

The Battle of the Boy Least Likely To

The Boy Least Likely To

Warm milk and honey
Sweeten my teeth.
From little acorns you..
You quietly made me..
Made me into me. Paper thin skin stretched
Over my bones.
From shells and pebbles you..
You quietly made me..?
Made me a home. But I can't get used
To being alone.
And I won't get used
To being alone. Under a full moon,
Hopelessly trying to
Retrace our footsteps in the snow.
I don't know when to hang on
And when to let go. Foxes in boxes,
And butterfly blues.
From little acorns you..
You quietly made me..
Made me into you. Holding it under
My tongue 'til it stings.
From all of my demons
You quietly saved me
Again and again. But now I feel
And surface again.
Yes, I can feel
And surface again. From little bubbles,
Little air bubbles,
Little embolisms grow.
I don't know to hang on.
Everything I feel feels wrong.
I don't know when to hang on
And when to let go.

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