

Unfinished Thought "The Order Of Detail"

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I Live With A Brain That Knows How To Weather
The Constant Barrage Of Putting Together
A Picture Of Me I'm Sure You Will Miss

I Think From A Place That's Long Been Detached
The Center Of Gravity That Circles My Path
Will Draw You In Too If You Try To Resist

The Order Of Detail Floods My Life
Like A Marionette To Sadness
I Hang By The Threads That Cut Me

It Strings Me Along Leaving Time
To Let Me Pretend I Can't See
There's Always Been Someone I'd Rather Be

I Need Razor Straight Lines
Marching In Time
Clearly Marked Stop Signs
And Thoughts To Call Mine

A Beginning An End
A Pattern To Follow
Time To Prepare
I Am Almost There

I Am Not Quiet
I Choose Not To Talk
I'm Afraid Of Myself And Of You
Your Terrible Plans
And The Conclusions I Have Been Led To
The Ones I Can't Undo

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