

Dannel Vonn Dillon

"Worn"

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It's just so worn and dusty, tattered, torn, and dark and
musty
Unventilated quarters, spider webs have taken over

Your head is on my shoulder
As your heart is growing colder
Feels like we're both in prison
Just seems like the right decision

It's all because we're drifting farther than we've ever
gone before
And I can tell what's missing while you're listing
promises made before
It's taken our lives over, I'll just take mine back and hit
the door
But it's got your impression deeply at the core

So much of stale, of plastic, no such luck and lack of
magic
It's just depreciation, drop and lull then full deflation

My heart is growing colder
As your head rests on my shoulder
We need a new beginning
Even if we both aren't in it

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