

Epicurean theme to a never-ending sequence  
Burns me out, dries me up  
And out and through  
My plans disappoint, drain my cup  
Blind man sat in his room and he cried  
"Tomorrow promised me triviality"  
Bite the bait, swallow the-  
Hooked in routine instead of living  
Wondering what's become of me  
What's become of me?  
What's become of me anyways?

I've been uncaring, unconcerned  
Except at what comes dangerously close to  
Overturning my house of cards  
Falls fast and furious  
Scattering shapes of well-worn self-conceit  
Blind man shook his fist and he cried  
"Surely those were my rights"  
As if it were all bad as thou wilt  
Wilt and fade away  
The kernel must first die  
So here I wait for You  
I wait for You  
I wait for You all the while

My way sucks and I don't know what to do  
My way sucks and I don't know  
My way sucks and so I'm giving it all to You  
My way sucks and so I give