

Retracing my steps
In hopes to find
Some trace of me that may be somewhere left behind

There's a fear, there's a point, there is a problem
What if what I find won't solve them?
And I wonder why I have no motivation
I guess I just answered my own question

I'm not the golden boy so don't shine me on
I'm the bastard son of romantic Babylon
With veins that are all fashioned out of copper
A past design not destined to be conquered
But like anything
There is a flaw
Inscribed deep
That may explain
Everything