

Torches

Birds in Row

I ain't got no faith in myself
And I can't see what I could love in you.

From what I know, I even doubt what I cherish
And I hate the vague words.

(But I don't wanna be lost) I don't wanna see all I have when I
stare at the mirror.

Do we only exist to survive?
Do I only exist to survive?

For all the mess I leave, there is a price to pay and no one to
blame but me.

I tend to care about nothing but the bottles I've thrown to the
sea.

I'm falling apart and carrying my faded torches.

From time to time I tend to believe, not only fists have been k
issing my cheeks.
'Cause I understand you only wear the f*cked faces of my failur
es.

A thorn in the belly and no hands to hold.
The blood is pouring and my body's cold.

I've been writing poems to my stomach, some words to make him f
eel alright.
But I ain't got no pleasure in lying to this old friend of mine
.

And maybe he'll understand what I called "the sun"
Is just easy mornings seeing all doubts gone,
And the faith in all that lays in my head.

Well, the sun is still hiding from me.
I guess it's all a business between my guts and I.
Some kind of personal war.
Some lights are meant to shine, some suns are meant to hide.
Just never forget who you are.
A son, a friend. A heart, a brain.