

Burned Bridges

The Get Up Kids

I've met that point in my life.
Want came to need.
Burn these fields of corn, that surround.
My harvest gone at the price of maturity.
But these remains I've left to rot will be resurrected again and
again
by the next generation of children who want to change minds
with the stain on hand.
But, it's deeper than this, I'm not the only one who sees, it lies
in diversity;
acceptance to a degree, only to a degree.
The fire that once occupied my eyes has spread to destroy this
world
I have grown. You have nothing new to scream beyond your fields

and not a second of patience to learn from me the same.
This time I harvest the crops of my past.
As far as the demigods are concerned, I've sold myself out just
the same.
I've burned bridges to feign brothers.
Brothers of nothing more than a simple label.
So now, I'm in control after all, for myself I prove I still am
.
But within these fields, they'll say I never was