Michael Manning, Eye Contact

Stop singing it,
you're panickin',
being full of holes and all.
Dust in the wind that you're
swimmin' in
thinking you know it all.

But you ain't traveled that
far yet, no.
You ain't seen all them stars yet, no.

Stop panickin',
you're bones and skin,
all void and empty and
gone below.
You're sound on sin, just
giving in;
You're broken and no
doubt just for show.

But you ain't traveled that
far yet, no.
You ain't seen all them stars yet, no.