Roots Beneath Ideals

Before Today

These days occupations have noticeably
Paused in meAnything 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 expectancyLook what you've made of me
You've made so much noise
That confusion has awaken in meYou 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 stoppedDon'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 uponMy will lies dead behind a door that's rusted
That's rusted shutDon'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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