

Shuddershell

The Mayfield Four

To me you are the warmest season
You have always been the brightest sun
These cliches will not be spoken
I'd choke on my lead tongue

So self-aware it's a burden
Forever crippled by the tendency
Please evict me from this shuddershell
So I can speak

This is so frustrating
I don't know what I'm saying
This loss for words seems to burrow deeper everyday
I'm so misunderstood
Cannot relay the good That's stranded deep inside
'Cause next to you... I'm at a loss for words

Don't confuse this for confession
Or as a plea for sympathy
It's just a window to soul bound
By all my insecurity