

Bad Astronaut, Clear Cutting

Started breaking some of the rules,
Then you broke them all.
I know that there's a war in your head,
You can't win them all,
And I can't take this all to bed
Just as you expected.
Your self-fulfilled prophecy's already leading to the next.
Tree to climb up from the depths,
Reach the top,
You're done with him.
It sounds familiar;
It's all been done.

Now I see you around the bends;
I'm not sure you still have it.
Another old insult from me
As I embrace an old friend.