

Bugs In Amber

"All My Friends"

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All my friends have dwindled down to counting the
fingers on my one hand
It's so hard to tell,
What is real who is who and where they've been
And what they plan on taking from me in the end.

All I am reflection and a product of what I've seen
And what may have happened to me,
All I've learned taking on the habits from choices of two
stories I'll
Write down my own.

Random sermons I maybe tried to listen to too well
Making lifetimes full of promises from what I
understood.

Afraid of a name - or book of reason for outcasts to -
take on some shame.

For nothing more than moral fists shoved down their
throats
Submission to a way of life

Random sermons taken much to heavily can fan
Just enough fuel for a fire burn a martyr for the cause

Afraid of a name - or book of reason for outcasts
accepting some shame
Invisible strong arm of one subconscious under-lying
bill of right
Wrong or right

Arms length too short to measure around another neck
stand off
We go on just depending on our own regard for life.

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