Treading Paper

Thrice

All my life, I've been treading paper in the space between the words.
And there implied is that I'm but another body for the birds, carrion, absurd and accidental atoms -
Beating air, carrying on; unwitting orphan of an unyielding despair.But linger on, just for a moment, until we can ascertain if something's wrong with me -
Or the assumptions of these self-indicted brains.
Because I contend that all of this is more than just a meaningless charade,
That each and every moment is a bottle with a message hid away.If anything means anything,
There must be something meant for us to be, a song that we were made to sing.
There must be so much more than we can see.But all our lives, we've been treading paper in the space between the words.
And there implied's the thought that we are barely more than bodies for the birds, carrion.
They say that we're just accidental atoms beating air, carrying on and on,
Unwitting orphans of an unyielding despair. But our hearts tell a different story; our hands feel a different pulse.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/