

# Shuddershell

## The Mayfield Four

To me you are the warmest season  
You have always been the brightest sun  
These cliches will not be spoken  
I'd choke on my lead tongue So self aware it's a burden  
Forever crippled by the tendency  
Please evict me from this shuddershell  
So I can speak This is so frustrating  
I don't know what I'm saying  
This loss for words seems  
To burrow deeper everyday  
I'm so misunderstood  
Cannot relay the good  
That's stranded deep inside  
'Cause next to you  
I'm at a loss for words Don't confuse this for confession  
Or as a plea for sympathy  
It's just a window to soul bound  
By all my insecurity

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