

Repertoire of Uncommon Depth

The Faint

Our eyes are moving
Forward faster than
These tangled chords
I noticed that you want to leave
We've burned out fast
Deciding who could complicate us and
What comes next

So here's my proposition:
While our work gets started
We'll keep expected formula strong
But I guess I won't be with who I belong
And here's my job
But I miss something
My line of focus is centered on narrow thinking
And not from what I think is good on it's own

It's fading out
Well, who can't do it?
Pop is based on the most intimate charge
But where it's at
The scene permits it
They're not concerned with technique
Feeling is all
And when words spit out and I disintegrate
Maybe I'm not in such control
Maybe I needed enough to get me through this
And then into breaking up form

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