

# The Footholds

## On My Honor

This could've been a train wreck  
A total disaster  
The end of everything that to this point mattered  
Nicks and scraped and fatal falls  
Private breakdowns and tearful calls  
Not so private now, but wasn't that the point?  
To get this story out?  
We knew this would hurt  
But never knew how loud  
This is manning up  
This is standing ground  
Because you can't move forward if the footholds give out  
Didn't mean to be such a let down  
Didn't think I'd ever have to say,  
I'm oh so sorry but I'm not sure I have  
What it takes anymore.  
Or any faith in me  
I just know I'm more vulnerable  
Than I ever thought I could be  
It's probably the best that I could say  
If I'm too old, weak or late  
This all falls in your lap  
And I don't know how to feel about that  
What qualified me for this?  
Taxing attempts at a positive influence  
That I've distorted  
That I'm still hoping to have  
Can't look at this like a let down  
Knowing the impact made  
On myself  
On anyone tied to me  
Throw it away  
The thought that things can be the same  
Eyes ahead, with past outlines empty and tucked away  
I stopped keeping track  
Of everything that I'm not getting back  
I've learned that lists like that  
Only serve to counter act  
The progress I could make  
And steps that I could take  
It's not "getting back"  
It's finally finding out  
That you can't move forward if the footholds give out

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