Neenah Menasha

Sponge

To begin but not complete, to sleep but not to wake

To always be lost and to never find the wayNo thoughts or memory, no hope or tragedy

A mirror awaits to a reflection of the face

To hit the ground and know the sound, trial by mistake

Deaths of crown we wear around, a smile on a faceThey will never hate or lie

They will never break or try They will never break or cry

They will never wave goodbyeA silence that would not break, loss of a face

The face of a woman that arrives much too late

I break down and she sees the clowns that used to hide away Death to clowns and all their crowns, a smile on their faceThey will never break or cry

They will never hate or lie

They will never say or smile

They will never break or cryNeenah Menasha will wait

Neenah Menasha

Neenah Menasha will waitI break down and she sees the clowns I used to hide away Death to clowns and all their crowns and the smiles on their faceThey will never hate or lie

They will never break or try

They will never break or cry
They will never wave goodbyeNeenah Menasha will wait

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