

Pompeii

"Pillars"

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There is a carrot dangling outside a window narrowing,
And it's teasing me.
But it's the nerve that you lack,
Cut the strings that hold you back.
Your body is still alive but buried under your head.

I'm thinking I think too much.

Because there will not be a turn unless your cornered.
Not be a side if you're not bordered.
Not be a guilt without a care
You're throwing them up into the air.

You never expect to have things operate like that.

It's taken awhile...

It's got to take care of it's self.
What a joke to think your problem is a problem at all.
Pass the torch until it's spent.
I think your snapping out of it.
Force yourself through the motions...

You never expect to have things operate like that.
Steps we trace, falling on my face was the best way it
Could have been.

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