

A Ghostly Bishop

Arcwelder

The thing that gets me down
On the second time around
Is I left but now
I'm back in the same place
Shoot an arrow through my heart
Tie an anchor to my cart 'til
I've lost my sense of self to self-efface
The business end's grown cold
Cause you're not allowed to be old
And I'm rooting for a horse that never pays
And I take it out on me
Repeat my history
And waste the time that no one can replace
My subjects stay the same love and work and fame
You could set your clock to follow my retrace
So here I am again
Unhappy where I am
But too afraid to stare me in the face