

Buttons

Josh Pyke

In my mind, not enough birds have died
In the shadow of this once cast stone.

And I'm not unwell, but I am I'll at ease
With all the buttons still left to sew
Through needles eyes, see me sharper than I see myself.
So you should stitch me in to stop me from bleeding.

And education can be fickle I think, sometimes the more you learn
The more you lose a sense of what you think you know,
About all the buttons still left to sew

And I'm outside myself more and more these days.
So you should stitch my skin skin to stop me from bleeding
All over this fresh song and I,
Acknowledge all the corners, and all the freshly painted walls,
That bear no former scars since they're patched up and over now.

But I was born of miners and I'm designed to chip away, tunnel in the dark.

But why must it always come down to some unseen contender?
I don't know.

When hatchlings all we are, just battling the whitewash
Birds above, sharks below.

Though I feel empathy towards the ones who threaten me
I'd still leave them soft-shelled to the beaks of crows.

But every now and then a tempest blows,
And the veneer I keep comes unsewn, but will you ever read me well?

I can only assume so.

And I'm buoyant like a flotsam man, now relegated by the waves to land.
They dry me like a brittle bone, paraded like a polished stone.

Why must it always come down to some unseen contender?
I don't know.

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Birds above, sharks below.

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I'd still leave them soft-shelled to the beaks of crows.

So why must it always come down to some unseen contender?
I don't know.

When hatchlings all we are, just battling the whitewash
Birds above, sharks below.

Though I feel empathy towards the ones who threaten me,
I'd still leave them soft-shelled to the beaks of crows.

And that's what you ought to know.
I'd see them smashed on the reefs below.