

In Hopes Of Flight

ThouShaltNot

Always wishing for something superlative
Craving for a distinguishment long
To break once free from the mediocrity
That's spread its seed to where it doesn't belong
And now my disease is pulling at your bones
With my contagion I should have left you alone
The speechless stir beneath my throat
Will prate on end words of pain by rote
And with the knowledge that breaks me down tonight
I turn on feeble feet in hopes of flight

So now you're wanting something more as well
Looking for a higher perch and view
Seek to escape from the art of failure
That I allowed to spread from me to you
And now your sense of life is gone
By all you thought you'd overcome
The guilt it swarms like hungry flies
Around me till its victim dies
You've made the last commitment weakest ropes
And now I pray you'll turn your thoughts in hopes

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