

# Blind Iris, Particle Of Pollen

Boxed up emotion  
Need a little head room  
Old Soul told me  
We're all walking in line  
Feeling tucked away  
A dusty family heirloom  
This place is like rehab  
Everybodies tried

I'm dying to let you know  
Need this space to breathe  
Our blood is left to go  
Beneath the soil breeds

Never felt alive  
Till a day in December  
Often got grounded  
Seldom enforced  
All fired up  
Like a burning hot cinder  
Turn down the heat  
As I steer my course

I've been lifting weight  
Never felt better  
There's a rainbow of deception  
About a question in the sky  
Professors and debt collectors  
Don't care about the weather  
Anyone can break the law  
Without a criminals mind

I'm dying to let you know  
I need this space to be  
Blood that's left to go  
Beneath the soil breathes