

Drawn To The Deep End

Gene

You can feel every pulse of your blood,
Reminding you the days slip on by, as they should.
But nothing has been done,
You rarely see the sun.

A house barely clean never could,
Bring yourself to rise,
For a life, fantasise,
Of diving in the deep end, the water offers changes.

I can feel every twisted, dead bone,
But I have seen the city,
It's young, their hopes,
The town boys roaring by,
Sometime I wanna die.

Long to live,
Tell me why should I leave,
The comfort of my room, with it's dirt inches deep?
So why do people bother?
I HAVE NOTHING TO OFFER.

Everyone has a place, I know mine,
In bed where I was born, where I'll live, where I'll
die.
The longing is long gone,
I'm boredom's latest son

Oh do you cry for a life ever spring?
Winter is a fading, and dim memory.
Go take what you have not,
And leave me here to rot.

I can feel every twisted, dead bone,
I have seen the city,
It's young, their hopes,
The town boys roaring by,
Sometimes I wanna die.