

Poison The Well, Meeting Again For The First Time

Barely able to keep the lids open
At times I might think I need the rest
but who would want to go back there?
It's already hard enough to say I need it.
bad memories and good times.
Keep me from believing that I can still jump off.
No longer, no longer the same.
you grow accustomed to seeing the sun in a different location.
Standing still becomes a chore.
Anxious to get the pavement moving.
The easy solution to this and everything else is to move on.
It comes equipped with the last word.
they find ways to drag you along
and dismantle what you created.
It's already hard enough to say I need it
Bad memories and good times.
Keep me from believing that I can still jump off.
No longer, no longer the same.
You grow accustomed to seeing the sun in a different location.
Standing still becomes a chore.
Anxious to get the pavement moving.
Happiness is not having to lie on the floor dead alone.