

In feathers we came, we learned from you ways and the  
tricks up your sleeve and we grew.  
But the distance between the earth and our feet was the  
only thing never to change.  
But it opened our eyes to something they missed.  
Something they put away back on the shelf.  
They can't see it through the immaculate dress, so they  
sing like a stranger instead of the one they call home.  
We can't believe in everything we hear. Diamonds by  
association don't count.  
I am NOT saying we've got it all figured out but why  
accept silver when you're given gold. What good is just  
one wing?  
Stuck in your ways, tossed about by the sea. Waving  
around your gun that you'll never shoot.  
Waste not life's grace and don't assume that we are all  
the same. Stand up turn and draw.  
I am not them, we are not them, they are not us and we  
don't relate. We are as much the same as lungs to the  
sea.  
Please don't confuse the heart, behind the name.  
Putting their voices on top of the crowd so that everyone  
hears they are mighty and great.  
Maybe I broken and maybe I am shaking, but at least I say  
what I say. I confess, we were bored from your ways.  
We grew bored from your ways. We want more.  
We can't step away from the ocean just because the waves  
are thick. Oh we press.