

## Repertoire of Uncommon Depth

The Faint

Our eyes are moving  
Forward faster than  
These tangled chords  
I noticed that you want to leave  
We've burned out fast  
Deciding who could complicate us and  
What comes next

So here's my proposition:  
While our work gets started  
We'll keep expected formula strong  
But I guess I won't be with who I belong  
And here's my job  
But I miss something  
My line of focus is centered on narrow thinking  
And not from what I think is good on it's own

It's fading out  
Well, who can't do it?  
Pop is based on the most intimate charge  
But where it's at  
The scene permits it  
They're not concerned with technique  
Feeling is all  
And when words spit out and I disintegrate  
Maybe I'm not in such control  
Maybe I needed enough to get me through this  
And then into breaking up form

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