

The Story So Far, Quicksand

If I hold on much longer I might break my hands
I must respect the space you have but you tread in my lands
And all things aside I know we both know where we stand I'm stuck here
And you're there and that's it let it go

This quicksand it pulls me under
It pulls me underneath her
And I'm learning how to live with my unintended consequences
While you're busy jumping fences
Afraid to stay in one spot for too long

Biting the bait
Pulling me down
Telling myself to rebuild and rebound
Yet always hoping to see you around
Cause that's my idea of safe and sound
But I'd rather gamble lose all and face death
than fucking rot here exhausted from this waste of breath
I always waste my breath

This quicksand it pulls me under
It pulls me underneath her
And I'm learning how to live with my unintended consequences
While you're busy jumping fences
Afraid to stay in one spot for too long

I'm trying hard
Real hard
Everyday not to lose my temper