING US BOTH
HE ENTERS ^{FOR} THE FRAY
SO SOFTLY SPOKEN
A WORKING PIECE
OF A SYSTEM THAT'S BROKEN