

Incomplete Harmony

Within the Ruins

I awaken bloodshot and sore.
Another days heat another days scorn.

I awaken bloodshot and sore.
Bruised and worn from the day before.
Reluctantly I place my feet on the floor.
Then I venture on through that door.

Onward into the days heat.
As unforgiving concrete passes underneath me.
I lock eyes with myself and I ask honestly
Am I really, really complete?

Finding comfort in stability.
These words are all foreign to me.
Constant grind to make ends meet.
These words have more familiarity.

Is there more or is this what I am destined for.
Arise and sleep, a constant grind to make, make ends meet.

I awaken bloodshot and sore.
Another days heat another days scorn.

The grit built up beneath my nails.
Tells the story of a man that refuses to fail.
Bruised and worn from the day before.
Another days heat another days scorn.

I awaken bloodshot and sore.
Bruised and worn from the day before.
Reluctantly I place my feet on the floor.
Then once more I head through that door.

Is there more or is this what I am destined for.
Arise and sleep, a constant grind to make, make ends meet.

Break my back a thousand times.
I try to tell myself everything will be fine.
Another day, another dollar.
Don't surrender this fight.

Break my back a thousand times.
I try to tell myself everything will be fine.
Another day, another dollar.
Don't surrender this fight.