

Everything Is Caving

Dear Reader

why is it that sadness doesn't make a sound
i don't want you around
i gave you all i had, then you swiftly gave it back
i don't know what you want everything is caving falling into ruin
everybody learns
we spend most our lives just picking up the mess
but there is never less a broken little boy from the window where he fell
i did not love him well
if jesus is my friend then i don't know where he went
with the heart that he stole i look in your eyes and there i see
a version of me i'd like to meet
while lying alone inside the dark
wondering what our lives are for
i must cut them out and zip them up
in the palms of my hands so i can look
whenever i feel like giving up
but then you'd be blind so i must stop

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