

Decibully, Tied To The Rhythm

i'm fastening myself to the rhythm
like a ribbon
so when the morning breaks
and the sun is still shy
it's tied like a kite
though it tries to escape me
and tangle itself up in my mind
i might break a new string
lose my voice so that i can't sing
or lose the beat at the wrong time
and watch the rhythm float off
into the sky that might be soft
or fall to ground that never was
we dance, our hopeless shaking
to the skins that we're breaking
or beat upon so as not to feel
what's wrong with this rhythm
what's wrong with this rhythm
what's wrong
what's wrong
what's wrong
what's wrong
what's wrong?