

Human Abstract "Patterns"

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I am walking a line between
The profound and banal
Losing my faith
But now why's it so cold at night
Whenever I'm alone
The child is gone
So I've been told
In every bet there is a fool and a thief
Now walk
Follow the pattern
That leads us through our lives
Now that it shows
I can see the cynic I've become
I'm a sick man, I'm a wicked man.
I am walking a line between
The profound and banal
Losing my faith
But now why's it so cold at night
Whenever I'm alone
And thieves wear crowns

I'm a sick man, I'm a wicked man
And in every bet there's a fool and a thief
We're all lost
In these patterns
I'm a sick man, I'm a wicked man
We're all lost
What's the point of these patterns?

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