

Even Rude

"Life, The Obstacle"

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It's a violent whisper
A kind of weightless burden
It's a lonely swim in a crowded ocean
A will to set sail in a dying wind
I hope someday you will find
That glorious moment
A sense of pride
I will stay in my mind
The perfect hideout
Where even life itself cannot get to me

You're a vibrant static
A life within a shell that's dying
You're a constant chained to an endless motion
Courage now swept in a cloak of fear

Too few, the answers
Too vague, the signs
Too weak resistance
Too true, the lies
We seek deliverance and find denial
We seek salvation where faith is blind

I hope someday you will find
That glorious moment
A sense of pride
I will stay in my mind
The perfect hideout
Where even life itself cannot get to me

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