

Articulate the something that's inside me for presentation to the masses...and prepare for the worst as the glue on my heart comes unstuck and I fall to pieces in the face of interrogation
When it's done, is it done?
And I tried and I tried and I tried to get something out of this life.....
All laid out in front of me...
And I tried and I tried and I tried to assemble the parts all in time, but they don't quite fit.
How much of this syntax is traceable to me and me alone, is it all a whitewash? A second-hand parade of a second-rate collection of the thoughts of others, and nothing I could ever
Maybe I'll never understand, but it's alright.
And though my dreams are ringed with fire, it's alright.
I'd rather burn than drown.
(And I'll) live each day like it's my first or last.....
(I'm) held up by my hang-ups, destined not to reach my destination. I'm contra all this diction, the vagueries of words and their untruths and they are thorns which catch inside my throat
It's alright, I'd rather burn than drown.