

Flame Of The Uninspired

k.d. lang

I spent a lifetime carving out my fate
Things I like, things I hate
My very nature is to criticize
And to cut myself down to size.

On the cusp of compromise
To living hell, I slipped and fell.
I'm in the corner licking off my wound
Loves come and go, all too soon

Looking back upon my life as such
And the remedies, they cost too much
Such a frail and fragile place
This egg and shell upon my face.

Fueled by desire
Wind adds to fire
Flame of the uninspired

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