

Not The Land

Caedmon's Call

So many miles behind
Still I drive with the pedal down
I was off the map hours back
It's beneath the seat, I think
It's with two pennies and a match
And something else, I can't remember
But in the time that it would take to fish it out
I'll be another mile gone
And I feel so wrong
Trying to feel right
In light of all the things I've passed
You'd think that I'd have learned
This is not the land was promised me
Even as far as my eyes can see
I'm so wound up, Lord, I can't even breathe
And I don't want words, I just want some peace
Some peace, some peace
It seems I've misplaced my faith
'Cause it's 11:12, and nothing's changed
Well, nothing except the channel I'm afraid
And the number there
No, it's the same
Oh, this must be the savior of the month
And what I must have
Where's the night gone?
'Cause I'm so tired and out of shape
You've gotta get me up
But I can't get up today
'Cause it's been so long
Since I've felt right
All the rote, rehearsal, proof
You'd think that I'd have learned
Break me, break me, break me
This is not the land was promised me
Gotta get out of bed, get something to read
And I gotta feed my brother, not my eyes
If not, then I'll be all I despise