

Wilco, Born Alone

I have heard the wall and worried of the gospel
Ferry faust it crossed a void
I have married broken spoke charging smoke wheels
Spit and swallowed opioids

I am the driver at the wheel of the order
Marching circles at the gate
My eyes have seen the fury
So flattered by fate

Tonight I'd rather count the warm fuse?
Subtract the silence of myself
I would rather choose a million mind of mystery

Be just the rigor for my health
I wonder why strange rhymes overpower me
Toss the chimneys in the sea
I believe I've seen the finger
To hide extremity

Please come closer to the feather smooth lens fry
Sadness is my luxury
Will you wear torn the cold come before I die
More aware of it than me

Without the glowing stone
The kids are unabashed
Loneliness postponed
My eyes deceiving glory
I was born to die alone

Alone