

To be in a place, that has something with substance to offer.  
I'm trying be there. It's getting so much harder.

Is there anything with any density left for me to see?  
It's hard for me to believe with all this shit around me.

People let foe push friend, and lay these feelings to rest,  
When I know there's something to be done to help.

These moments we hold close always belong to us.  
And I know there's something to be said.

Too many people in the world holding themselves back.  
Who need to tear into their hearts just to feel them beating.

Living for your dreams is a lost art in this narrow world.  
Looking past the framework to push yourself is all but gone.  
To create something, and hold that something  
Is a feeling that I'll never let go of.  
Not for anything.

To create something, and hold that something,  
Is a feeling that I'll never let go of.  
I'll push myself to feel it. I'll build it over and start again.  
Embrace the will of an artisan.