

Nine Horses, A History Of Holes

I'm having my day
My place in the sun
I'll grow to resemble
The man I've become

There'll be time for reflection
When I reach that plateau
When the war has been won
No farther to go

And I fear that it isn't enough

I'm making a fortune
I swore to enjoy
These things I promised myself
When I was a boy

When I was a boy
And things moved too slow
And universes revolved around
Things I didn't know

When I was a boy
And I made mistakes
I was humiliated
Til I knew my place

And I fear that it isn't enough

Ignorance hurts
Injustice inflames
I remember the feelings
But forgotten their names

When I was a boy
I saw through their lies
I swore I wouldn't become
The thing I despised
But events over take you
While you set your sights
On bigger game
On greater heights

God bless amnesia
And the things I've suppressed
I can reframe the image
I can discard the rest

A history of holes
Where the pieces that won't fit
With the story you told yourself
And your place in it

And I fear that it isn't enough

So put on a brave face
Straighten that tie
And speak like you mean it
Give truth to the lie

And I fear that it isn't enough