

Sixteen and eight guided by the hand of frustration  
A nervous wreck rose red  
Tongue-tied at the prospect of conversation  
I tremble at the circumstance  
Each ring tells me that I have no chance  
Persist, persist there's no safety net  
But a free fall on your own terms is the only way to get  
Clarity for the journey you've been missing all along  
Crush the rhetoric of the voices that said I was wrong  
The world won't wait so fuck the mold  
There are stories to be made and told  
I refuse to be the sum of my fears  
Sixteen and eight have been the best of years  
Faith fading, you're mistaken to think that we're still able to  
share the same vision now  
I've been shunned from your table  
Back to basics  
These faces still terrify me  
Back to basics  
Fuck you, I'm breaking free  
And now I'm not alone  
Thanks to this outlet now I have grown