

High Holy Days "Living On A Stone"

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So many things,
I have beaten down to get my way,
Go unnoticed when I make mistakes,
Shine so perfect in the light,
I did right this time

Fate, living on a stone,
And a statue bleeds,
And our prophets on the phone,
And my mind breaks free,
From the leaders and the clones,
Life and talk of destiny
I don't even know

Apologies to my creation for these wasted days,
My transcendence has a bitter face,
Dreams are built and spent with might
And I'm sorry cause I never fight

And in the aftermath, dreams just altruistic sayings,
My just emotion throws, apart, unique I didn't even
care
So look away your life is passed and you let the
chances cave,
And all our cares of the moment have given us our
Names

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