

Hangnail, Temporary

You've changed so much in so little time
What happened to your passion and drive
for living life and living it out
Has this all change from subtle doubt

Skeptical, you play the skeptics role
excusing blame, denying guilt
You fame yourself with apostasy
and then redeem yourself with mediocrity

It's only temporary, it seems like
Until the blindness is your sight

When you think of what you used to have,
do you believe that you never had
anything, nothing absolute
Not even God, not even truth

And I would reach out to you
but that's the last thing you want me to do
Sleep tight as you're drifting away
to wake up one morning and find
that all of the feeling is gone