

Spill Me

Project 86

My Back is so full of scrapes
With the miles I've walked of waste
Fade and fall away against
And numb my hunger to taste
What's the basis for change?
Excuses to feed my ego's rage?
I cling to my comfort to quench because
I'm content with my sadistic wretch
Find every reason not to kill the halfway beast
that steals my only peace
Don't expect it to rest Until its home is a naturalistic nest
But there is no coincidence But there is no compromise
Rise.
Close my grip on the floodgates
and lean on the back of the covenant sealed in dreams
Anticipate the backlash
Uncountable grins fade to screams
Doubt's an ocean away on a sea that my last mistake drowned un-
willingly
I don't have the trust to float inside the waves that seek to s-
pill me.
Rise.
Unrealistic ideals Promises I can't keep I don't have those lux-
uries
I don't have the time you do to sleep
So now it starts And now it begins I've waited too long for thi-
s
For your fear to interfere again So now my vision's secured