

# Breath Of Air

Grieves

As simple as I am I got a puzzle for a heart  
Laid it on the table in the living room  
And rummaged through the parts  
The child in me is running through the yard  
While the man that I'm supposed to be is searching for a breath in the cigar  
smoke chokin'  
Drying out my eyes like the desert wind  
Drunk, taking shots at the moon with an empty pen  
I got a feeling that once it gets to the end  
I'll be buried neck deep in this shit with no friends, go figure  
Life's been a freak show  
Learn to hold a knife at a young age and bleed slow  
Following the keystrokes  
Leading to my words  
Is a trail most traveled by a part of me  
You would label disturbed  
But it works  
Living with the plague  
Marching to the beat of my bones getting thrown into the lake  
They sink heavy like a thought made of lead  
And fall slowly to the depths  
If I could find a better way to make you see what I've been thinking  
I would probably just paint a fucking picture  
They say it's worth a thousand words

Hold on  
There's something in the basement  
Chained to the furnace  
Underneath the stairs  
So close I can taste it  
Climbing up the drain pipe  
Trying to get a breath of air

Oh god  
The only way to face it  
Is gonna leave the whole world  
Thinking that I'm crazy  
So close I can taste it  
Trying to find a way to take away my breath of air

I carve it all into the clay  
Walking monument of my mistakes  
Living off the rain checks  
Written in the fray  
The artist in me wants to play  
While the person I'm supposed to be is trying to figure out if I'm okay  
A scapegoat with a flamethrower  
Burning up the tall grass  
Growing like a tumor on his gravestone  
I got a feeling if the same old motherfucking shit keeps happening  
I'll be dead before this game's over  
Great, I'm in dark water and diving  
Trying to find peace in the deep I reside in  
It keeps finding a better way to remind me  
That anywhere I go it'll be right there behind me  
Fine with it, pressed to the page  
Leaking like a wide open cut from a thrust of the blade

It falls heavy like a bus from a broken bridge  
And keeps me watching from the ridge  
If I could find a better way to make the jaws of it release me  
I would probably just bite my fucking arm off  
They say it happens in the wild

I start shaking when it awakens inside of me  
They tried to tell me it was a panic but they lied to me  
Got me thinking I was fragile and incompetent  
And tried to build a road around that avalanche on top of me  
Failed, laying on a bed of rusty nails  
Trying to distribute the weight enough to balance out the scales  
I lost heaven the second my ship sailed  
But survived long enough to tell the tale