

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "The Giver"

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I hate my need for affirmation and attention.
Wish I could begin to blend in with the Scenery.
But I'm struggling to find a balanced flow
Between my id and both my egos (who knows?).
So I go in love, hoping that love will fallow,
It's truth that's not too hard to swallow.
And each new bite either fools or fuels my appetite.

[Chorus:]

All I have are these open hands.
So feel free to take what you please.
For I believe that the giver is also open to receive.

X marks the spot I've buried. All my whys underground.
Because there's bound to be a carnival of carnage
When the barker decides to bite down.

[Chorus]

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