

I Am

Hands Like Houses

The disconnect
Is welling up,
And good intentions are not enough.
Your words are weary,
Their hearts are strained,
And idle vows find the deepest pains.

I'm sick, I'm tired
Of hollow hope,
Of promises, empty,
Your way with words,
They're feeding back inside my head,
Oh, the things I could say that won't change a thing.

I am not the same,
I won't feed on fame.

You're one of a thousand voices,
In my head that all just sound the same.
If mine never made a difference,
It won't make the meaning change.
You're one of a thousand voices,
In my head that all just sound the same.
If I will make a change,
It's by my words and not my name.

I'm tired, I'm sick
Of misfit beggars
With able tongues and easy outs.
I hear you clearer than you hear yourself.
Bite down on your blindness, and spit it out.

I am not the same,
I won't feed on fame.

You're one of a thousand voices,
In my head that all just sound the same.
If mine never made a difference,
It won't make the meaning change.
You're one of a thousand voices,
In my head that all just sound the same.
If I will make a change,
It's by my words and not my name.

I won't sink into the sea of grey,
I won't melt into the choir of angels.

I won't sink into the sea of grey,
A violence of colour.
I won't melt into the choir of angels,
I'll step up and scream it –
I am dissonant.

I am not the same,
I won't feed on fame.

You're one of a thousand voices,

In my head that all just sound the same.
If mine never made a difference,
It won't make the meaning change.
You're one of a thousand voices,
In my head that all just sound the same.
If I will make a change,
It's by my words and not my name.