

Vanna, This Map Is Proof

I don't
Love what I've done
All these months of wear
I don't know where I was
And now
At this anchor like an altar
I tie and tie and tie
If this never ends
At least I'll stay alive
Learn to forgive myself
Now press west
Cover your footsteps
Climb your hill
Like a mountain
You are not a wall on which I lean
I am not the man you thought I was
Is there more to this than what I see
I've been wandering
And for this I ache
I should have told you
I loved you back
This wasn't a dream
Set adrift
Ill advised, ill equipped
Sleep safe
Thinking well
We can only hope he makes it
We can only hope
He makes it somewhere