

I've been waiting for the words to clear my throat,
And I've been waiting for my fingertips to fret forgotten notes
.
There is so much here that I don't know,
And they've been staring at the clouds above my head, praying f
or snow.

So, what if everything that you ever loved,
More than anything
Was kill you this slow?
You'd let it go.

I've been waiting for these words to set me straight,
Like every empty line's a curse that I can't break.
They say these spider webs around my head can all be brushed aw
ay,
But I'm confidently sure that that's not the case!

So, what if everything that you ever loved,
More than anything
Was kill you this slow?
You'd let it go.
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