

# Idiothead, Delayed Molting

All the ways back to your friends and thoughts of fate  
Got erased with a snap shot over your tape  
Daily fails and all those girls you've never loved  
Will be drained with all the foam from your mistakes

I see the sea under  
my un-efficient skin  
Can't stand on my shoulders,  
I'm in a delayed molting

I see the drift over  
the beauty of this scene  
Can't count on my fingers  
My eyes stuck on my chin

Waves of June are colored swans  
Waves of falls are silent swarms

Too much words have been betrayed by your cowardice  
I can't stand the world as you want it to be  
I'm leaving the story you are wasting so fast  
Too much songs have been raped by your morning speeches

Too many words have upset me through the course of this  
Journey I've volunteered to go on  
Too many people gave me hope and took it right back  
But I'm eager to repeat the circle  
I am starting to become a bitter man  
Is it age, is it the times or is it you?  
Give me a reason to be brave and to be myself  
After all I'm doing all this for you

I'm starting to grow old.

All the way back to my starving teenage years  
Craving for any substantial step forward  
All these dreams and nothing to account for them  
Were somehow so much more than I sometimes feel nowadays

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