

# Needless To Say, This One Has A Bad Motivator

Time and love  
Combined created  
A sound's divine  
So liberated  
My flesh and blood  
Strewn upon  
The pages on which  
I write this song  
On the floor  
Open eyes  
Behind those doors  
So many closed minds  
This sanctuary  
To which I'm confined  
These walls protect me  
From the outside  
I long for something new  
I want more, why don't you?  
Please help me find myself  
Please help me find something else