

# Uninspired

Cartel

I'm a bit overwhelmed, some may call it uninspired  
But what is there left to do when someone's so young and admired?  
And what's the point of it all?  
If it just goes to waste  
If I'm nothing more than currents riding on top of the waves

So now I'm writing this song  
Like I've got something to say  
Well I've said it before; I'll say it again 'till I'm blue in the face  
And what's the point of it all?  
To come apart at the seams  
If I'm never gonna be around to witness the dawn of my dreams

We're not giving up  
No we're not giving up

Do I have courage to say, what appears in my mind?  
Or am I still censored by all that it means to comply?

So now I've found myself here, with this purpose and strength  
To brandish these words, spoken at last, spoken at length

And now they're selling us a way out, a bitter pill  
We can't afford the blood we've spilled  
Hold on to what you will, we can't afford it  
And they're still calling it a way out, a lonely road  
We couldn't but we must've known  
Oh no, we're bowing out  
They're gonna miss us when we're not around

Put all emotion aside, no matter how hard you try  
Take what is buried inside  
You had it, you got it, goodbye

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