

Against Me!

"Un-Thought Of Heroes"

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Where are we going to be? It's getting so hard to remember to feel. Struggling more and more to recall six minutes worth of a dream, you forgot when you woke up. Died-in-the-wool to last, for the sake of Christ you ask, "What am I to do?" Who is there to trust with one leg already six feet deep? Fighting the current of man's existence of the consciousness you can't fucking grasp. To give, or to take for yourself? Another night spent in silent rage, set against. Set against yourself.

Un-thought of heros.

Poured out and flowing over, at the same time bottled up, then pissed out. Company of misery; introspect of the fool, to your dreams you shed a distant effort. While you rid the sense of mobility and shatter all that could set you free. Never could set your hands on comfort in the wars end being your own personal revenge. Yet escaping every sense of consequence. No this is nothing personal; this is just who I am. Another night spent in silent rage, set against. Set against yourself.

Un-thought of heros.

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