

Disdain

Knuckle Puck

I've got a lot to talk about.

My disdain for the Pacific threw my name into distant mouths. The heart is heavy when the words are weighing you down. Crosscheck.

Let the turbines shake the overheads.

It took fifteen hours and a missed connection.

Overwhelmed and I'm overstepping bounds. I've had a lot to think about.

The questions linger but I'm too scared to speak out.

Like what could you possibly see in a failure like me? Make no mistake

The winds have changed and I'll be catching the resulting tidal waves on an empty slate to the landlocked states. Crosscheck.

Let the turbines shake the overheads.

It took fifteen hours and a missed connection. Overwhelmed and I'm overstepping bounds. And if you're picking up on the misdirection,

keep the status quo with an ear against the ground. And if you let me stay I'll keep out of your way.

I'll be the empty canvas if you be the paint.

And if you let me stay I'll keep out of your way.

My space is yours to occupate.

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