

# Boysetsfire, The Fine Art Of Falling

I could lie here for a day  
Tongue tied and out classed  
Never missing their world that used to be my life  
And I can't remember what it was  
That I always wanted  
But it should have always been this rhyme and reason  
Not withstanding  
Folded into beauty  
And if I hold this here forever  
I will never down  
And when I loose my ground  
I can always remember  
This is my reason  
You are my reason to stay  
I have shed this dry hard shell  
Traded its comfort for your eyes  
Played with denial  
And then denied my own defenses  
It's no longer a part of me  
These questions, insecurities  
You will always be the most magnificent creation