Make Light

Passion Pit

So now we see
Comes burying my burnt remains
These puddled clouds
Oh I, I understand now
But darkness falls likes shattered pieces
Dangling, shimmering
Torn and tattered and crowned
Oh, I'll not be told, "No", to "No more"
You must believe to hear me sing these
Messy morsels of my self-assuring love
Oh, it's painful kneading
Yes, I lie and I wrangle with prospective angles
That glare me down and face me
With all I do wrong
Why do they all look like me?

So I try and I scream and I beg and I sigh
Just to prove I'm alive, and it's alright
'Cause tonight there's a way I'll make light
Of my treacherous life
If I had hands I'd hold up high
My lofty dreams and my alibi's real name
But I have no strength
So I toss and I turn and I spit in the urn
There's a ghost in your eye
There is someone that knows more than I
But I'm quick to deny
So I try and I scream and I beg and I sigh
Just to prove I'm alive, and it's alright
'Cause tonight there's a way I'll make light
Of my treacherous life, make light

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