

Catapults

Grieves

I feel like the last light candle in the back of my mind.
Both palms to the future, no slack in the line
But no qualms with it.
I don't flip a coin like the rest of 'em,
Or fall into line and live life by the pendulum.

Never would I sell my soul.
Find the beauty in the little things you can't control.
Break the mold from it, look,
You can see tomorrow in my eyes.
Expect nothing less than a lesson in disguise,
When the clouds clear.

Heaven is just a six letter word like crutch,
Hanging on the syllables and verbs of trust.
This is why I walk where the road ends,
And live in that tiny place where the notes bend.

Like, this is all that ever made sense.
My hope, my flesh, my bones, my breath.
Expose.
Holding onto truth like it's slippin',
And your cliff's edge is cuttin' the rope.
I think it's time to let go.

Look at what you started, go the whole world holdin' their head
s,
In their hands.