

# 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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