

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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