

# The Story So Far, Placeholder

This body's closed until further notice  
Wandering too close will get you nowhere fast  
I'm looking for an option that won't involve you at all  
Some help to hoist my sail off of its mast

And its haunting me, but I feel fine  
War of worlds in real time  
Better off signing a truce that's drawn up in your name  
But I hope you go home and admit you  
Were wrong for the stress you put me through  
Free me from the anchor  
Depart these seas and let me do what I have to do

Am I so wrong to think that you are too?  
Is it safe to be a pawn  
When all the rooks close in on you  
I used to be afraid of time before I grew  
The sands will slip and the pain will grip  
And the guilt will trip all over you

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Running around in circles  
the path I always choose  
I hate that I can't accept anything more  
Than the worn out soles of my shoes  
Just say something back  
And cut me some slack  
Headstrong in the world  
With the wind at my back

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