

# A Maker of My Time

## The Paper Kites

Held up here, it's a silent fear  
And this space don't take my mind  
A cloudy wake, it's a young mistake  
That I'm clothed in  
I can't see when I filled with sleep  
It's a golden dream of mine  
But when I rise with my morning eyes  
It's all spoken Wait, don't drown it in the waterhole  
Taste, the feeling of a fever soul  
All in all I need to get me through I still stir, such a war of words  
I'm a maker of my time  
I feeble man with a broken plan  
Oh I'm loathing  
Make my bed on the great unsaid  
And my meekness sends me low  
I stood fair, but you still weren't there  
So you've chosen  
Wait, don't drown it in the waterhole  
Taste, the feeling of a fever soul  
All in all I need to get me through

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>