I Hold Vertigo

What is the nature of this? A standard always amorphic Strange, how easy to list: Routine tediously cyclic

I don't know where I get it from I rely so much on expectation Castles of air amidst this very sober reason Yes I profess abnegation But never you mind; Great hopes, little one, I'll bear your delusion

I admit that no one is sovereign Not even I No, I don't even try I admit that no one is sovereign Not even I No, I don't even try

And never you mind -- I've asked nothing of you Nothing which lies at your promise behest Never has nothing rang true

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Master all by easy hand, I commit no act of violence Marching to the strike of fragile cadence

And I see you in the corner, distressed Somehow I'm not impressed

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But I wonder, when did we decide? If you're determined, I promise it's done I am with you Changing from nothing to one