Shuddershell

The Mayfield Four

To me you are the warmest season You have always been the brighest sun These cliches will not be spoken I'd choke on my lead tongue

So self-aware it's a burden Forever crippled by the tendency Please evict me from this shuddershell So I can speak

This is so frustrating I don't know what I'm saying

This loss for words seems to burrow deeper everyday
I'm so misunderstood
Cannot relay the good
That's stranded deep inside
'Cause next to you
I'm at a loss for words

Don't confuse this for confession Or as a plea for sympathy It's just a window to soul bound By all my insecurity

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