

Circulation

The Early November

There's a darkness
In the most well lit room
Even the brightest bulb needs to be held in place
And fed by the energy we fight for, we fight for
I am the radiator throwing heat
And you're the fire burning oil, this we need to stay warm
Oh the tales we tell are glorious
Under the bed we sleep
Under the dreams we dream
The dust that fills our lungs
Accumulates to the root of our body's weakness
We are what we believe in

Blind by self depletion scared
I got to dry my hands and bleach em all
Find myself a reason not to cover up

The court didn't give me a chance to make my case
Thrown out like old boxes, my words they sit wet in the rain
Until they dissolve away just balling up like old paper
Almost like litter to the side of the road until it no longer
Can hold its shape, just crumble into the earth someday
Becoming sand to remain that way forever

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