

So I Guess This Means I'm Out Of The Bookclub

Miles Away

Breaking backs just to get ahead
Taking strides, try to feel alive
What we crave, something more than imagery
What remains, superficial lies
Still the masses wander blind
In a shallow world, pushed aside
Controlled by fear, unjustified
Read between the lines, a lack of substance in our lives
Courage washed out with the tide, it's irreversible
Don't settle for less, we settle for less, we settle again