

# Live, Tired Of "Me";

You say "Hold on to the reigns";  
I say "Let them go tonight";  
My brain waves  
Confused between what is and ain't  
She cries "Groundless and free";

Tired of the water  
Tired of the wine  
Tired of the future  
Tired of time  
Tired of the madness  
Tired of the steel  
Tired of the violence  
Tired of me

Used steel  
Used steel am I  
What was pliable in love  
Is now hard and crystallized  
The intellect is fine  
For counting money  
And recalling times  
That she cried,  
"Groundless and free";

Hope is a letter that never arrives  
Delivered by the postman of my fear