

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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