

Konspiracy

"Scenery And Faces"

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I stay at pitstops and detours like they're home
When I should pick up these weary feet and go
My eyes are sore from this mile a minute sprint
My heart it wonders if this race is really worth the win

And it's time to run
But I'm still dragging on this past that weighs a ton
Now I'm begging for a parallel of wills
For the scenery and faces to stay still

I love permanance like the friend I never had
And I want innocence to linger longer than your
average fad
And I'm not out to live a life of mere content
But it's more that I am dealing with the fact that I am
bent
Out of shape and tarnished like the unfinished gold
Who wonders if he'll ever take some useful shape to
hold

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