As Wings Develop

Race The Sun

i know your hands
i know your hands were designed to do more than right now
you're just scratching the scabs off your knuckles
only your dreams play an excuse to ignore
only your dreams play an excuse to ignore
and i squint from the other side
you've built your bridge across these depths
so solid
somewhat perfect
you scraped your knees yet you dusted off your palms
the archway may crumble
if you break or shatter, collect yourself and mold the pieces
holding it in
thoughts unexpressed
city limits have changed you
so rid those cast irons
come clean and just
you're the only light to see
forget those past downfalls
if you break or shatter collect yourself and mold the pieces
you're just a traveler passing through on your way home

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