

I sit and read your story
Mortal image statued
Delusions of one's glory
Irony masked in virtue

When mom she told me
"I'm not going to live forever"
She gave this manuscript to me
"To read when I am gone"

Tell me what it's like to be
Where you are, I want to be
The invitation
To this sensation

As I read the last few lines
I slowly start to realize
You have opened up my mind
This is completely beautiful

And now it all makes sense
These words I wish she spoke to me
It was right in front of me
I feel her next to me

Tell me what it's like to be
Where you are, I want to be
The invitation
To this sensation

I need to break away
Need to break through
Throw it all away
Show me how to

I adore you
I won't forget you
I adore you
You helped me break through
I adore you
You held onto me
I adore you
I feel you

Tell me what it's like to be
Where you are, I want to be
I'm tired of feeling out of place
Too many roles I imitate
Tell me what it's like to be
Where you are, I want to be
The invitation
To this sensation