

Like Findin' A Needle In A Ballpit

Days N' Daze

Buttercup: You mock my pain

Westley: Life is pain, Highness. Anyone who says differently is selling some thing

Petulance is building

And there's not enough room left inside my head

Serenity a reverie

A bootless errand for the living dead

Why does it seem like

I'm the only one still welting in the frost

(Abandon the flock to wallow)

The atrophy accelerates

With every disappointment waxin' wroth

(To follow back)

A fenced heart makes a once strong love weak

GO!

And now faced with the sheer tedium

Of another rising sun

Breathing becomes a task so arduous

You could swear your lungs are hideous guns

Complacent miredIn your isolation

(Walls of panic guard the damage)

I'm sordid and calloused putrescent

I've abandoned the cause

(Re enforce the chains and bars)

The scent of blissful existence has been long forgot

(Bound to the brick casted out to the sharks)

A fenced heart makes a once strong love weak

Sober and awake in a pallid existence

Or drunken dejected

Bitter and cold

Remorse and Regret - I forgive but can't forget

I'm petty and I'm jealous

I was born to die alone

Alone with my thoughts

And writing in tremors

I promise myself that next time I'll remember

The consequence of embracing

Some simple minded urge

But the same self destructive patterns re-emerge

So I repent

There's nothing left to catch me now

I'm destined to fall into that cycle

Of imprisonment I'll tally the wall

Now I'm simply counting down

The rising moons

(From the gates to the gutters

Frozen in solitude

Solidify and occupy

The solipsistic heart of mine

From the gates to the gutters
Bitter isolation, free and alone)

Cause freedom is lonesome
There's ice in the furnace
And blood in the snow

A fenced heart makes a once strong love weak