

Cursive, Proposals

Let's get one thing straight: we don't have any answers
We are proposals in a cosmic nursery
And these massive stars -- they're just little twinkles
If I can't possess them at such magnificence
So if you can really hear me,
And you think you really believe in it
Then there must be some kind of privelege here
To putter around with such an existence
And if you see me on some stage
And you really believe it's me over there
Well, there's a chance it's not really me
Maybe we're not ourselves at all
And maybe being is simply believing that each breath we take in
Must lead to another breath out, one more breath yesterday
From yesterday -- and a timeline of yesterdays
Filled in with love or with pain or whatever bullshit we smear on our sleeves
I've found my cause, and this is it --
There are no answers

Am I what I am? Is that what this is? Is this all there is