

Day one, picked apart myself.  
Lost in translation, I've stumbled on the misfortunes of life.  
We are the fallen.  
We are the fractured skies.  
We are the living nightmare and we can't open our eyes.

So clap your hands to the beat of the drum  
If you think that some days never end  
Give in, understand this,  
If we're the only living thing in the world,  
Your narrow mind can't wage war on what's left.  
Now, looking away.  
So careless, and self taught, not selfless  
"Explain."  
"What!?"  
"Your Thought process."  
"I shouldn'd listen to this!"  
"When did you become so arrogant?"  
"It's my choice for once."

Inhale the words you never thought you could handle.  
Cold hands won't hold open the door for your eyes, and tell  
You you're missing a substance.  
In fact it's the only thing crossing your mind.

You're fucked in the head. We're all fucked in the end.  
Day two: read over my notes.  
I packed a map to skip the fault lines in the road.  
But when it ends, I've still got nowhere to go.  
We are the fallen.  
We are the fractured skies.  
We are the living nightmare and we can't open our eyes.  
We're not the only living thing in the world.  
Open your eyes.