The Checkered Demon

AFI

Too much to find, so much so little time
So many images persist to shade my mind
Will I ever come around or will I just hit the ground?
Will I still be standing when it all comes down?Why can't I seem to sort it out?
Why am I always filled with doubtSo many people everywhere
So self-absorbed without a care of their viral lives
I'd like to bleed them all, when all is drained who shall hold?
When mindless bodies screw tortured souls
Will somebody be there to catch me when I fall?Why can't I seem to sort it out
Why am I always filled with doubt
How could I always be so blind?
Why can't I?
Why can't I figure it out?I could always hope for change
Could always hope to rearrange
But why not just abandon hope
And tear it all apart, now?Too much to find, so much so little time
So many images persist to my mind
Will I ever come around or will I just hit the ground?
Will I still be standing when it all comes down?

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