

Bad Decisions

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I have been making bad decisions
I have been pulling it all apart
Gilding consequence with fate again
It's my myopic art

I have been making bad decisions
I've been hiding them from my friends
I break things with impressive precision
And I'm not trying to make amends

It's the way that we talk
If we talk
It's the way that we speak
If we speak at all
It's the way that we talk

I am weary of your beauty
I have cast my net too wide
Stretched my ligaments thin again
To hold up half your sky

It's the way that we talk
If we talk at all
It's in the way that we speak
We don't speak anymore
It's the way we don't talk

It's the way we don't talk
We don't talk at all
It's in the way we don't speak
We don't speak anymore
It's the way we can't talk

Do not try
Do not seek to find me
Small glories are all
I have left
Do not cry
For I am beyond you now

Do not try
Do not seek to find me (Do not seek to find me)
Small glories are all (They are all I have left)
I have left
Do not cry (Oh, do not cry)
For I am beyond you now (I am beyond you now)