

# Shedding the Deadwood

Woods of Ypres

It's no wonder I've felt so tired  
I've witnessed the careless all running past me  
While I've been told to ignore my desires  
And grow numb with understanding

I walk through theses woods  
I carry this deadwood  
I am determined to see this through  
Driven only by the guilt and the shame of giving up  
I must complete what I set out to do, for you

It stayed on a shelf made of my arms  
They had grown strong from giving support  
I knew that my arms could hold out forever  
It was my mind that'd grow tired  
And in time would let go

It's been so long since I have questioned  
What it is that I really want  
Instead I follow your directions  
As you lead me on

I can't use it to build my home  
It will not fulfill my desires  
Some wood can be used to help build a life  
This wood will be used for building a fire

Why carry this deadwood with me?  
When were I'm going there will be living trees

Now close enough to carry it all to the end  
But throwing it all to the ground instead

This bundle of deadwood  
The pieces they fall  
Corners indent the soil and accumulate on one another  
Tumble down and pile up

It awkwardly spills like myself at a time  
Like the time it had killed  
Like every moment after it was collected and held

I'd give up all that I started  
To pursue all that I wanted  
I may arrive empty handed  
But at least I will arrive