

## Idiosyncrasies

### Pianos Become the Teeth

I am a bird afraid of heights, I am afraid of everything  
And for the first time in my life, I can't be alone  
Through seasons you learn to weather  
Small pewter statues as reminders  
Of who we should have been  
Cold and stoic we will stand  
To face our trials and fail  
Oh the pain of constantly wishing to be someone, anyone else  
You were lost at sea, but a stones throw away and the shore told me not to remember  
I've cut my sails  
I am here, you are here, there is a haunting here  
What would it take  
To forget about this  
Don't ask if you can't accept, narrow or broad, just don't ask  
I could never accuse you of this fantastic pursuit  
Through fields and woods  
We must tread softly  
My breath, my flesh, my unicorn

Always slipping through my fingers  
I'll accept this chase  
As the closest this tired body  
Will ever get to what it is that people get to  
Take your pictures, take your pictures, plant your seeds  
But you will never explain a color in words  
I let happen what would and lost my catch that moment  
Had to stay out of sight, I've cut my ties