

In the twisting, I see myself
Pixelated. Construed. I am reaching out
For something, for me to hold on to
But I never do. Failing- I never will

Some things just do not exist
And some days I'll be the evoked of
The hope for a landing, for safety
But the synapse fires, exploding
And this is letting go

Life- this is a lesson that we don't sign up for
But we fatefully learn
And as I grow old
Time will break me apart
From stem to bough, and my heart to reason
I will become the dirt of which I began

Distracted by imperfection we are covered in rust
Hopeless and distant, we sway side to side
From season to season, we fall apart
So hold this in your hand, and don't let go
These are the things that we live for

Some things just do not exist
And some days I'll be the evoked of dissonant.
But we still try
Prudent through our brothers' eyes
Back at the start
We lost our direction

We are covered in rust
Hopeless and distant, we sway side to side
Distracted by imperfection
We fall apart