

Ferrari

Microwave

In a fiberglass Ferrari fueled by the pure hatred of joy
I've been out blurring the line between freelance and unemployed
Somewhere across the plane of immanence shouting into the void
Only a fool can make a difference and they don't really get a choice

I'm not aiming for the bushes when I jump out this window
I refuse to act on fear
No thank you
I've been down that road

There are a thousand million ways to drive that nail into its hole
To keep running in place cause it's a bit more comfortable
Than peeling off the veil from that illusion of control
And learning when to leave yourself alone