

A Maker Of My Time

The Paper Kites

Held up here, it's a silent fear
And this space don't take my mind
A cloudy wake, it's a young mistake
That I'm clothed in
I can't see when I filled with sleep
It's a golden dream of mine
But when I rise with my morning eyes
It's all spoken

Wait, don't drown it in the waterhole
Taste, the feeling of a fever soul
All in all I need to get me through

I still stir, such a war of words
I'm a maker of my time
I feeble man with a broken plan
Oh I'm loathing
Make my bed on the great unsaid
And my meekness sends me low
I stood fair, but you still weren't there
So you've chosen

Wait, don't drown it in the waterhole
Taste, the feeling of a fever soul
All in all I need to get me through