

Now It S Overhead, Fall Back Open

Hanging on in the dusk
Shadows long vanishing
Anodyne in my blood
Fade me out into sleep

With a pull on a thread and a split,
Fall back open
What a fool to believe for a minute
That I could hold it

Waking up in the white
Sharp daylight breaking
Feel the lift wearing off
Heavy mind aching
Drying up like a scar,
Staying on haunting
On the mend just enough
To pass as if healing.

With a pull on a thread and a split,
Fall back open
What a fool to believe for a minute
That I could hold it