

# Ballast

## Jawbox

blood marks the road  
where the animal left its life behind,  
in a red stain  
that the rain will wash away.  
fall of night foretold,  
sky colors like a bruise,  
and i think of ones i used to know and  
of paths they had to choose.  
for we are born and we remain forever  
trapped inside our heads.  
no human chords are struck  
without a resonance in other lives,  
but the echoes we hold onto seem  
as arbitrary as the times.  
for we are born and will remain.

Lyrics provided by

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