

Though I Never.

What's Left of the Sun

I grew accustomed to every page looking the same
And every morning I tell the same story
but every night I dream about change
and I know I might be digging in despondency here
or maybe its just fearWe all get to a certain point in life
when we realize that time has been catching up
that the ropes of fate keep us restrained
but it's far too late to cut them offAnd if life is nothing but a breath
then I'm on my way out of its sick lungs
because I've reached the summit of this mountain
and now I'm just descending with the sunNow I'm just on my way to wither
to watch the fading of my spark
And unlike the trees I still found no one
to carve their letters in my barkSlowly descending with the sunI've become a product of my boredom
grown stuck in a rocking chair
And I am cursed by my way of living
and of when the mirror stares
I am disgusted by these habits
but I'm to scared to readjust
so I keep lying to myself
'til I'm the only one I trustAnd I wish I had the courage
to peel the bark off all of my skin
and to expose my inner center
and to let the sun shine in
But still it's hard to change
what has been here for so long
and to let go of security
and to step out of my comfort zonesBut "someday" has got to come sometime
and I must belong somewhere
So now I am in search of feathers
to embellish myself
To become something more
and pick the anchor off my shelf
and let the roots untie my ankles
and squeeze some light out of this hellI am in the middle of my journey
half way to where no one wants to be
and I don't know how long I've been here
I couldn't bare to hear it, honestlyI feel my bags are getting heavy
They hold all I claim to know

so my hands are tightly closed around them
because I can't seem to let it go

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