

Wishbone

Tiny Moving Parts

Mile mark 53
I feel empty
Windmills circle as the air breathes
Past the Dakota line, I feel empty
Like a boarded-up cabin
Abandoned and decaying away

There's no warmth in the tundra
There's no hope in a heart that doesn't beat
I know that we're better off freezing
There's no hope in a heart that doesn't beat

Flipping steadily
I feel nothing
I can't tell if this is a dream
Fast beams of light, striking against my mind
Flickering moments flood as I'm fading away

There's no warmth in the tundra
There's no hope in a heart that doesn't beat
I know that we're better off freezing
There's no hope in a heart that doesn't beat

All waterfalls can't create
The same flash that they once had
Shattered wishbone lays upon the bay
I am sorry I pulled it too late

Mile mark 53
I feel empty
Mile mark 53
I feel empty
Brain cells swell
May your brain cells swell
May your brain cells swell
With love, love, love