

## Contrast

### "Pow"

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i'm finding it hard to think without being distracted, a  
cracked egg,

collapsing again, into being the centre of the universe,  
my focus

dispersed. now i label myself as every new trend is  
developed, caught by

myself when the priorities are dropped. disable my  
table of

contents while the past tense is shocked....i'm still  
moving on.

i'm never mentioned in statistics 'cos ballistics just  
wont realize the

size of my caliber. now i prefer to avoid all mediocrity,  
still escaping

the

hypocrisy, that i feel be creeping up on me dropping  
heavy loads on my

shoulders exploiting my lack of rest now i think that it's  
a test for

my realness, 'myrealness' my schizophrenic fear is  
armwrestling with my

true self 'mytrueself' HAH what a concept forever a  
changing,

facechanging, evolving into unexcpectable form.  
varying distance to norm

yet again i'm reborn to a world of scrutiny, a world so  
full of me,

and never this willingly have i walked into the desert.  
never before,

and never again, will this be the message that i want to  
send.

[chorus]

a shout turns into a whisper, a cry is left unheard. a  
doubt reopens the

blisters, and we're all left to stagnate.

i refuse to sink down to the level where the sincerity's  
lost, i've

found myself out on the cross-roads. too many times  
wandering on the

paths previously unknown, if it's a good

thing it's yet to be shown, shifted winds of chameleon  
waitig to be

blown, but not up in size surprise, surprise... -no-one  
hears your

cries. in the deep end.

following fashion and trends is like including the word  
modern on the

title of a book, just a useless hook, which too many took  
too serious,

filth filled their oesophagus, cause they

swallowed it all too easy, it don't please me, the  
weakness, too

careless the unquestioned treaty, the reclamation of  
recreation of free

thought, that's still been fought for every

day, but in the strangest ways, it's the winners of this  
war that're

being laughed at in their face, and the losers taking  
over in an

everincreasing pace. so which way was it

anyway? were the heards all originally grey? but i got  
the capacity,

still just being a branch in the smallest of trees. never  
again and

never before, lose your self, it's time to settle

the score.

[chorus]

a shout turns into a whisper, a cry is left unheard. a  
doubt reopens the

blisters, and we're all left to stagnate.

(C)contrast 1997

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