

# Micah P. Hinson, The Possibilities

The possibilities are endless now,  
The forecast not so good  
For me now  
When you turned away  
We tore apart  
Finding no better way  
Nor time this far, for us now  
Complete with all your misunderstandings  
Can barely rise to stay,  
To see you now  
The consequences are endless now  
The stream of thoughts that don't make it out  
For you now  
When you turned away,  
You didn't tore apart  
Finding no better way  
Nor time this far, for us now  
Complete with all your misunderstandings  
Can barely rise to stay,  
To kill you now  
To kill you now