

Salem Hill, Habit Without Heart

don't believe in much
I used to believe in less
and the mixing of lewis heinlein
and poe leaves a pretty fine mess
the few times we speak anymore
habit without heart
I still believe it's part of me
but i'm bitter disillusioned angry and ready for venting in some vain display

habit without heart pretense as an art
absurdities of life have won
habit without heart perhaps too late to start
to change the little patterns that get deeper every day

I don't believe in much
I wish I believed in more
but the ancient uttered phrase and my nihilistic
ways like water and oil accord the few times
I'm there anymore habit without heart
I still love you you're part of me but i'm searching not finding losing and ready for venting in some v

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you give me life water above you pour it on when i'm thirsty for love you show me light lamps at my