

# 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