

## Memoire Insuffisante

Art By Numbers

Fortune smiled and took him by the hand.  
You'll never have to worry, you'll never reach an end.  
She said, times stretching you thin, but the answers just around the bend.  
Now patiently waits his turn to discover a truth behind doors newly opened to him.  
It seems that nothings promised.  
Another act, yet still the same page he finds himself.  
Right back where he began.  
Only now with pockets worth of empty promises in his hands.

Pin it all on your scapegoats ... oh how misleading.  
They're surely the ones who cost you.  
Now that your dues are paid, let complacency be the fire for your regret.

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Holding on to the ground.  
Until the feeling you're bound to, falling off the surface disappears.

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Traces leading us to an ends that did not justify the means.  
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He counted each and every grain that trickled down.  
But long since, overdue was the accounting of his own.  
Wasted wishing a past could be undone.