

## Letters To Stallone

lwrestledabearonce

It's a sign of the times, the impression that you made,  
glossed over by a wave, a golden lining in your grave, beneath  
the dirt its all the same

Last night a saw a thousand faces in a line  
And I could not recall a name  
And I could not recall a time, When I...  
I needed someone to move me  
Not someone to save me  
Just someone to move me  
Not someone to...

Change things desperately  
I think mediocrity is this the key?  
I can't I won't be I won't be sitting there now  
break me out let me out

It's a sign of the times, there's nothing gain,  
This world was never mine, it's not mine  
I let the hive mind consume me,  
I can feel them all moving, I can feel them all moving  
I can feel...

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And I could not recall a name  
And I could not recall a time, When I...  
I needed someone to move me  
Not someone to save me  
Just someone to move me  
Not someone to ...

The perception that does not mean shit to me  
I'm not a product of, I 'm not a product of my name  
The perception that does not mean shit to me  
I'm not a product of, I 'm not a product of my name  
The perception that does not mean shit to me  
I'm not a product of you