

Self Portrait

Light This City

Now, listen.
Because I've listened to you.
Your voice, your words.
And the music behind them.
And all of it sinks in and weighs me down.
Finds my heart.
And breaks it down.
Breaks it open.
And empties it out.
Tries to fill it back up.
But it just spills out again into my whole body is awake.
I have never felt purer pain than this.
You're in complete control of all my senses...
Now you've gotten my attention, singing.
You've got my attention, sing it.
I left my heart's final punch echoing in that of the kick drums.
But somehow.
My finger finds the button.
And the resulting music kickstarts the vital pump.
Blood carries the beat to my ears at the peak of heightened sensitivity.
And I'm listening to the sound of a different voice now.
He's pulling love out of daring melodies.
Wrenching me from the most peaceful sleep.
The pieces come together again and the blood rushes back through it.
Singing.
The blood just rushes back through me.
Sing it.
Don't you understand this power in your hands?
You have made me understand everything that I am.
Don't you understand this power in your hands?
You have made me understand everything that I am.