

Autopilot Off, Dawn To Dusk

Fed up, knocked down.
Withdrawn from everything that once was comfortable.
So much for routine.
You're weighted down, sinking.
Swimming against the stream that once carried you
home, took you to the place where you belonged.
I thought I heard you crying out.
I thought I heard you say goodbye.
It doesn't matter where you are,
your shadow is close behind.

You know your reflection doesn't lie.
You see a tired face through sullen, sunken eyes.
A portrait of regret.
It won't let you forget.
Still tangled in the net you thought you'd left behind,
just to find you can't run from yourself.

I thought I heard you crying out.
I thought I heard you say goodbye.
It doesn't matter where you are,
your shadow is close behind.

You're wearing down, but still the same.
Dawn to dusk..
Day to day.
You stagger on, shrouded in shame,
still haunted by shadows.
They're calling your name.

I thought I felt you reaching out.
Gasping just to stay alive.
Your shadow just gets longer as the sun falls from the sky.