

Five, Eight And Ten

Mineral

The humble and righteous and meek
Are teaching me who's will to seek
But who really knows how to speak
About these things

Questions of where can he go
When he is feeling so low
And kicking himself just to show
How he still bleeds

And I want to know the difference between
What sparkles and what is gold

I wonder how many eyes
Are fixed like a vulture's on me
Now I wonder if I can even move or breathe
Without disappointing someone

And I know what they call themselves
But I don't remember inviting them
To put me on this pedestal
And make me feel so naked

Afraid to look down
Afraid to turn around

I bring it on myself
I know I bring it on myself

And I want to know the difference between
What sparkles and what is gold

I walked along beside the purple mountains beneath the orange sky
Imagined what it all might look like with these planks out of my eyes
I wondered if the big white horse was coming down tonight
I wanted to taste that victory but my mouth was dry

There is only tonight and the light that bleeds from your heart
Makes me want to try and start again