

# Caedmon's Call, Not The Land

So many miles behind, still I drive pedal down,  
Off the map hours back, it's beneath the seat, I think,  
With two pennies and a match and something else,  
I can't remember,  
But in the time that it would take to fish it out  
I'll be another mile gone-  
And I feel so wrong,  
Trying to feel right,  
In light of all the things I've past,  
You'd think that I'd have learned-

This is not the land was promised me,  
Even as far as my eyes can see,  
I'm so wound up I can't even breathe,  
I don't want words,  
I just want some peace-

Its seems I've misplaced me faith,  
It's 11:12 nothing's changed,  
Well nothing except the channel I'm afraid,  
And the number there,  
No, it's the same,  
Oh, this must be the savior of the month  
And what I must have,  
Where's the night gone?  
I'm so tired and out of shape,  
You've gotta get me up,  
But I can't get up today-  
And it's been so long  
Since I've felt right,  
All the rote, rehearsal, proof  
You'd think that I'd have learned-

Break me-

This is not the land was promised me,  
Gotta get out of bed,  
Get me something to read,  
Gotta feed my brother,  
Not my eyes,  
If not, then I'll be all I despise.