

Overexposed

Dogwood

Like an average American watching violence on TV.
My life's just a rerun. Don't turn the channel on me.
With memories of consciousness I wish to be free.
I'd change the channels first, but the channels changed on me.
With all I know and with all I've seen, I'm so used to what you
won't believe.
When my way out is not so far away, how bad do you want to turn
away from me?
Have I failed you? My mind is a vacuum, waiting for ideas.
My picture's yet fading, the timer's set for sleep.
Take a closer look and you will find what I am hurting for.
Try and understand and you'll retrieve what you had lost before
.
Someday you'll know if I could break down these walls.