

Buttons

[Josh Pyke](#)

In my mind, not enough birds have died
in the shadow of this once cast stone and i'm not well, but i am ill at ease
with all the buttons still left to sew
through needles eyes, see me sharper than i see myself.
so you should stitch me in to stop me from bleeding and education can be fickle i think, sometimes the more you
learn, the more you lose a sense of what you think you know about all the buttons still left to sew and i'm outside
myself more and more these days
so you should stitch my skin skin to stop me from bleeding all over this fresh sing and i...
acknowledge all the corners, and all the freshly painted walls, that bear no former scars
since they're patched up and over now but i was born of miners and im designed to chip away, tunnel in the
dark. but why must it always come down to some unseen contender? i don't know when hatchlings all we are, just
battling the whitewash birds above, sharks below. though i feel empathy towards the ones who threaten me i'd
still leave them soft-shelled to the beaks of crows... but every now and then a tempest blows, and the veneer I
keep comes unsewn, but will you ever read me well? I can only assume so.
and i'm bouyant like a flotsam man, now relegated by the waves to land.
they dry me like a brittle bone, paraded like a polished stone. and that's what you ought to know. i'd see them
smashed on the reefs below.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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