Above The Ground

Salem

Times flies,
It stays up high above the ground.
I try to come to terms
With my future tense.I despise conformity,
The lies, the clenched fists.
I wish that I could feel,
Touch of sanity.
I wish that I could,
Touch of sanity.Lies of concrete.
As hard as stone, as cold as steel.
Dry bones, broken.
Help me, please, I need to feel.Times flies,
It stays up high above the ground.
I try to come to terms
With my future tense.They want me to die.
The memory of pain I've known,
Piercing, poignant pain.
I vow to never feel again.I despise conformity,
The lies, the clenched fists.
I wish that I could feel,
Touch of sanity.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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