

# Speechless

## Bane

fuck yeah i am still holding on  
making mountains out of molehills  
trading moments in for memories  
these days still mean everything to me  
days that could've so easily been ignored by you  
so many hours through scorching desert  
man, how can i say this without sounding like some cheesy  
Miley Cyrus song?  
so much of what we do driven by thoughts of you  
some names we'll never know  
your smiling, imperfect faces helping us along  
"are we almost there?"  
for thirty minutes while the whole world exists only  
in your eyes and war cries  
so much of our lives driven by thoughts of you  
and you and you there way in the back  
could it really be?  
still cannot believe that it's true...  
part of your day spent thinking of us  
waiting (just like i used to) for us to show up,  
plug in, and share with you our hearts  
and that twenty-hour drive turns into nothing at all  
and for that we must  
thank you

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