

## In Hopes Of Flight

ThouShaltNot

Always wishing for something superlative  
Craving for a distinguishment long  
To break once free from the mediocrity  
That's spread its seed to where it doesn't belong  
And now my disease is pulling at your bones  
With my contagion I should have left you alone  
The speechless stir beneath my throat  
Will prate on end words of pain by rote  
And with the knowledge that breaks me down tonight  
I turn on feeble feet in hopes of flight

So now you're wanting something more as well  
Looking for a higher perch and view  
Seek to escape from the art of failure  
That I allowed to spread from me to you  
And now your sense of life is gone  
By all you thought you'd overcome  
The guilt it swarms like hungry flies  
Around me till its victim dies  
You've made the last commitment weakest ropes  
And now I pray you'll turn your thoughts in hopes

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