

Too Many Failures Too Few Reasons

Intohimo

Count me in, count my days, count me out.
Your whisper has been covered by noise,
and all my failures are without reason

And you may use me and build me and fail me

I've stopped counting my days,
and now these days are counting me out

Broken and torn down
with room for the new things that will come.
And all my failures are without reason

Burn the old, for new things to come.