

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