

Burden Of A Thought

Epidemic

Speculate the past and gone,
And second guess a very first impression.
Under a veil of fun and light, open eyes are copping out.

Down I lie here, ready to believe.
Place down what is out of reach
Within the burden of a thought to haunt me
Ignorance is as blissful as it comes.

Bred within not to think twice,
These closeted fascists are coming out.
When too truthful a mood outweighs a lie,
Balancing what damages and what is right.

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I Lie Here
I Lie Here

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(2x)