

Letter To Myself

Mad at Gravity

I get lost behind the plot
And I'm skinny with regret
And I barely breathe enough
And I'm swimming in the thoughts
That I haven't got to yet
And I crane to rise above

I know you're waiting for me
I know you'll still be there

I get weakened with the weight
And I'm riddled with remorse
And I spin, but not the rooms
And I'm shamed to have to state
That I'm bottled at the source
And I sputter on the fumes

I know you're waiting for me
I know you'll still be there
I know you're waiting for me
I know you'll still be there

My mind is mute
My nerves are numb
But still

I know you're waiting for me
I know you'll still be there
I know you're waiting for me
I know you'll still be there