

Akula

Art of Fighting

So soon does every word that you say
 Become the breath of my day
 That I breathe like a ghost
And without a daytime to live
 With the infrequency you give
 I'm like noise in the street
'Cause we were a kind of fractured parade
 With all the noise and the fray
 But no definite way
You once said I was something to keep
 That I was a mess that looked neat
 Now I'm not even that
 I broke apart because
There was no place to start with
 With you
 But it's alright
'Cause it's all wrong
 So you won't have
 To stay that long
 With what we had
 How could you miss?
 What you need
 Is none of this

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