

## Desperation Band

### "Nameless"

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I crave for even the faintest touch of inspiration  
It's rivers have seemingly dried up  
The past weeks have silently gone by like nameless  
citizens in a waiting  
Line

Scattered grey clouds have altered my strategic game  
plan  
I must dig deep

An amalgam of taunting voices wittingly took the  
limelight away  
From the notes that should be treasured  
I have been comfortable wrapped in discouragement  
for far too long

Words and actions have somehow lost some of their  
sweetness  
I need to regain my thirst for optimism

Deaf will be these ears to you serenades  
Blind will be these eyes to your charades  
Cold will be the front that welcomes you

Scattered grey clouds have weakened my strategic  
game plan

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