

# The Selfish Of The Earth

## Verse

The record skipped into a momentary lap(se) on a  
damaged groove,  
what seemingly lasted as close to what we can  
comprehend forever to be.  
Used. We all feel used;  
abandoned, misunderstood, burned out and abused,  
in a dense fog that is our ego.  
Never again will I take her for granted.

I still walk with her.  
I still speak with her.  
Oh, the comfort of a loving mother.

Ashamed of every path taken,  
understanding the ones that put you here will burn you  
to ash without hesitation.  
We walk in her shoes, our lives running parallel  
through different times.  
Some strange twist of fate created through ironic  
design.  
We are born from the same light,  
into the burden of living the same life.  
Left with everything to contemplate and no chains  
broken;  
the shell of a life that was once so outspoken.  
Sinking into the dark Atlantic floor, nearly drowning.  
Our life choices stinging and distorting our vision  
like a steady wind.

We were all cut from the same cloth, in some way.  
I've learned that from her.  
We are nothing. We are everything.  
We are the future that ruins;  
we are the past that keeps repeating until we've become  
bored and affluent.

"There is no choice. You will walk with me."  
Oh, the comfort of a loving mother.