

Black of My Phone

Beware of Darkness

Where do we go
To build our sacred place in this world?
How do we hide
When they know everything about our lives?

And they know it
Like I know the black of my phone
And they know it
Like I know my spirit from my bones

How do we fight
When no one wants to call it a war?
How do we move
When they don't call us humans anymore?
I fall asleep to TV screens
When I'm not staring at my phone
There must be something more to life
Than keeping me this numb

But they know it
Like I know the black of my phone
And they know it
Like I know my spirit from my bones

I just want a bed to sleep in, a head to dream in
And someone who calls me home
A mother to run to when all the light is
Out in this whole world

And I'll run away
I'll run away

But they know it
Like I know the black of my phone
And they know it
Like I know my spirit from my bones

Am I sacred enough?
Am I human enough?
Am I making enough for you?