

Is there something wrong with me?

Ripping through the walls
Tearing at the doors of education
Not that it's my fault
I just can't help but sort
Through the pieces
Secluded from the whore
I focus at the board - I'm out of focus

There must be a way
There's got to be a way to overcome this

It's these words and music
That keeps me living, keeps me breathing

It may not be much
But this is all I got
And I'm smiling
It all seems so pointless
The hours seem so endless
And for what?
I'd rather be working
Breaking my back doing something

At least I have my brothers, my band and my lover
What more could I need?

I buried my friend the other day
And I saw my life in a different way
It was a cold afternoon for a funeral
I did not shed a tear as I watched the snow fall
Is there something wrong with me?
When did I become this empty?
As I gazed down at his grave
I knew that someday I'd end up
That way!