

Race The Sun, Paperweights And Coffee Stains

My wallet
It's only getting lighter
I'll keep it folded for now
It's a paper weight
And I'd love to say it's easier to move,
To breathe, to walk
So much weight has been lifted though
Armor holds its value

And I'm always awaiting my cue
I'm always forgetting lines
Say dreams destroy us briefly
Scream like the frustrated
They hide behind the desks
And they're being held captive
Strangled by the phone lines
Spilling coffee on their best shirt

Lost myself in my subconscious, my old habits
Chewed my nails into rigid saw blades
I'll clock out one more time,
Keep my stomach from my throat
Empty both these cluttered pockets to scour for change

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