

title: Law

time: Written in the fall of 2001

theme: Coping with reality.

Waste time is where we pick up
Time is where we fall into the same
Everything is changing thoughts are rearranging as they lay
I am laughing at the answer
If I prayed to god I would ask him what he'd say

I was much happier yesterday
I was trapped in a dream I could not be awakened
Would you walk with me always
So I do not have to go on all alone

If I made the law
I would lock you away
If I made the law
I would lie

Sleep absent and still missing
Broke the lies I cannot fix today
The weeks are filling up with power leaning on the hours
Fix the broken towers of change

Outside cover me up
Your tears give me a cup
The seems have worn all away
Your eyes revealing us lay