

Facing New York, Tip Of The Iceberg

Tip of the iceberg setting free its greater half,
Strange how the heat can rip apart the frozen mass.

Spinning slow in the water.

Edge of an unforgiving sea sets the pace.
Cruel how it sends the two of them separate ways.

Drifting off in the water,
No direction no matter..

We are a lonely breed,
Stuck in a childish game,
Where weather, whim, and circumstance determine

How we will fall apart,
When we will make amends.
I'm ready to be at peace with you again.

Both fearing direct exposure to the sun,
There's a need to share the pain with anything or anyone.

Drifting off in the water,
No direction whatsoever..

Can we stop this process? I don't want to go on.
We've been getting nowhere for far too long.

I am a broken man.
I finally understand
The consequence of lying through my teeth.

Let's get a bite to eat,
And laugh like old friends.
I'm ready to be fine with this again