

Over It, Blackball

Despite the din the only thing
I hear is a screaming thought spun in my mind
A voice I left behind is following, growing, calling me back.
Just once I wish that some great wave would spray and sweep me off my feet
The cribs got cracks and they all think ill slipping
Sometimes we fall, sometimes its safe
to hide behind a false face,
This time I've got no faith to hide
Just perfect hindsight.
Cast me out if you can
And if it's unfair, well life's unfair.
As for pipe dreams,
You label me, I'll level you.
Equipped for this; if you've got threats
Come on take your best shot
If I lost my way then I'll stumble back to the lost and found.