

Empty Space

The Narrative

So tell me, if you're ready
then why are your palms sweaty?
Grab tight, your knuckles white
wind up and swing with all your might

All that will be hanging, by days spent in the dark.
Have you had enough, have you had enough?
you build yourself a house, a house that's not a home.
If every shadow is your own, is your own.

Time stands still, your movement froze,
and staring down at what you broke,
and walk on, the dust will lift from the ground,
and settle into new found comfort in your empty space.

Eyes drowning, surrounding colours bleed into the air
and the life you stood by dissolves in arbitrary lines,
you drew just to have something to cross.
Have you had enough, have you had enough?
so dirty up your hands, the hands that used to,
this whole foundation let go, let go.

Time stands still, your movement froze,
and staring down at what you broke,
and walk on, the dust will lift from the ground,
and settle into new found comfort in your empty space.

So tear it, rip away my pain my memory
stare at all the nothing you created.
Tear it, rip away my pain my memory
stare at all the nothing you created.

Time stands still, your movement froze,
and staring down at what you broke,
and walk on, the dust will lift from the ground,
and settle into new found comfort in your empty space.