

I'd rather bite through my tongue
'Cause I don't wanna add to the damage that's already done
Yeah I'm always afraid of saying something insincere
But if I don't speak at all would you think that I don't care?

77 days since it started to rain
77 ways that I've tried to say
Something useful
Something worth the air
It takes to share

77 words I'm still trying to find
77 certainties to ease your mind
While you work your way through this
But if I'm honest the truth is

At the moment I'm lost in translating everything
Is there grace for the space between
Living and dying?
Protecting and trying to give yourself away

Living and dying
Protecting and trying to give myself away

77 years that we get in a life
77 times that we get to try to be truthful