

Engine Down, Slingshot

There's a million ways of speaking
To avoid the truth without trying
A million ways of explaining
To deny the truth it's stretching
Cross to lie / hanging by
Best intent / actions switch
Sling is loaded with weighted words
You can barely hold with the weakened hands
The tension snaps and target rings
It hits too hard
Make it a point to fall far behind
Show me that look to burn from my sight
The more it moves the distance grows
Before we hide forget how to fly
Perception blurred in turn
To make space for regret and a constant ringing in your ear