

# Place to Begin

## Paper Lights

with the back of your arm stretched  
we rode your strength to the end  
and like an anchor with thin tape  
it's hard to trust it again  
through the miles that we've walked  
there's no return to before  
through the distance that we've fought  
we're not the same anymore and with words made of effort  
with the strength to be real  
just let my faith reach my next step  
and hope a dream moves the hill  
cuz I'm not sure who you are  
or even where you were then  
but somewhere between the regrets  
there's still a place to begin try to take your next breath on your own  
maybe you'll figure it out on your own

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