

## Cire "Thrown"

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Running through a maze, how I waste away my days,  
but the clock spins too fast to find a better way.  
So I live inside my head, and I never hear an end  
and I wonder why I keep running  
when no one seems to win.

Makes me alone...  
How easily I'm thrown

Blue and whites are everywhere, will they make me  
from here  
and my heart beats too fast for the voices at my ears.  
Wonder why things are the way that they seem to be  
today  
and I feel so detached from the words that I say.

Makes me alone...  
How easily I'm thrown  
as it comes it slips away.  
Now I'm lost once more today.

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