Cloaked

Rolo Tomassi

Ticking through decades, impaired and unchanged
Move in the space between where decisions were made

Is it too much to live with this?
The worst of it still growing

Claim, channel, define by one distraction
Ruled without intention, some days I felt that burden

Is it too much to live with this?
The worst of it still growing
What lies beyond the end of this? Wait for it

Screaming on the outside looking in
Longing for the simplicity of nothing
To bend without breaking when chances are slim
Locked in this rhythm, locked in this ruling

Screaming on the outside looking in
Longing for the simplicity of nothing
To bend without breaking when chances are slim
Longing for the list of things I'm losing

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