

Deadly Dull

Movements

This is the story of a man that I know
A man with a heart of gold
But a body becoming weak
And a mind that let him go

This is a story of a man and his wife
And how she died of that same disease
How he stayed with her after her spirit left
But he won't remember her death and

It's a deadly dull
Like a sword stuck in its sheath
A mind once sharp and full
Now clouded and diseased

What's it like to be erased every time you fall asleep?
Waking up as a clean slate without a sense of reality?
And will I end up the same way when I grow old and turn to gray?
As time leaves me behind to fade away, away

This is the story of a man that I know
He knows my face but he doesn't know me
Pretends he does every time we meet
And puts his questions on repeat

Like, "Are you staying out of trouble?", "What's the plan?"
"Can we go see G-Ma down the street?"
"When I saw her last she didn't say much of anything"
"But if I were there think how much better it would be"

They break the news a few times a week
And every time it's followed by the same thing
He sits outside and keeps quiet for a while
Then forgets and goes to sleep

(Life with a heavy soul)
Will that be me eventually?
(Death by a deadly dull)
Will that be me?

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