

Cynical Serene

Pears

Bluebook value just went down
Interest died just hangin' 'round
Stock just dropped umpteen percent
Shattered in the wet cement

The caveat is now I'm finally free to misbehave, to be brave
Cosmic swirly spins my sins around my skull
Never dull
Moments culled, slate wiped
I am cynical serene

Undernourished, underpaid
On second thought, my compensations probably fair

Yeah, I seek nothing
Arrive at nothing
Simply do nothing
And nothing quite compares

Tales of fortune
Always violent
Want for nothing
Rock for silent
Screams, waking dreams

I am prime, not past mine
Cosmic swirly spins my sins around my skull
Moments culled, have no power
Sight unseen, slate wiped clean
I am cynical serene
Too young to start to let my heart begin to sour