

Sun of Nothing

Between the Buried and Me

Everywhere I look they are there... what is everyone doing?
Going to a home?
To a place that makes us feel warm... a place that grants us a smile.
Seems like a very simple idea, but not hardly figured out.
(looking everywhere)
I just see faces.
Faces staring blank as they go on with the routine.
This routine.
Nothing new... its time to go through with this.
A spaceman. That's what they say I am. Nothing but a spaceman..
. always pushing it all away.
Trying to get to that one place I call home.
The journey begins... forcing a new life with the unexplained..
. a creeping rush that surrounds me.
Floating.... floating away.
Always pushing it all away. Trying to get to that one place I call home.
My own planet... I allowed this wish... unexpected... not knowing why.
Wonder why I question it now? I'm my own planet... not many can experience this sensation.
Loneliness is creeping out... or in, however you think of it.
But it sure is surrounding me. Maybe all the complaining is an assurance of boredom. I suppose it's too late.
I am floating farther and farther away. I did love, I did laugh, I did live.
(Now I'm my own planet)
A spaceman. They say I am... a spaceman.
Planets everywhere... my own destiny... I'm floating towards the sun.
The sun of nothing. Floating towards the sun, the sun of nothing. I have become the sun of nothing.
Nothing is here. Memories are not clear.
Floating to the sun... farther away.
I can't believe that's what it has come to... I never really had it all that bad.
I just looked around and never thought about the blank stares.
(Blank stares)
They were looking into something much worse than what I thought I was.
Selfishness is a very sticky quality of this species. Looking around...
I don't see any faces... yes I am lonely. It's to be expected.
I'll sleep now.
(Dream waves)