

Riptide

Ten Foot Pole

I couldve lied
The truth a needle in your eye

The wound a band-aid won't heal
But I persist

And try to tell it
Like it is

what's the point if were not real?

Riptide sweeps me out to drown
Flailing arms and aching chest the more
I struggle, the more it wears me down
how long can I hold my breath?

Another test
you used to say I was the best so
Proud to walk by my side

now you see everything that's wrong with me
can you accept it
will you try?

rolling
Choking
still I'm kicking

Driftig farther out to sea
I won't let go of

My dim hopes somehow
you'll make it out to me