

Catapults

Grieves

I feel like the last lit candle in the back of my mind,
Both palms to the future, no slack in the line,
But no qualms with it.
I don't flip a coin like the rest of them,
Or fall in the line and live life by the pendulum.
Never would I sell my soul, find the beauty
In the little things you can't control and break the mold from it
Look, you can see tomorrow in my eyes
And expect nothing less than a lesson in disguise
When the clouds clear
"Heaven"'s just a six-letter word, like "crutch"
Hanging on the syllables and verbs of trust
And this is why I walk where the road ends
And live in between that little space where the notes bend, like
This is all that ever made sense
My hopes, my flesh, my bones, my breath exposed
Holding onto truth like it's slipping
And your cliff's edge is cuttin' the rope
I think it's time to let go
Look at what you started
Got the whole world holding their heads in their hands
Trying to hold to reason
Trying to figure out the pieces, find another meaning to believe in
Look at what you started
Got the whole world shaking they fist at the sky
Trying to find a reason
Trying to blame it on their mama
Like it's coming through to take away their Jesus I see the glow in the window from the street
And I see truth through the passion I release
And absorb it, all of this is torn apart the seams
And explain to me that I don't need a hand to hold a dream
Said, I don't need to stand in front of God to intervene
With a devil that's inside trying to take away my dreams I created
Play my little life on the strings
Carve a sentence out of silence, and wear it like a ring to remember
"Hell" is just a four-letter word, like "fear"
Tracing the reflection in your tears
I've been choking on my everything for years
Trying to force a meaning into anything that ever smudged the mirror, like
I learned that this is not about control
No wins, no loss, no points, no goals, just go
Holding onto truth like it's slipping

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