

July For Kings, July

I came here to find myself
through lonely fields
where the corn is just a little over my head.
lonely dreams
when everything
is summer time
but rarely mine
and just a little over my head.
a little tired of moving
a little tired of choosing
the paled blue of heaven's hell
where it's always a hazy morning
it's always the eyes adoring
I came here to find myself
There he spoke to me
like a photograph
"I think you left this here."
I think you left this black."
I want to love again
I want to feel again
I want to live. to live.

If just for
July. hold my own hand as
I lie. in the fields again is
July a good month for feeling
is the summer stage a good place to cry?
July. it's been cold for so long now
I try to feel weak to be strong. is
July a good month for feeling?
is the summer stage a good place to cry?

I came here to find something
beside the ghosts
always taking over my sleep.
I'll retreat and resolve
I'll release and dissolve this shell
always just a little too deep.
I think I'll hold on tighter
while the earth is lighter
I think I'll open up my wings
drink down the water I fear
take back the pain I left here
I came here to find something.

There he spoke to me
like a photograph
"I think you left this here
I think you need it back.
to love again
to pray again
to feel something.

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the summer stage- a good place to cry.

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cry,
cry