

Tunnel Vision

The Flatliners

Fade away and disintegrate
Dust only to dust and stay
Humble in the way
In which you plant your pretty precious feet
My patience is going grey
Faster than you think

On and on and on again
Witness it in tunnel vision
Under all the exhaustion
Each imperfect piece expects to fit

Move me
To believe in each and every
Word you speak
Or slip on another squandered opportunity
To cut through the noise so deep you
Hit an artery
Then swoop in like a saviour and insist
On sweeping me off my feet

On and on and on again
Witness it in tunnel vision
Under all the exhaustion
Do the pieces fit? The pieces fit
On and on and on again
Terrified in tunnel vision
Out from under exhaustion
Each imperfect piece expects to fit