

Killing Time (To Keep The Dream Alive)

The Venetia Fair

Shoddy wordplay dressed as relevant thoughts on the off-chance something clicks.

it's superficial, dull grandiloquence married to pomp, a stranger to circumstance.

Fuck the deep end,

drown in shallower seas salt the same old wounds to taste the stale betrayal, years of serious time spent healing made to seem meaningless.

Ordinarily I'm not the one who has to fake feeling sick hoarded misery may have to be enough for the winter

So I survive, I breathe. But I'm killing time to keep the dream alive.

The ticking clock stopped talking, stuck in traffic in the back of the ambulance.

I've got passion I've got drive, but I'm killing time to keep the dream alive.

The ticking clock stopped talking, stuck in traffic in the back of the ambulance.

Safe discretion, simple stylish lines so designed to hide indifference

paved denial, feigned lucidity

One f**king lie could make me a f**king liar!

Scared the bridges will burn

While we're building the castle!

Monuments that scream "Please don't forget me"

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Curtain's closed, convinced that morning hasn't come.

like a tidal wave, the sun comes crashing through

rips the darkness away

look at who you are!

How'd you think you'd be at 23 you're letting yourself down!

face in pillows and sheets

Time to wake up!

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