

The Distance

CunninLynguists

And he travelled (Repeated)
And he travelled far (Repeated)
I can feel the distance (Repeated)

The streets kept coming and coming and coming? through his tracks
And every scene he spied was all the same
He kept running and running and running and never looked back
He never realised how far he came
And it didn't matter that the latter part hadn't bothered him
Rather all the sadness that followed him as if it was a ball and chain
It was a long await, his posture had changed fraught with his fault and his anger
Until he wouldn't respond when they called his name
It was all part of the game, it started as a play to get ends
It left him with the breath of debt and less friends
And yet he never questioned where the quest went
And when dissenters didn't deem him special
He did his best to impress them and this led to regrets then
Still he was dead-set on success and distress
He only expressed through a sent text
Addressed to anyone he hadn't met yet
The tires peeled on desire's wheels
Again he said, "I can feel."

The distance

The city had changed him as he reflected on the decade that passed
His life, he reckoned at last, was a staged pun
With a fantasy masked where the grave was dug
A double life revamped and the other side bites till it tastes blood
So he drives to escape driving a stake through his great love
Incessantly trying to shine through the bars like a caged sun
Dissecting a piece of the strange run
With the dirty southern niggers working for crumbs
In some underground dank club
Where there's nothing but strained hugs from mother and father
And a strange son cause he can't recall when he became one
Though the shame is heavy and weighs tons
He still finds a way to place blame on what they've done
Visits they've stayed away from
And perhaps it was that all along so he just carries on
And he can barely call because the talks are rarely calm
He wears his calluses like a tux to a daily prom
Wearily feeling forever young until they play the song
And his patient wife waits gracefully while he breaks the dawn
Racing across the States to raise the stakes and cost to pay it off
Debating cons of procreation on the hopes to trade it off
A basic honest home relations, how'd they know it would take this long?
But he placed his honour in the way he crawled
All that means is he hits the floor harder from farther up in case he falls
He's racing towards the exit so disconnected
He felt compelled to misdirect his perspective
I can feel

And the more that I stand still
The closer I get still
Tisťeno z www.txp.cz