

# Suburban Phlight, Eleventh Hour

Anthems crumble  
Resistance waning  
Eerie shrill silence  
White flags waving  
Grey flannel dissidents are always aware  
Burdens of loneliness are too hard to bare

Sometimes I wish I just didn't feel  
Sometimes I wish that I could steal  
Meaning from things that make no sense  
Hiding away broken confidence  
Sometimes I wish I just didn't want  
A quick and frivolous passing thought  
One that could easily be dismissed  
Hiding away broken confidence

What's the cost of this war of attrition  
Running low on my verbal munitions  
Reasons receding at the loss of the words  
The steady footing here is less than assured

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