

AFI, The Checkered Demon

Too much to find,
so much so little time.
So many images persist to shade my mind.
Will I ever come around or will I just hit the ground?
Will I still be standing when it all comes down?
Why can't I seem to sort it out?
Why am I always filled with doubt?
So many people everywhere,
so self absorbed without a care.
Of their viral lives,
I'd like to bleed them all.
When all is drained, who shall hold?
When mindless bodies screw tortured souls,
will somebody be there to catch me when I fall?
Why can't I seem to sort it out.
Why am I always filled with doubt.
How could I always be so blind?
Why can't I figure it out.
I could always hope for change,
could always hope to rearrange.
But why not just abandon hope and tear it all apart now?