

Before Braille, Proventil

why can't i get a rhythm?
am i working hard enough?
bound by the laws i'm given.
better keep moving or i'll never catch up!
how will i find that rhythm
hands tied behind my back?
need another puff of my inhaler.
gotta have breath if i'm gonna yell back!

i'm gonna drown it all out.
i'm gonna drown it all out.
i'm gonna drown it all out.
i'm gonna drown it all out.

portrayed by my weak condition.
nothing ventured nothing gained.
any act is gonna have a victim.
it's gonna have loss.
it's gonna have pain.
(let's count my degenerate ailments...)
1.) got a chronic spasm
2.) got a fractured spine.
3.) got a case of asthma.
more bad days than i've ever felt fine.

will i mend my broken bones
for a chance to break my neck?
depending on crutches to catch my balance.
the faster i try to run
the slower that i get to my destination.

(the truth will have to come) as i wait.
(the weight adds on) more back pain.
no words to hold back.
it isn't gonna get much better
if i can't pull my weight.

slip or fade or step away from the crowd.
had enough of grind & trials for now.
wanna fight pound for pound.
had enough of the sound.
drift away now.
find a way to tune out.
put the blade down.