

Found Wanting

Actor | Observer

When what you think you want
Is kept locked behind a door
End up searching for a key
Til you forget what it was for

Til all you know is wanting
That constant need for more
A hunger that can't be sated
A yearning with no source
The yearning becomes a habit
And from the habit pathways form
Carving rivers in your conscience
Reinforced with every storm

I find my joy in short supply
I didn't know that this feeling had a half life
Caught in the currents of my mind

Another paper boat
The rushing water swept away
Left to find it's home
At the bottom of a drain
These tributaries yield
Diminishing returns
But it's a lesson
That I will never learn

And so I drift
Further down
So far from where
I thought I'd be by now
And I admit
Though I'm not proud
I can see I did this to myself

Ashamed to say
That I've found comfort in defeat
It's so much easier to drown
Than it is to swim upstream
And I'm afraid
That if I ever find the key
I'm sure that room behind the door
Will be completely empty

I find my joy in short supply
I didn't know that this feeling had a half life
Caught in the currents of my mind

Let me float
Downstream to the sirens that sing to me
Just let me float
Don't care if it's not what I really need
Just let me float

Desire drinks from an overflowing cup
But no amount could ever be enough
Lips stained with the words "if only"

Leaving nothing but the dead and lonely
This has gone on for too long

I can't carry on this way
So pull my feet up
From this dried up riverbank
I can't carry on this way
So pull my feet up
From this dried up riverbank
Throw out the map
I'll find my own way back
Dig my nails into the clay
To forge a new path
I'll forge a new path