

## Into The Comfort

### The Dangerous Summer

Seasons of keeping up  
with that constant pace,  
and those reasons that tell me  
not to live consciously.

I'm thinking of home,  
yeah, what am I doing?  
Just leave me alone,  
I'm not seeing clearly here at all.

Losing the grip,  
I stand before I get stuck.  
Those thoughts get thrown away  
and I move on.  
Yeah, I was hoping  
those days would just carry over;  
right past the breaking,  
into the comfort.

Standing on the verge of losing it.  
Any bad day might knock me over.  
Leaning on the curb of ignorance,  
and everyone says they've yet to know why.

I'm thinking of her  
and how she is doing.  
Still dreaming of ways  
to try and construe it.  
I'm dealing with problems  
still, I know.  
And this is the only place I can go.

I'm thinking of home,  
yeah, what am I doing?  
I live like a ghost,  
and you can see through it.  
This isn't my problem,  
but who's gonna lose.  
It's all in the mood  
that I woke up in.