

## Weathered Canvas

Lotus Eater

So far, unwanted  
Too close, controlling  
Never trusted  
Never

I'm not made for this

My head can't fathom the truth  
That you ended all that was good  
All that was good

Your eyes have grown accustom like I knew they would  
To the same old picture

Always hiding  
No longer seeking for help  
Holding me down  
Trapped, forever trapped

Your eyes have grown accustom like I knew they would  
To the same old picture

Your eyes have grown accustom like I knew they would  
To the same old picture

You caused my mind to fade away  
Forever thinking I wasn't right

This weathered canvas, carved by tired hands