

Burnt By The Sun, The Fish Under the Sea Dance

Stiff as hell. Fade to black. Blackness swells. Forgetting never felt so good. Yeah, remembering only as a reference. Today is gauged by how unhappy I am not. I can still hear what's going on back there and I don't care. One would struggle to find some kind of peace of mind but I just don't care. Once would struggle to find some kind of peace of mind. Even when this dance is over I won't stop moving. I will never miss a beat. I would not be able to move like this without having walked through your door. I would not. No, not without having my eyes shut... or having watched them burn. Shaped, redirected, reevaluated, created a new man. Thanks for getting me in. I'll get you next time.

Much like discipline is the price to pay for progression, the admission price for happiness is often suffering. Regret loses it's luster and appeal after considering that where we are in our lives is merely the product of experiences and decisions. The not-so true madness that others put us through becomes a standard with which to compare our happiness to. So thanks for getting me in. I won't be paying you back.