

Before Braille, Miracle Mile

I'm ready to blow
It's not my fault
Don't waste a four-leaf clover
Good happens to the owner
Just wait, when the leaves fall
They go below your faults
Now you're just boring me to death
I've got a catacomb underneath the same place I lay my head
I've gotta bury them blind and then control what they find
I'm hanging on a thread
You know I'm ready to blow like I've told you I would
Out of nothing you find your own authority
Cleanse the water to send your holy blessings
I'm flying solo, I'm falling so low, where do we go
Out of nothing you find your own authority
Forbidden honor will go as far as atrophy
I'm flying solo
I'll go
Now you're just boring me to death
I've got a cataract focused on a shaky conscience at best (shaky guest)
I've got to make up my mind and try to make up some time
I'm hanging on a thread
You know I'm ready to blow, but not quite yet
You know I'm ready to fold, can't count my cards yet
You know I'm ready to forget all we've been through
You know I'm ready for you
The shaken are desperate for new sounds on old ground
To bury reflections,
infections from strong hands in weak glands
And when they're awakened their vision will fade
It aint a bit of my fault
I'm gonna miss her