

Pent Up Genes

Listener

Any thing can be made with your own thoughts, with your own hands, with a face and name, using the business end.
For when you have to jump without being brave enough, starting from where you're at, knowing where you're at.
There's plenty of disappointment and no way to keep it. I was the one you poured in to. I'm more an ambulance and not a doctor.
We'll go on to other places, hold it loose, sewing us together, folded over, feeding the machine.

That's some kind of life you got. It grows the more it takes.

Covered in a frail confidence painting our skin with the thoughts within.
If it's sad or if it's scary, we are each others. We are hope, you are.

Even if the voices carry still making it like they used to.
Alive inside the stones throw us anywhere, but don't stay face down, or think the words that keep you there.
Backbone breaker, life and time taker.
How many days have you been loved? In what ways, outside of yourself? Always beside you.
The way your soul is attached, riveted in to place, overlapped.
The best days of our lives are the ones we're alive, making our attempt at existing, so more work can be done.
Covering each other over, painting ourselves in our canvas, respect, take care, take chances.

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