

A Million Engines In Neutral "Travis Bickle"

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This canvas talks in tongues
Far unrecognizable.

I've been torn down and stripped
To a point,
And all the kings men
Couldn't put it back together again.

It's just another Icarus storyline,
Where these buildings shine like the sun,
And my wings were my pride.
And everything tumbles to the ground
And becomes intertwined,
Like so many wrinkles in time,
And all of this wasted talent that used to be mine.

These buildings are razorblades.
Concrete and steel pierce my veins.

I've traded my brushes for needles
To help dull the pain.
I'm lost in euphoria.
Broken
Shattered
Defeated.

My pride spills onto the floor,
Slowly connecting each linoleum tile
Linked forever by my failures

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