

Drmanhattan, Claims Should Echo

At the start the end's so easy to forget
When the closing comes it's far too quick
And the start sticks.
Our conscious is killing us
For what we haven't said
This nonsense is thrilling
'cause we're all underfed.
The morning starts without
Us when our high hopes come back
Without a solution.
Here we are again
So eager to pretend
Our lonesome hearts
Dare us to tear them apart...
Let's break the glass that holds the wine
Look past utensil to feast on swine
Salivate at opportunity
And apprehend the useless.
Burn the candle at both ends to seek
Potential overlooked by pessimism
Locked away by realism
Spend too much time waiting for the glass to fill
Priceless is the reaction of letting glass spill
Reaching the brim of every pointless goal
Without looking further or even looking into...
So hard to change them when
They can't stop holding like they always do.
Those with us.