Farse, Humour Me

Blocked out, resist. Cuts like a broken angels kiss
and now your flying higher than telescopes can see.
Then all the trees shook, cyclone spirit rattled windows.

I have to crouch down, cut ties still hang above my head. I can't forget.
Let's break them all down, start breathing oxygen once more.

Rescue me. Look how I'm hanging from the ceiling.
Can you spare a little thought for me? Because all I want is standing with me.

I have no purpose no, for days I have been without.
Here's a new thought- you gotta humour me.
Thinking that I've been dying, I've been looking to the sky and I don't care about nobody else.
You're gonna look back and find out the world keeps on changing around for someone else.
You've gotta stand tall and strike. It's not right to be running around, let someone else.
You can't just sit back the time is right for change.

The boy did great, look at the state of me.
Don't want it, don't need it, not sure if I believe in why.