

Untitled (Grasses Grow)

A Fine Frenzy

Sea and sand
Mountain and
Stoic pine
River wide and boulders on my path

And it broke my heart
So many parts
Scattered seeds
Turned into a forest in my tracks

Looking back

Things grow towards the light
Looking to find what they are looking for
And grasses grow high
In pursuit of the sky
Like those who've come before
Now and evermore

Sometimes you have
To jump you have
To take flight
Sometimes you've got to fight for all you're worth

But then the test
Is how to let yourself be still
Staying doesn't always have to hurt

I have learned

Things grow towards the light
Looking to find what they are looking for
Grasses grow high
So have I
Looking for something more
Now and evermore

Let your breath fill the empty space
Where you used to keep the dead dead weight
Where you stand is where you belong
The place you've been looking for all along
Let your breath fill the empty space
Fill you up like a warm embrace
Where you stand is where you belong
The place you've been looking for all along, now
Let your breath fill the empty space
Let it fill you up till you fly away
Where you stand is where you belong
The place you've been looking for all along
All along
All along