

This Century

"The Bell And The Hammer"

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I try to remember what it's like to dream with my own eyes (with my own eyes). Because I keep forgetting what is right; can't tell truth from lies (sunset from rise)... If I could learn to act patiently then I would see that my view of time is selfishly based around me... I should run away, but I Can't; chasing dreams that are slowing down for me. I should turn around, but I can't. It's within my reach; runaway... With rising valleys and sinking Peaks, nothing in between (that I can see). It seems my pride is on repeat; oh how they need me (it's not me they need).

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