it's not so much a storm,
but just a cloud that lives inside of me
he doesn't stir so easily these days,
but when he wakes he goes the distance
in a marathon of days too long
open containers that sing songs,
"you'll never dream again,
but you can pray"

i guess we only settle in to what we know i guess we always settle in, and we know. but there is comfort in a world where darkness is the only thing we see and cold is all we have to breathe where affectations keep us company, where the lies we tell to the eyes that roll in doubt are somehow out of our control.

it's not about the scars, but more the crowds that walk all ove r me they don't give up too easily these days, but when they break they go to pieces. fall apart right here in north side bars under a sky that knows no stars you'll never shine again, but you will stay.

i guess we only settle in to what we know i guess we always settle in, and we know. but there is comfort in a world where darkness is the only thing we see and cold is all we have to breathe where affectations keep us company, where the lies we tell to the eyes that roll in doubt are somehow out of our control. we lost control.