

# Burst, I Hold Vertigo

What is the nature of this?  
A standard always amorphous  
Strange, how easy to list:  
Routine tediously cyclic  
I don't know where I get it from  
I rely so much on expectation  
Castles of air amidst this very sober reason  
Yes I profess abnegation  
But never your mind;  
Great hopes, little one, I'll bear your delusion  
I admit that no one is sovereign  
Not even I  
No, I don't even try  
I admit that no one is sovereign  
Not even I  
No, I don't even try  
And never your mind -- I've asked nothing of you  
Nothing which lies at your promise behest  
Never has anything rang true  
I don't know where I get it from  
I rely so much on expectation  
Castles of air amidst this very sober reason  
Yes I profess abnegation  
But never your mind;  
Great hopes, little one, I'll bear your delusion  
Master all by easy hand,  
I commit no act of violence  
Marching to the strike of fragile cadence  
And I see you in the corner, distressed  
Somehow I'm not impressed  
I admit that no one is sovereign  
Not even I  
No, I don't even try  
I admit that no one is sovereign  
Not even I  
No, I don't even try  
But I wonder, when did we decide?  
If you're determined, I promise it's done  
I am with you  
Changing from nothing to one