

It's a Lonely World

Listener

It's a lonely world with billions of interruptions.
We are just tiny pearls amongst the sands of production.
It's a lonely earth floating besides tons of dead planets.
What is your worth, do you take this dirt for granted?

When you have no-one and feel like your singing solo with no fans.
You have a cloud of humidity hushing all your plans.
Numbing down the already dumbed down emotional span that you portray.
Grabbing for a spot of green grass lustfully
while being dragged through this desert you call a life.
look for me I'll be your shining light.
Watering your damaged ego into a corner judgmentally but caring.
It's a lonely place when you surround yourself with facades and double faces
that behind your front point and laugh staring.
At your oddities you consider to be unique.
But that's just a lie embedded into the mind of a freak.
Like a lemming wandering blurry eyed towards the backs of the herd.
Never worrying or asking why your falling never saying a word.
But crashing comfortably on the tops of those who've gone before you.
And drowning miserably anyways because of lack of desire and a poor mood.
Don't take it out on yourself though cause in this game you can always press
continue.
Unless of course you've damaged your health, and then basically your through
.

I dig a hole with a greed that keeps me sinking deeper.
Sweating puddles of catalyst rebelling from all my teachers.
I know what's right I do what I need to keep the capital M-
E from being more than just alright.
In hindsight red eyed and forsake I stare at the man I could have been and watch him fade to white.
The blackest thoughts I've had are always looking into mirrored sympathy at my own lack of things.
Things that keep me bound from my own destiny.
And once I've risen with a zeal to free everyone bound by my own lusts.
I come across another tool to give me greatness, and proudly bow down to accept its crutch.
Snared again like I get enjoyment from being a prisoner.
I plot and demise to walk again as if the God of all the universe is required to show mercy on me and allow me to be a listener.
Lending words and my own thoughts to soothe and teach.
As if I'm even qualified to show life through the dark, I'll start as a whisperer.
Hashing out the truth and anomalies I wished I could have grasped before nearing death.
I guess I wouldn't see the true depth of helping my brother without my experience.
Being blind to the weight that I carry on my back is past I look forward to being last.

With no earthly worth I gladly donate my organs.
To continue this mad house and raise another poor man.
Walking and breathing and smiling no doubt,
but all just to give life up in the end as a louse.
I'm sure I know God has his reasons for me being here.
But it sure would be nice not to know about pain loneliness and fear.
Jeering at me through glasses of destruction.

Clenching it's teeth when it sees my heart undergoing construction.
So I scream and you scream and we all scream our fears.
Looking around dying asking God to take us from here.
Like we're too proud to confront fear.
We've all got issues basically they're standard issue.
But if all you can do is drown in that cesspool goodbye, so-
long, we'll miss you.