

8stops7, Breathing Room

Its fading much faster now
Souls in need of a little turnaround
I need a recess
I need an interlude
From this waiting
This breathing room

So in focus so in tune
But too misled to be excused
To hide behind a weak defense
of this bitter taste
that I left upon your lenient mind quickly turning into spite
I am paralyzed in shame
To yield the way I was today

But in this waning light theres
No mysteries,
No enigmas,
No entangling webs
Wrapped around this idle time
It comes in like a flood,
No debates,
No vain suspicions
Its when the day retires
What remains
Whats being denied

So in focus so in tuned but too misplaced to be removed
my ambitions never leave much room to think about these things
of all my wasted aptitude
in my aimless, blind pursuits
My intentions never leave much room for me
Much less for you

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