Gentle

Tanya Tagaq

Sometimes I see myself
going blind, falling down,
crawlin' round
breakin' the bones is an appalling sound.
Math test, the last breath,
the go-getter, it's hard,
telling myself I should know better.
Climbin' the walls, diggin holes
and meetin' fences,
wantin' to run but unable
and beaten senseless,
the skeletons of old instruments
in the naked verse -
music won't make it any better
but it could make it worse.
The weight I'm under,
broken hearts that are kissing
help that ain't coming
the parts that are missing
medicine for reticence
matters, mistakes,
forays through doorways
ladders and snakes
mistaken identity
evidently stranded
unfamiliar in front of the mirror
and empty-handed.
Sometimes the hand held out is what ends the war,
a second set of shoulders
and this is what friends are for.

Far away from home
and I canâ€™t stand the cold
a stranger to myself
itâ€™s good to have a hand to hold,
an unwanted band of gold
an empty bed and torn pages
pictures in frames
and souvenirs adorn cages

sound of my own breathing and sorrow roaring
sun through the window
waking up tomorrow morning
this is a place that once was
thatâ€™s no longer
pain is what you feel in your bones
when you grow stronger
itâ€™s well known
itâ€™s newborn babies
itâ€™s knowing youâ€™re not alone
knowinâ€™ weâ€™re all in pain
itâ€™s your favourite song
itâ€™s playing repeatedly
sometimes suffering alone when you need to be
itâ€™s beautiful
itâ€™s ugly
itâ€™s both in combination
itâ€™s staying awake all night long in conversation
â€˜cause sometimes the hand held out is what ends the war,
a second set of shoulders
and this is what friends are for.

Lyrics Submitted by SolaceSylum

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