

Learning How to Fall

Grieves

Well, I don't have a diary, I sing my songs
Drag the brush over anything to change my wrongs
Pushed a whole lotta limits just to make my palms shake and pump to the rhythm when the monitor's on
I make hearts jump, defibrillator art pump
Fishing from the shore when the ship-in-a-jar sunk
Blind sided by the rhythm with a hard thump
Pointing in my little inner center when he starts up
There's no rest when you're born with your last phrase scribbled on your chest
And the only way out of it is written in text
You can sing over anything your soul in you let's
So, I guess I gotta let it all out
Break another little wall down
Let the music in me call out the brittle part of all doubt holding me down
I gotta learn how to fall
Spoke out of what you might call love
I'll send it with a sword tryin' to write with blood
The tip stuck under my tongue
I'm not leavin' 'til I'm, I'm not leavin' 'til I'm done
Spoke out of what you might call hate
Tattooed on the knuckles of the fist I face
Gotta play it 'til I get my grace
Not leavin' 'til I'm, not leavin' 'til I'm saved
I don't have a journal now, they can't make noise
Broke a whole lotta speakers just to hear my voice
Took a whole lotta needles just to poke those holes made for breathing when I make my choice
God, help us if it makes me
Slowing down the tape speed
Fate maker with a scrape and his fake teeth
Naysayer that will race what his brake feet and crash into the prison you've been planning on to break free
Escape from the pen, words held prisoner and incased in it's stem
Stationary, people signs bound from the place where a boss sets you free instead of cagin' you in
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