

Myths & Photographs

InMe

2,3,4

There are still shards in the road, shackled wooden windows
The hero in the cell, he doesn't look too well
A cardio love-send, a face down in the dirt, makeshift, I don't
I don't obey, I don't follow you, or anyone else for that matter

You don't understand, 'cause you are not a strong man, it doesn't mean a thing
I don't need your help, I got this far all by myself and I've given everything

Myths and photographs
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Oh purple skies and red clouds, buttercups and fire
The chalice from which you drink, it doesn't help you think
I reckon so, I know so, a taste, now 24, lost sleep, gone
Ethereal, an astronaut's mentality, self-righteous vitality

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Myths and photographs
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And now I know why I had so much doubt in myself
You pick me up and dust me off and put me back on the shelf
You're about as hopeful as a cyanide pill, it's always pretty scary when you're not quite at the
Top of the hill
Take a cheap shot 'cause I don't give a shit, this band of brothers capsizes and rolls round
With it
Reclaiming the shadows that we cast, kick-start this beast real fast

You don't understand, 'cause you are not a strong man, it doesn't mean I think
I don't need your help, I got this far all by myself and I've given everything
I've got nothing to say, you never knew me anyway, you are a traitor to yourself
Listen closely to this, the point you will still miss, you'll think about how it affects you