

## I'll Get My Just Deserve

Touché Amore

I picked up the pen and drew a blank  
An image in my head and a heart that sank  
With years in perspective to put them all on the line  
Thoughts of moving forward with the fear of falling  
Behind that wall that I've built so tall  
But now I'm at the top  
Searching for a pulse in this lifeless city is less a quest, it  
's wishful thinking  
If you measured mine on an EKG  
I'd resemble the skyline out by 7th street

I'm not as clever as my words but I'm as sly as a thief  
I'm as open as a casket with my fears and my beliefs  
It's the sick leading the blind I bury truth and blame my pride  
Now the blind as become sick with their eyes now open wide  
I watched my skin walk out the door  
I did not say goodbye