

Nonpoint, Development

Now, theres a crack on the inside, and i start to play.
Now, my fingers stuck, over stood my stay.
Now, Now, Now, my world is bent from this development.

Moving faster, then a storm's rain after the plaster split, where my fingers fit.
Sure disaster and growing faster then my skin can take.
At least that's what they say.

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Crowded cluster.
Do you trust her to take the weight, or make the change?
Abandoned labor.
Do yourself a favor and do for you, not what you're used to.

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No more sanity.
I can't stay here, too many bad choices.
No more space to breathe.
I can't stay here, too many damn voices.

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