

Higher, Guts

The consequence of a child
The mild months of worthwhile
No mess you better decide
With grace but not by design
She smokes like guns to the world
We'll catch your moderate slur
And sing your modern love song
But wish you'd died anyway
Now gone I'm gonna get you for that
Get you more like a chance
I'm more of a guns to the wall
The guts that cut through your lungs
Every breath takes a sound
You're deciding on them all

I felt like I would learn to fly the pattern you were aiming for
You feel like time is not all necessary, but my mind would
I come around so much less without you, without you
I can't breathe

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I can only think that you would be unhappy for me after all the silly shit we've been through
I can only hope that life would be so lax and so free when the mornings get you more than before
I would only hope that everything would come back to you just to say you wanted me too
I would be the one to let you catch up and go through, go through

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