

## Dry Year

Noah Gundersen

There's a new day coming up over the east side  
There's an unseasonable weight in the air  
Hasn't rained here in a long time  
It's been a real dry year

Sirens going off in the distance  
Someone's house is burning down  
Somewhere, a young man is dying  
Somewhere, a lost child is found

Somedays it feels like we're dreaming  
Moving like shadows in a trance  
Are these my feet going through the motions?  
Are these my feet attempting to dance?

Somedays the world feels like a building on fire  
But everyone's ignoring the smoke  
You would vote for a comedian  
If he could comfort you with a joke

So you hold onto your values  
Like they're gonna save you from the fall  
Your offspring as an offering  
So you don't have to choose at all

We get by on consumer masturbation  
Sensation is satiation  
The accumulation of all your high school insecurities  
All your lost love and aspiration  
All your failed attempts at inspirational speeches  
You give yourself at night when you can't sleep  
When everyone on the internet is far more interesting  
And far more happy and far more happy  
And far more

Tell me where all of this is going to, going to  
Tell me where all of this is going to, going to

Now the sky's given up her child  
And the dead grass of the back lawn  
I hope she takes the water in my body when I'm gone