

## **Drmanhattan**

### **"Claims Should Echo"**

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At the start the end's so easy to forget  
When the closing comes it's far too quick  
And the start sticks.  
Our conscious is killing us  
For what we haven't said  
This nonsense is thrilling  
'Cause we're all underfed.  
The morning starts without  
Us when our high hopes come back  
Without a solution.

Here we are again  
So eager to pretend  
Our lonesome hearts  
Dare us to tear them apart...

Let's break the glass that holds the wine  
Look past utensil to feast on swine  
Salivate at opportunity  
And apprehend the useless.

Burn the candle at both ends to seek  
Potential overlooked by pessimism  
Locked away by realism  
Spend too much time waiting for the glass to fill  
Priceless is the reaction of letting glass spill  
Reaching the brim of every pointless goal  
Without looking further or even looking into...

So hard to change them when  
They can't stop holding like they always do.  
Those with us.

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