

# Catapults

## Grieves

I feel like the last lit candle in the back of my mind,  
Both palms to the future, no slack in the line,  
But no qualms with it.  
I don't flip a coin like the rest of them,  
Or fall in the line and live life by the pendulum.  
Never would I sell my soul, find the beauty  
In the little things you can't control and break the mold from it  
Look, you can see tomorrow in my eyes  
And expect nothing less than a lesson in disguise  
When the clouds clear  
"Heaven"'s just a six-letter word, like "crutch"  
Hanging on the syllables and verbs of trust  
And this is why I walk where the road ends  
And live in between that little space where the notes bend, like  
This is all that ever made sense  
My hopes, my flesh, my bones, my breath exposed  
Holding onto truth like it's slipping  
And your cliff's edge is cuttin' the rope  
I think it's time to let go  
Look at what you started  
Got the whole world holding their heads in their hands  
Trying to hold to reason  
Trying to figure out the pieces, find another meaning to believe in  
Look at what you started  
Got the whole world shaking they fist at the sky  
Trying to find a reason  
Trying to blame it on their mama  
Like it's coming through to take away their Jesus  
I see the glow in the window from the street  
And I see truth through the passion I release  
And absorb it, all of this is torn apart the seams  
And explain to me that I don't need a hand to hold a dream  
Said, I don't need to stand in front of God to intervene  
With a devil that's inside trying to take away my dreams I created  
Play my little life on the strings  
Carve a sentence out of silence, and wear it like a ring to remember  
"Hell" is just a four-letter word, like "fear"  
Tracing the reflection in your tears  
I've been choking on my everything for years  
Trying to force a meaning into anything that ever smudged the mirror, like  
I learned that this is not about control

No wins, no loss, no points, no goals, just go  
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