

Breath of Air (Instrumental)

Grieves

As simple as I am I got a puzzle for a heart
Laid it on the table in the living room
And rummaged through the parts
The child in me is running through the yard
While the man that I'm supposed to be is searching for a breath in the cigar smoke chokin'
Drying out my eyes like the desert wind
Drunk, taking shots, [?] with an empty pen
I got a feeling that once it gets to the end
I'll be buried neck deep in this shit with no friends, go figure
Life's been a freak show
Learn to hold a knife a young age and bleed slow
Following the keystrokes
Leading to my words
Is a trail most traveled by a part of me
You would label this hurt
But it works
Living with the plague
Marching to the beat of my bones getting thrown into the lake
They sink heavy like thought made of lead
And fall slowly to the depths
If I could find a better way to make you see what I've been thinking
I would probably just paint a fucking picture
They say it's worth a thousand words
Oh no
There's something in the basement
Chained to the furnace
Underneath the stairs
So close I can taste it
Climbing up the drain pipe
Trying to get a breath of air
Oh no
The only way to face it
Is [?] the whole world
Thinking that I'm crazy
So close I can taste it
Trying to take away my breath of air
I carve it all into the clay
Walking monument of my mistakes
Living off the rain checks

Written in the fray
The artist in me wants to play
While the person I'm supposed to be is trying to figure out if I'm okay
A scapegoat with a flamethrower
Burning up the tall grass
Growing like a tumor on his gravestone
I got a feeling if the same old motherfucking shit keeps happening
I'll be dead before this game's over
Great, I'm in dark water and diving
Trying to find peace in the deep I reside in
It keeps finding a better way to remind me
That anywhere I go it'll be right there behind me
Fine with it, pressed to the page
Leaking like a wide open cut from a thrust of the blade
It falls heavy like a bus from a broken bridge
And keeps me watching from the ridge
If I could find a better way to make the jaws of it release me
I would probably just bite my fucking arm off
They say it happens in the wild
Oh no
There's something in the basement
Chained to the furnace
Underneath the stairs
So close I can taste it
Climbing up the drain pipe
Trying to get a breath of air
Oh no
The only way to face it
Is [?] the whole world
Thinking that I'm crazy
So close I can taste it
Trying to find a way to take away my breath of air
I start shaking when it awakens inside of me
They tried to tell me it was a panic but they lied to me
Got me thinking I was fragile and incompetent
And tried to build a road around that avalanche on top of me
Failed, laying on a bed of rusty nails
Trying to distribute the weight enough to balance out the scales
I lost heaven the second my ship sailed
But survived long enough to tell the tale
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.