

Unsung

Helmet

Your contribution left unnoticed some
Association with an image
Just credit time for showing up again
Attention wandered I'm left with it

Gone by sin to slowly
Can't pass it up
Then I thought nothing is right
I turned it off

To die unsung would really bring you down
Although wet eyes would never suit you
Walk through no archetypal suicide
Die young is far to boring these days

Your will to speak clearly
exposed too much
Unsung once too often
Could not rub off