

Myths and Photographs

InMe

There is still shards in the road
Shackled wooden windows
The hero to the cell, he doesn't look to well
A cardio, love send face down in the dirt
Make shift, I don't, I don't obey, I don't follow you
Or anyone else for that matter
You don't understand 'cause you are not a strong man
It doesn't mean a thing and I don't need your help
I got this far all by myself and I've given everything
Myths, photographs
Purple skies and red clouds, buttercup
and fire
The chalice from which you drink
It doesn't help you to think
I reckon so, I know so, a taste
Now 24, lost sleep, gone
Ethereal, an astronaut's mentality
Self righteous vitality
And now I know why I had so much doubt in myself
You pick me up, dust me off and put me back on the shelf
You're about as hopeful as a cyanide pill
It's always pretty scary when you're not quite at the top of the hill
Take a cheap shot 'cause I don't give a shit
This band of brothers capsizes and rolls round with it
Reclaiming the shadows that we cast
Kick starts this beast real fast
I've got nothing to say, you never knew me anyway
You are treachery to yourself
Listen closely to this, the point you will still miss
You'll think about how it affects you

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