

How's it stand?
What are we?
Let that sand flush my cheeks,
wear me out,
keep me clean,
keep me longing,
keep that quiet company,
wear me out,
I heard a voice telling me,
like your smoke waving,
and my eyes repine,
wear me out
that wick wont burn away,
it's giving uneven rings.
Wear me out,
like a sister haunting absence,
like a sister who's finally had it,
like a room left open just for being kept,
like some lonely facet,
like the promise of a place and knowing you're neither here nor
there,
wear me out,
and the tree tops like crooked beliefs,
cross hatch crows feet reaching for the Baltimore heat,
and I repine faster and faster now,
your wick wont burn away.
What are we without regret?
What are we?
Wear me out.
What are we without that end?
Without that death? That darkness?
Wear me out.
There's so many parallels from then until now,
we try to believe,
we keep telling ourselves,
it's a flaw that can't be faked.
I heard a voice passing through,
and I know it's never you,
and I know what I'm looking to find,
and I repine faster and faster now,
your wick wont burn away.