

Obsolete

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This is how I feel right now
Obsolete manuscript
No one reads and no one needs
Pages lost, incomplete
No one knows what it means

Minds grow dark, so suddenly
I was lost on your street
Hey I'm talking to myself
I can hear you listening in
To my thoughts, to my dreams
What I want, can't compete
Obsolete

Take me to the water's edge
Let me stand in the sand
Let me hear the waves crash-land

Useless part
This useless heart
Useless art
What am I? Why I am I
Incomplete?
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All I want
Can't compete
All I want
Is a sleep
All I want
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All I want
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