

# The Bell And The Hammer

This Day & Age

I try to remember what it's like to dream with my own eyes (with my own eyes). Because I keep forgetting what is right; can't tell truth from lies  
(sunset from rise)... If I could learn to act patiently then I would see that my view of time is selfishly based around me... I should run away, but I can't; chasing dreams that are slowing down for me. I should turn around, but I can't. It's within my reach; runaway... With rising valleys and sinking peaks, nothing in between (that I can see). It seems my pride is on repeat; oh how they need me (it's not me they need).