

Autodidact

Between the Buried and Me

The freethinking brain can finally travel. Take the radio waves
and stew up that imagination...
I worry too much...
Boredom gets to me...
Pussy...
Yes they call me this...
The masters of the ocean churn down in my mind...
Calling me only what I feel at times...
I just want to be loved and liked by everyone...
Shining down on my everymove...
Impossible thoughts...
Stay on this cruise...
Never go back, relaxation calms these metal nerves...
Need to just let go and become a giant...
Forcing the improvement of our musical system...
One can't do such, especially with such
Lack of confidence...
Maybe they see it...
Maybe they frown upon this face...
Time...
I keep drifting away...
I look forward to these days physically, but mentally they can
become very tiring...
Why worry...
Personal happiness should be all that matters...
(I feel this most of the time) days like today mordecai flies d
own on this ship
And stares me in the eyes (every time, can't change)
Maybe I should just be this bedroom performer I keep hearing of
...
Yes I can myself this...
Control...
Control me...
Sit back now...
Piss it all away...
Loser losing lost (scene)