

Minnesota Interlude

Write This Down

It's another iced kind of day
Minnesota's gonna freeze my dreams away.
Sittin' on the freeway wondering if I'm ever gonna get back.
Taking one step through the door,
The tension's gonna rip our skin and bones apart.
Lookin' for a fast fight stirring up the dead of winter.

And no, this is not a show, it's not everything you think you know.

I'm depleted, and without the answers.

And I, I won't compromise, I won't say that everything's alright

When I'm broken and without direction

So why don't you and I, just forget about the time.

And sit back down and think about the here and now.