

A Man. A Plan. A Canal. Panama.

The Fall of Troy

The turn of the century, that's turning out wrong.
No matter what words they say, you can rest assured.
The stinging wind, surrounding is.
Pulling strings, and clipping wings, I knew there was no time.
We can dream, and speak through sleep, and in our minds, pick o
ut the signs.
I ruined all the lines.

The turn of the century, that's turning out wrong.
No matter what words they say, you can rest assured.

She comes over to me, and takes a seat right across from the se
a.
She answers questions and pulls from the deep.

Calling out to the sun, to the sun.
Freeze frames were intended, but lacking funds.
If you knew you'd suffer. I'm making it up.
Eyes that speak when feeling, nothing's solved.

Lost my sense of direction, de-
railed, eject, off the starboard side.
Who am I to demand their lives? Their fate is mine.
Will I survive?

So sweet you called, but I won't answer...

So sweet you called, but I won't answer...
Force-feed your ego compactor...
And let go! And let go!
If my reputation precedes me,
then I'm staying here comatose.
You get your way, I'll get on mine!

Shutter at the sight of the front door, my heart might stop.
As thin as innuendo I stare through her windows.
Play the night away, I play the night away for fear of nothing
to win.
You asked for my opinion? I'm keeping my hands to myself!