

Hold your breath and count to 28.
Change is slow but I feel it taking shape.
Folding over us like waves
On origami ocean tides, we sway

Like blueprints constantly being rearranged.
Over microscopes we plan and strain.

The finest print in the whitest ink,
Before it dries, there's no time to think.
It feels like everything we've known is sink or swim

But grey is not a compromise -
It is the bridge between two sides.
I would even argue that it is the color
That most represents God's eyes.

Hold your breath and count to 29.
Connect the dots and cherish every line.

Paper cuts and trails aside,
Make a wish and hold it tight,
This time, we'll try our very hardest not to try.

'cause grey is not a compromise -
It is the bridge between two sides.
The shores on which our stubborn land
And restless seas collide.
Grey is not just middle ground,
It is a truce that waits to be signed.
I would even argue that, from where we stand,
It most represents the color of God's eyes.

So, let's fold our atlas into paper planes.
Change is slow, but I feel it taking shape.