

Seven Mary Three, Found My Center

My tired eyes are blackened wicks
Razor tucked under my chin
Quit quit quitters started quitting
One last time

Take me down to the other side
Where all the lights are handed out
Mine is empty mine is shattered and powered down

How she cuts from the inside
Whispers everything's all right
She's a late star rising up
To me she shines

I'm the bellyache in time
The bootstrap cough of the family line
All that history that was never meant to be

Hold my head together with
Reconnective little pills
That look like cars and swallow everything they see

And she cuts from the inside
Whispers everything is mine
Late stars that rise above us start to shine

Concentrate so I can find myself
I can't get back all the time I wasted
She keeps an eye on me

She found my center