

# Blackball

## Over It

Despite the din the only thing  
I hear is a screaming thought spun in my mind  
A voice I left behind is following, growing, calling me back.  
Just once I wish that some great wave would spray and sweep me off my feet  
The cribs got cracks and they all think ill slipping  
Sometimes we fall, sometimes its safe  
to hide behind a false face,  
This time Ie got no faith to hide  
Just perfect hindsight.  
Cast me out if you can  
And if it unfair, well life unfair.  
As for pipe dreams,  
You label me, Il level you.  
Equipped for this; if youe got threats  
Come on take your best shot  
If I lost my way then Il stumble back to the lost and found.

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