

Adelleda, Stop Texting, You In Row Seven

Failure

This holds no promises or look what I have done
It's holding onto something and that something's probably flawed
I don't want a gullet full of chunks
With a simple twisted head
This manifesto's aimed at my
Civility and calving grounds
Take a look at what I've found
Fort Hill to Everest
Carbuncle to the Pacific
What fills me with positivity?
Green highway signs
Bright runway lights
And faces I can't recognize
The well is dry
The residents with sandstorm minds
They only hydrate the need, but will they open their eyes?
Maybe develop some plan B's?
We're working overtime, we're working overtime
Cue unrelated and blood-lined critics to start screaming
There's nothing you can do
I'll draw some dotted lines from here to everywhere
And connect them all at once
I'm not the only one
The French to Vangtze
From Pine to Lyons
Always stepping backwards, lacking creativity
The dark horizon I scan for change, but nothing is happening
Let's move!
It's getting harder, it's getting harder
The brink of death
One trip for total satisfaction
It's getting harder to ignore
It's all inside
One more trip and we'll still come up hated
Look what boredom has created