

Skycamefalling, With Paper Wings

I'm afraid that I'm coming apart with each days passing.
I lost the air holding your hand burning up time breathing.
My wrists so saddened by dull razorblades.
And how brave I was staring into the sun wishing my heart was that strong.
So don't say that its all gone because there are many days I swore I lost.
My wrists so saddened by dull razorblades.
You'll pull through this.
I wake, I try, with paper wings I fly.
And I am clenching faith again, falling to my knees again.
And for the first time in my life, I thought that maybe I'd be right.
I'm afraid I am coming apart with each days passing.
Punching holes in the clouds,
words gave way when whispers shatter the air.
Sweing words together, to make them all fit right.