

Embrace The End

"Frankie Is A Cutter"

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Everything is closing in with irrational certainty
Awaiting any chance of reckless abandon
With eager arms outstretched
The stage is set
Waiting and wanting
When each future yesterday ends the same way
All that surrounds
Panoramic anxiety
You can find me
In the eye of the storm
Fumble and falter on familiar empty words and I swear
I've seen this one before
Any solace is fleeting
Ever seeking tethered hearts and storyboard dreams

Forfeit
God help us all
The curtains are closing
Our backs against the wall
All meaning vanishes
Draining away with every ounce of motivation
Worthless and weak
Relish in our own defeat
This time has gone to waste and where are we?
These velvet wings frame a scripted ending
Lost alone on a doldrums sea
So lie back down
In an empty bed of praise
Set your sails
And drift away

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