

# Nameless

## Despised Icon

I crave for even the faintest touch of inspiration

Its rivers have seemingly dried up

The past weeks have silently gone by like nameless citizens in a waiting line  
Scattered grey clouds have altered  
my strategic game plan

I must dig deep  
An amalgam of taunting voices wittingly took the limelight away  
from the notes that should be treasured

I have been comfortable wrapped in discouragement for far too long  
Words and actions have somehow lost some of their sweetness

I need to regain my thirst for optimism  
Deaf will be these ears to you serenades  
Blind will be these eyes to your charades  
Cold will be the front that welcomes you

Scattered grey clouds have weakened my strategic game plan  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>