Roots Beneath Ideals

Before Today

These day's occupations have noticeably
Paused in me
Anything is better than a wandering intention to find
Roots beneath ideals
I am searching on a binge of desperation
To throw these worries off my back
And leave a crack in your expectancy
In your expectancy
Look what you've made of me
You've made so much noise
That confusion has awaken in me
You have made me careless once again
And so again a buried hatred has risen
You have executed the innocent
Would life for you continue if mine stopped
Don't use the past to comment on
The present because
Tomorrow I'll do better than you've ever seen and
I will ignore the lines that you have drawn
For along them I could never walk upon
My will lies dead
Behind a door that's rusted
That's rusted shut
Don't blow the dust off of these old books
Because I'll choke again
And I can't predict if the air will clear
In time to catch my breath.

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