

Grip

Jawbox

Wreck rebirth,
The broken-bottled dregs unneeded for conviction anymore.
Median castaway,
the faded green's allure.
Played enough
at climbing from my concrete island home;
forgotten what those broken legs were for. I'll leave behind the tyranny of signs,
transparent things you hold on to.
I know what's mine,
a greying field of sky,
and in whose grip I lie. Pain no less,
blackout caresses,
encroaching green,
forgotten what my failing eyes had seen
once so excessive,
now so lean.

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