

Antimatter, A Portrait Of The Young Man As An A

Look at you all clutching your guitars
As if it makes a difference to who you really are
Does the picking of a string stop the ticking of the clock?
When will this curtain fall?
How did you carve that psalms?
I'm sorry but your intellect is really not that sharp
You're drowning so you plagiarize what you wish to become
A stone masquerade so cold
What's real about this story?
What's real?
Am I safe? Am I safe to be alone?
When all around are lost
Consumed by my indifference and left to count the cost
Of all the bleeding hearts who suffered you because you told them...
You told them you were someone
What's real about this story?
What's real about this picture?