

Wearing the Tie

The Early November

I fell down thirty feet of stairs,
Landed in a hole buried under cloak.
And as I grow I tried to let this go,
But I cannot hide under half-shut eyes. And I feel it calling me again,
In winter ice I stand.
And I feel it calling me again,
So what will it take
To make this finally the end? Carving snow, I found myself a glove.
So I took it home and my body, mind and soul.
We're draped in robes like soft and flowing tones
Through a combo and it's quarter cranked again. And this time I follow my own lines. And I feel it calling me
again,
In winter ice I stand.
I feel it calling me again,
So what will it take
To make this finally the end? It's the breaking point, the crossed out, the fine lines we hide, the lies
Medicine, and crooked ties define why I'm not who you thought you liked. It's the breaking point, the crossed
out, the fine lines we hide, the lies
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