For The Travelers

Nora

You hear it.
You feel it.You pin it to your fucking heart like the rest of us.
You feel it.
You hear it.
You pin it to your heart and you keep moving.We're not going to save the world.
We're not going to save the world.We're just learning how to live.
Breathe it in.
We're just learning how to breathe.
It just might get us through.)
(As long as it's something, we're more than nothing.We can learn to breathe the smoke,
And we can set the fires.
It's in a thousand different places;
I heard it in a thousand different songs.You hear it.
You feel it.
You hear it.
You pin it to your fucking heart like the rest of us.You feel it.
You pin it to your heart and keep moving.
I remember these roads with different voices,Singing different songs.
Different faces and different places,
Setting the same fires.This is how we burn.
(This is) for the travelers.

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