

Train of Thought

Kylesa

Blank eyes - no emotion
Glassy stare - loathing mind
Apathetic attitude
Pills fall from the sky
We have our mouths open
Can't think unclouded
Too late to go back
All thoughts are controlled

Every word scrawled makes sense right now
Even though I'm too tired to read
Every sound scrambled is in tune right now
Even though I'm too tired to listen

The more I see, the more I believe that this is shit I
ascribe to nothing
Back roads lead to the same place as roads more traveled
It's just a different view I never thought that I could
get lost

Train of thought is derailed, tracks no longer exist
Stop signs sway, views are blurred
Standing up feels like sitting down
It no longer matters who you are or what you are doing
It no longer matters
Reality goes right up and crashes right down
Crashing down