

# Unfinished Thought, The Order Of Detail

I Live With A Brain That Knows How To Weather  
The Constant Barrage Of Putting Together  
A Picture Of Me I'm Sure You Will Miss

I Think From A Place That's Long Been Detached  
The Center Of Gravity That Circles My Path  
Will Draw You In Too If You Try To Resist

The Order Of Detail Floods My Life  
Like A Marionette To Sadness  
I Hang By The Threads That Cut Me

It Strings Me Along Leaving Time  
To Let Me Pretend I Can't See  
There's Always Been Someone I'd Rather Be

I Need Razor Straight Lines  
Marching In Time  
Clearly Marked Stop Signs  
And Thoughts To Call Mine

A Beginning An End  
A Pattern To Follow  
Time To Prepare  
I Am Almost There

I Am Not Quiet  
I Choose Not To Talk  
I'm Afraid Of Myself And Of You  
Your Terrible Plans  
And The Conclusions I Have Been Led To  
The Ones I Can't Undo

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