

Bane, Bang The Drum Slowly

(play the fife lowly)

i just cannot stop
asking why, always why
running and running
wandering and wondering
no matter how many years fly by
screaming "who, what and when"
like some crazed eight year old
who needs to know everything
in a world so filled with nothing
running and running
towards one ounce of proof
things that will not crumble at the slightest touch
you tell me who the hell i gonna trust
i can stand looking at grown-ups
never mind trust them
loud and proud laughing at things that are not funny
chewing happily on what is left
of this cold, gray, flawed world
i just gotta keep right on running
away from it all
towards tears born from lesson
towards dreams instead of dollars
half my age and stupidly brave
uz anything is better than lying in some comfortable deathbed
staring into the abyss
as afraid of living as i am of not living
though one time i awoke
and could still feel the cold steel of a sword
that had been thrust into me