

# 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