

Frames

Austin Basham

Man of little wealth
King of yourself
You'll beat the grave
To find your wave
In gaining the crown
Of which you're well in doubt
I know that you're proud
To let the rest of us drown

Because I can see you looking down
From your highest shelf
You fill your frame with the king of your best self
I know when you've been exposed by the pain you hold so close
Get out of your shell before you're just a lonesome ghost

Sweet misery
On the day when the dust leaves
You gotta get up and break free
You've been walking a fine line
To make your conscience feel right
Well, by the critical blind eye
It was only a white lie

But you bought it, that you're damned to fail
Forget the gold frames that you hang on your string
In a moment even a ghost can change
Don't ever forget what's been trapped underneath

Sweet victory
On the day when my dust leaves
I gotta get up and break free
I've been walking a fine line
To make my conscience feel right
Well, by the critical blind eye
I pay them no mind 'cause it's about time
That you get

But you bought it, that you're damned to fail
Forget the gold frames that you hang on your string
In a moment even a ghost can change
Don't ever forget what's been trapped underneath