

Burnt By The Sun, Forlani

Last time I swore it was the last time.
I'd write these last rites to this last fight.
By the third time around I'm pretty well versed.
By the third time it still hurts.
By the third time I know myself well enough to know
10 years is not enough.

What is this about this that brings me back?
Have I ever even left? But what can I expect?
Beauty is radiating through my TV set.
I find it's lines still corrupt my mind.
In it's image I am defined.
What is this about this that brings me back?
Have I ever even left? But what can I expect?

The beauty, I find it still corrupts my mind.
the beauty, I find, in it's image I'm defined.
Forge my body into steel
while cognizant that this is not real.
Flesh and devotion void of emotion
save for an ounce of ineptitude
and another song to express
my helpless faith in this cage.
Imprisoned for the rest of my life
programmed into my mind, my eyes
I'm fixated, irritated.
Shallow as far as I can perceive
with the disregard of what I believe.