

## **Destiny Or Design "To Be Weightless"**

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The drought has been rushed away.  
The contempt I felt seemed to be weightless,  
It proved to be the least of my worries.  
And I felt the hand of shame.  
Long have I led my way through these drifting waves,  
These waves that you created.

The current is bound to lose it's strength again,  
The tide will change it won't pull us in. (It can't pull me  
in)  
End my tension, preach me fiction of how there's  
something more,  
Something more to grasp onto.

Across the aisle I smell your scent,  
I feel your presence it grips me tighter than you can  
imagine.

I-can-tell-you-one-thing,  
You're-not-worth-a-minute-more-of-my-time.

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