

Keyhole In The Sky

Rishloo

The high road is always a balance beam chipping away our ankles
, and I think it's high time we embraced the visual
On my way home I saw a keyhole in the sky and I tossed around m
y reasons for the cost

Divide and dissolve the seams that weave deep within my head
We're losing light, and in this despair I'm finally aware that
I am not one to learn so fast

Straining across this great expanse where the weight of the wor
ld rests, and the air is thick with crushing emptiness
If only I could lift these feet up from the ground I'd circle '
round the world I know, I know...

... we, like marionettes off our strings fling limbs at our pas
sions and hope to connect with impossible dreams
It's holding on when nothing feels right, it's the final, ident
ical, severed umbilical breath from a tightening chest as we're
holding on