

None More Black, Yo, It's Not Rerun

I built a room smaller than the pendulum. Future's looking cracked up.
It's more than just a patch job. What can I do now?
Someday I'll get the swing of it and spend less time repairing it.
One day I won't take and maybe just feel rewarded. I told myself.
"This will be the last:" It's time to drop the anchor.
Drag me down into the ocean, so I can swim back up.
How can I believe in something.
If I can't believe in me, I've got to believe in something.