

Speechless

Bane

fuck yeah i am still holding on
making mountains out of molehills
trading moments in for memories
these days still mean everything to me
days that could've so easily been ignored by you
so many hours through scorching desert
man, how can i say this without sounding like some cheesy
Mötley Crüe song?
so much of what we do driven by thoughts of you
some names we'll never know
your smiling, imperfect faces helping us along
"are we almost there?"
for thirty minutes while the whole world exists only
in your eyes and war cries
so much of our lives driven by thoughts of you
and you and you there way in the back
could it really be?
still cannot believe that it's true...
part of your day spent thinking of us
waiting (just like i used to) for us to show up,
plug in, and share with you our hearts
and that twenty-hour drive turns into nothing at all
and for that we must
thank you