

## 2 Buoni Motivi

### "The Mark Of My Pen"

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The mark of my pen, where should I begin  
Well I am the ink and the ink is running thin  
There's a weight on my chest, not atop but within  
Begging me each day to stop and give in  
Like an ocean of water, cold, black and dim  
I am the ink and the ink is running thin  
It's running thin, it's running thin

I am the glue that holds this house together  
Cracked and faded through all the years I've measured  
My success as a man on my every endeavor  
Falling short once again, comfort no pleasure  
Alone in the dark, I wait out the weather  
'Cause I am the glue but this house is not together  
It's not together, it's falling down

I am the sun as the last light hits the sea  
I shine for a moment before night consumes me  
I search for salvation, but they won't let me be  
I'm nothing to no one try to set these thoughts free  
My mind a dead forest, my heart a hollow tree  
I am the sun and the last lights hit the sea  
And that is where I'll live, and will forever be  
Held by night's captivity  
So when that sunbeam shines for your eyes to see  
Know that I am the sun and the last lights hit the sea  
It's hit the sea

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