This Is Not an Exit

Saves the Day

Tonight will be the night that we begin to ease the plugs out of the dam.
And we still stand knee deep in the flow, the undertow will grab our heels and won't let go.
And while we hold, our legs quivering, the water rises now to our teeth when we just let go
and sail belly up to the clouds, the rocks scraping our backs.
To breathe in the air will be the only thing that we have
and all the wasted nights and empty moments in our lives are flushed away as we sway with the rhythm of the waves bobbing us up.
Crests fall to troughs as we feel our gills open up
and sail belly up to the clouds, the rocks scraping our backs.
To breathe in the air will be the only thing that we have.
And if the hook set in the bottom of our lungs, we'll rip it out and lick the blood off with our tongues.Despair could ravage you if you turn your head around to look down the path that's lead you here, cause what can you change?
You're a vessel now floating down the waterways.
You can take your rudder and aim your ship, just don't bother with the things left in your wake.
Just sail belly up to the clouds, the rocks scraping your back.
To breathe in the air will be the only thing that you have
and your love will be warm nights with pockets of moonlight
spotlighting you as you drift, the actor in this play.
You walk across the stage, take a bow, hear the applause,
and as the curtain falls, just know you did it all
the best that you knew how and you can hear them cheering now.
So let a smile out and show your teeth cause you know you lived it well.

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