

Painfully witnessing another's victory
Parading before his eyes
His envy, fully awake and restless
Admiring each and every passerby
An inner gravity toward all directions
Submersed in a pull of unreachable destinations
Completely removed of acceptance
For another's standing in the distance

Shouldn't you be living above this?
Shouldn't you be finding your own way?
Endlessly praying for just one taste
Of a truth of anything but your own

If given the chance, they would be clear of the path
But without their presence
You would never have known the direction
Had it been unseen or unsaid
To be content in their standing
Is to find a way of your own

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