

Charlotte Martin, Four Walls

Four Walls

So far from you; other side of the wall
There's a bottomless cry that is spinning
Interdimensional, hidden inside
Of these lights which I seem to be missing

Marching ahead to silent beats
Bumping into these dead machines
You can hear everything with me
You can win everyone but me

Gonna feel my way around you
And then you're gonna get down on your knees
And grow accustomed to the darkness
And see what you're supposed to see
Head up straight
I know what I'm doing
Head up straight
I know what I'm doing
I don't

Don't think I'll talk
Yeah I don't think I'll breathe
And I don't think I'll think
What you're thinking

All that I know of us is what was there
In the longest of stares we were sinking
Ashes to beauty; rust in lust
Passion attempts; misguided trust
Smoking your bag of trickery
Getting to love the little beast

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In this wading pool
In this waiting room
I elevate us down

In a neglected olive tree
Here is the part you reach for me
Say that you have no need of this
Say it again
Say it again
Say it again
Again again again

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