

You started to spiral out
The ground's just a circle in a decaying orbit
You tried just to idle awhile
Thought if you sat still
You'll blend with the forest, well you don't
Noted another loss
Well don't feel bad, I mean, if you can help it
You learn how to document
Like bad weather patterns
And I guess you can call it
"Progress of a kind"

Not everybody takes this long
I can't un-see it but man can you believe that we're here
There's always a try again
Well don't be upset when repeating a formative year

Doing the same thing for years
Repeating the formative years

I try to settle down
I fake my death, had no one believe it
I fight with the neighbor's kid
I ran over his bike
"Well don't park it behind my van"
I became a frail black bird
My chest started burning
I could die if you squeeze me too long
I almost got away it
Starting to deal with the problem
So I guess you can call it
"Progress of a kind"

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There's always a try again
Well don't be upset when repeating a formative year

Doing the same thing for years
Repeating the formative years

Watch you in the morning come to life again
Watch you in the evening fall apart the same
Anemic numbers ruling over you and me
It's the reason you refer to them as holding value

They don't

It's unkind how often you're required to replay
Your light, snuffed out, on fire, doused again
Somehow you reignite and I'm impressed

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