

Weight

Hands Like Houses

I'm down below where the floor is out of focus,
Pent up and played down, rained in and worn out,
Picking away at the studs in the boards.
They're all too familiar. I've been here before.

The air is like lead and I've swallowed what I've said.
I'm a broken machine and a match already burned.
I'm quiet, all despite the raging in my head,
Collapsed inside and out until my strength can return.

I'm undone. All I know is the weight of the world,
So empty and so uninspired.
Sorrow and sleep and disbelief,
Caught up in the weight of the world.

I'm down below where it's silent and it's safe,
Resounding with the question of "Where to, from here?"
I know my direction, I know what it takes,
But I'm weak and I'm weightless with everything to fear.

I write about what's real to me when all I feel is make believe
,
But I won't say there's nothing left.
There's everything, but just out of reach.

I'm undone. All I know is the weight of the world,
So empty and so uninspired.
Sorrow and sleep and disbelief,
Caught up in the weight of the world.

I'm not helpless, I'm not hopeless.
But I don't believe in hope on it's own,
No spine and no substance.

I'm undone. All I know is the weight of the world,
So empty and so uninspired.
Sorrow and sleep and disbelief,
Caught up in the weight of the world.

It's time to see the floor sink around me,
Pushed down with my two bare hands and
Now I'm stronger for whatever comes.
Let the blood rush, as I rise to my feet.