

The Bitter Years

Aesthetic Perfection

A couple pieces of worthless trash,
Trace fingers,
Forgotten melodies,
Too surreal,
To be the end,
The wise have said "divide and conquer",
Two always seemed much better to me,
I guess I'm doomed to be a number.

Let the hate out,
And you will see,
That you have lost your humanity,
Set aside those,
Long bitter years,
Can't rise above what,
Just draws you near.

My future is built upon the sand,
Foundations that cannot stand alone,
Apologies that go unsaid,
Sing a tune,
Just mumble the words,
Sometimes you've gotta see some action,
It seems the day's my only friend.

Let the hate out,
And you will see,
That you have lost your humanity,
Set aside those,
Long bitter years,
Can't rise above what,
Just draws you near.