

Doorways

Radical Face

When I was just a boy still owl-eyed
I liked to drink the rain to taste the sky
I tried to count the stars while in my bed
To keep the thoughts of monsters from my head

And I believed the stars were wishes
I believed the world was good
I believed things hid in the dark
And that all would turn out just how it should
I believed in all your stories
I believed you'd never lie
I believed if I could climb the trees behind the house,
I'd touch the sky

I believed the skies were doorways home