

Cex

"Cex At Arms Length"

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caught in a dream
but never come home
always around the corner
another corner waits
caught in...

you could say i'm an avante-gard composer
cuz there aren't any notes in a single one of my note
books
as soon as i find a way to play these reams of sheet
music
with an instrument that's new and uses a scale of
crossed out words
regret and embarresment instead of guitar chords
and i'm sure it's just a matter of seconds
before i'm rich on MTV, pack th place with kids
to sing my songs with, and bite their tounge along
with me

i never got a messege in a dream
i've come back but never come home
always around the corner
another corner waits
caught in...

this was supposed to be a release
and now it's quiete easily the most stressful piece of
my existence
my trip overseas, i was scared shitless
the second time only felt an overpowering indifference
now my third is imminent, and i just feel sick

i'm the guy in the doctor's office
"doctor, it hurts when i do this"
you weigh less than your own shaddow
i was barely a stick to start with
now i'm outdone by the sum
of all the splinters i've discarded

and none of my friends know who i am, it's our
arrangement
i kept cex at arm's length to try and keep the real ryan

safe
for every dodgeball thrown, every night with cameras
rolling
there's bright lines drawn around all of the shit we
leave unspoken
my confessions could fill stadiums, but still
my heart's buried under baltimore, and i think i've
fogotten where
i could tear up the city trying find it but knowing myself
i'd just probably lie in the cavity with straw and
disappear

i never got a messege in dreams
i've come back but never come home
always, arond the corner another corner waits
caught in perpetual low

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