

Uninspired

Motherlode

I'm a bit overwhelmed, some may call it uninspired
But what is there left to do when someone's so young and admired?
And what's the point of it all?
If it just goes to waste
If I'm nothing more than currents riding on top of the waves
So now I'm writing this song
Like I've got something to say
Well I've said it before; I'll say it again 'till I'm blue in the face
And what's the point of it all?
To come apart at the seams
If I'm never gonna be around to witness the dawn of my dreams
We're not giving up
No we're not giving up
Do I have courage to say, what appears in my mind?
Or am I still censored by all that it means to comply?
So now I've found myself here, with this purpose and strength
To brandish these words, spoken at last, spoken at length
And now they're selling us a way out, a bitter pill
We can't afford the blood we've spilled

Hold on to what you will, we can't afford it
And they're still calling it a way out, a lonely road
We couldn't but we must've known
Oh no, we're bowing out
They're gonna miss us when we're not around
Put all emotion aside, no matter how hard you try
Take what is buried inside
You had it, you got it, goodbye
Put all emotion aside, no matter how hard you try
Take what is buried inside
You had it, you got it, goodbye
And now they're selling us a way out, a bitter pill
We can't afford the blood we've spilled
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You?re gonna miss us when we?re not around

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