

No Lungs to Breathe

As I Lay Dying

I fought who I am inside
Until I wanted, I wanted to die
Instead of finding balance I found hatred
Consumed by failures and ignoring my own strengths
Pushed out to sea without learning to swim
Or stranded in the desert with no lungs to breathe

With no lungs to breathe
I had almost lost everything

How can I be expected to readily be content
With a view of life that has rejected
The basis of what has helped me to survive?
And replaced them with precepts
Rather than instruction
Full rule is an illusion (illusion)
All I can do is contain selfishness
And unveil what little power we may have

With no lungs to breathe
I had almost lost everything (everything)

Tearing away my flesh before taking
The time to understand it
A miracle may not be the answer
(Tearing away my flesh)
When anchoring first on what I have
(Before taking the time to understand it)
The ability to change

Like being stranded in the desert
With no lungs to breathe

With no lungs to breathe
I had almost lost everything (everything)