

# Roots Beneath Ideals

## Before Today

These days occupations have noticeably  
Paused in me Anything is better than a wandering intention to find  
Roots beneath ideals  
I am searching on a binge of desperation  
To throw these worries off my back  
And leave a crack in your expectancy  
In your expectancy Look what you've made of me  
You've made so much noise  
That confusion has awoken in me You have made me careless once again  
And so again a buried hatred has risen  
You have executed the innocent  
Would life for you continue if mine stopped Don't use the past to comment on the present  
Because tomorrow I'll do better than you've ever seen  
And I will ignore the lines that you have drawn  
For along them I could never walk upon My will lies dead behind a door that's rusted  
That's rusted shut Don't blow the dust off of these old books  
Because I'll choke again  
And I can't predict if the air will clear  
In time to catch my breath, to catch my breath, oh

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