

Bridge To Cross

Light This City

Standing over a fault line with a foot planted on either side,
With the only world I ever knew balanced on one shoulder,
And a heart I'm just getting used to beating on the other sleeve.

I stood my ground in a place I knew I might never find peace,
And as my foundation shakes, I'm left to wonder,
Did I nurture this expanding divide?

Golden bridges turn the color of flame,
And suicide missions are redeemed when they become fatalities
Of natural disasters. My steel core is melting.
Oh, if you only knew about the doubts I allowed
To grow up through the cracks, pushing their way out,
Grasping at sunlight.

I can't choose a side, but I can't stay here anymore.
Standing on the edge, a voice begins to whisper.
I've tried to ignore it, but I can't avoid such a groundbreaking
Revelation. Standing on the edge of an abyss,
I know where my real home is,
And I'm leaving it behind.
Jump down, and lose it all. I have a feeling I'll fall
Anyway.

Standing on the edge of an abyss, because I'm holding onto so much,
I just might lose it all. I know where my real home is.
And I'm leaving it behind.