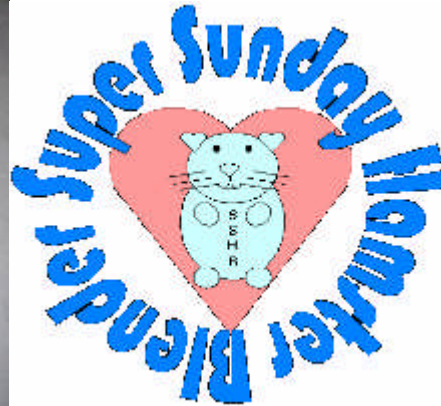


## Lines

(12.7.2005 - J. Dassatti/D. Lamoureux/E. Lamoureux/R. Lamoureux)



I wake to giving Buddha the finger  
Admittance is a coward's paradise  
Transcending boxes of papers  
Filled with sodden days and unfinished ideas

I hate her now, but I'm sleeping well  
It's become meaningless and faultless  
Stealing ideas from catalogues  
Realize the cost of disappointment

I don't know where to draw the line anymore

This is what I do these days  
What is retirement anyway?  
A sentence, more constraints  
Why do I feel so helpless?  
What kind of pain is this?

Not collapsing, just folding tighter  
Drawing in my own rigid boundaries  
A little soreness here and there  
I need morphine for the unconscious

The sounds of nobody else  
Ricochet in every pointless memory  
Forcing conviction upon myself  
Like I need a reason to make tea

I don't know where to draw the line anymore  
I don't know where to draw