

a slow decent

Straylight Run

I'm tired.
Cynical and broken, but wiser.
Heavy with a sense of resentment,
but i used to be so much different,
I used to have so much faith
when I started.
You knew that I always meant it.
I knew I could make a difference,
I struggled to be heard
and then finally, one day people started listening.
and I knew it
but as soon as it began it was ruined.
A slow descent from unique to routine,
over and over,
"just do it again and this time with feeling".
The spotlight.
The focus on the friends and the feelings.
That made those stupid songs all worth singing.
And don't you say a word
unless you're pretty sure that you want it analyzed.
So we drove
for what seemed like days
over roads
and four lane highways.
We said all we had to say
and I realized in time that it didn't mean anything.
Never,
not ever again.
Not like that.
"It's only a matter of time".

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