

Tired of 'Me'

Live

You say "Hold on to the reigns"
I say "Let them go tonight"
My brain waves
Confused between what is and ain't
She cries "Groundless and free"

Tired of the water Tired of the wine
Tired of the future
Tired of time
Tired of the madness
Tired of the steel
Tired of the violence
Tired of me

Used steel
Used steel am I
What was pliable in love
Is now hard and crystallized
The intellect is fine
For counting money
And recalling times
That she cried,
"Groundless and free"

Hope is a letter that never arrives
Delivered by the postman of my fear