

Poison The Well, The View From Here Is A Brick

Covered from head to toe in lighting,
it's constantly changing when I'm around.
Days left before this is over and done with.
The sheets keep whispering "will you make it through this day?"
I'll practice making scenarios that aren't really there.
The corner hasn't helped in so long it speeds everything up now.
Back and forth, walking every piece of baggage off of me.
Hope when it hits they ground they turn to ash.
Sing the words even though they don't make sense at all.
I believe letters keep me warm.
I believe letters keep me company.
Tonight and forever in this room with mood lighting.
Even though it doesn't make sense.