Mordecai

Between the Buried and Me

Asleep mid-sentence- the words fell apart.
No one is listening anyway.
This day will soon turn black
and my "wants and needs" will spill on me burning ashes.
I learned to be selfish today...
I learned to be alive.
These things I care for are for my personal gain
my personal happiness only.
Why should I sit in your chairs and satisfy your standards.
I've done it all before and I've confused myself a thousand times.
The tragic day that I call morality just doesn't do it for me anymore.
The day will turn black and I will have either lived or died.
Asleep mid-sentence- my words fall to the ground.
Swept into this dreamland.
Economic satisfaction.
Never succeed.
But happiness has its place.
Justice will not lie in your corner.
Throw myself in the corner
We have nothing to complain about here.
Tragic day seems too peaceful to most,
spoiled ambitions turned my heart to black, black.Living dreams, loving dreams,
awakening to what I've always dreamt of.
Living dreams, loving dreams,
awakening to what I've always dreamt of.
The familliar sound, the familliar sound of the lovely love
from the love of my life will keep the notes coming.
From the reciting of the show, from the plip and shevanel,
from the grind that annoys, and the sarcasm they all hate

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