

When Anger Shows

Editors

It creeps all over you like a dull ache
Think of all the things your hands could make
It pulls you to the ground like soaking wet gloves
The change in your face when anger shows In that moment you realize that
Something you thought would always be there
Will die like everything else These thoughts I must not think of
Dreams I can't make sense of
I need you to tell me it's okay These thoughts I must not think of
Dreams I can't make sense of
I need you to tell me it's okay You are a sleeping lion in your bed
I will not wake you
You're the moment, love has passed
We all must learn to hate you You're a memory from before
Please, don't let me forget you
You're the wolves at my door In that moment you realize that
Something you thought would always be there
Will die like everything else These thoughts I must not think of
Dreams I can't make sense of
I need you to tell me it's okay These thoughts I must not think of
Dreams I can't make sense of
I need you to tell me it's okay How can you know what things are worth
If your hands won't move to do a day's work?
How can you know what things are worth
If your hands won't move to do a day's work? How can you know what things are worth
If your hands won't move to do a day's work?
How can you know what things are worth
If your hands won't move to do a day's work? How can you know what things are worth
If your hands won't move to do a day's work?
How can you know what things are worth
If your hands won't move to do a day's work? How can you know?
(How can you know?)
(How can you know?)
How can you know?
(How can you know?)
How can you know?
(How can you know?) These thoughts I must not think of
Dreams I can't make sense of
I need you to tell me it's okay These thoughts I must not think of
Dreams I can't make sense of

I just need you to tell me it's okay

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