

Dealership, My Box

My box, I built it, it's warm and safe.
I can see you through a hole I made.
My box keeps me inside my self doubt.
My box is my house, but it keeps you out.
I wish that you could come inside this lovely box of mine.
(If there really is a you and if there is an I)

I have a jar with a butterfly inside
with holes in the lid to keep it alive.
My box is made of fear of what I see and hear.
If you don't have a box, you just disappear...

Butterfly box, my box, I hate it; it's just too late
Butterfly heart I won't let go
I can't start what I don't know
I wish that you could set me free.