

Swing Your Kami Sword

Captain, We're Sinking

Casting illusions of self esteem covered in by cancer-ridden walls.
Tighten your grip until your fingers break, the deep breath before the fall.
Call out the words etched on our graves, but ignore the writing on your wall.
I want you to watch me watch you fall, and I think you want the same thing too.
If you want honesty, they'll take me from my home in the middle of the night,
while my children watch in fear, as I'm begging for my life.
Out here the gravity is nothing, the price of living on your own,
I'll watch you burn down a factory, while I burn out my home alone.
Well in my dreams I start laughing at the fact that you've forgotten me.
If you want honesty this is all you'll get from me.
If you want tragedy this is all you'll get from me, this is it.
Actions tell the story from beginning to end,
your vision blurs and the lines they cross.
Is it laziness or writer's block?
Patience and procrastination don't seem the same
until you're on a deadline counting out your failures
in the eyes of the ones you trust.
They'll cut you down. They'll chew you up.
They'll spit you out. Forget your name and they'll cut you.