

# Waxwing, Kill The Messenger

Up much too late writing letters in my head  
To far away people wouldn't know if they were dead  
People far away that I once knew  
Some people so close you can see right through  
Most people your whole life will be in between  
Never know never talk to, wish you'd never seen  
Will I become engulfed with all I did or did not do,  
What should have been what cannot be helped  
Sometimes the truth, so hard to stair into  
Your eyes would fair better if it were the sun they were looking through  
Trapped inside this techno-shpere  
Imbalance becomes real clear  
The living dead walk in the streets and driving in cars  
Chronic fatigue  
We've all got ourselves on our minds almost all of the time  
What a way to live can you pay attention  
To people far away that I once knew  
Some people so close you can see right through  
Most people your whole life will be in between  
Never know never talk to, wish you'd never seen.