

Ataxia

Stray from the Path

I want so badly to believe
In the world in the magazines:
Better homes,
Life refined.
(But I'm) without a catalyst,
Without the glossy print.

I'm wearing thin,
Like the conscience of a funeral arranger.
Wearing thin and breaking fast,
Shallow breaths.
Don't look this way
Because I'll pull you in
Because I'll pull you in faster
Than you can say 'GO.'

You'll be all I have; you're fucked.
Times owns my body, and my mind.
Escape is on my mind.
Escape is on my mind.
Life redefined: cyclical days of
Waking, working, regretting.
Listen.
Hear that void?
Listen.
Hear that void?

It's me.
It's me.
It's me.
It's me.