

Phenotypic Plasticity

dandelion hands

Keep me in your thoughts because I swear to God if you stop I'll
float away and become one with everything I ever stopped to smell

It's getting lonelier at night but that is something you have got to come to learn to love because losing your mind when you're all alone

It's a one way trip
It's a one way trip to hell
It's a one way trip
To a padded prison cell

I've got a fragile heart held together with tape
Bugs crawling in my arms and legs feeding off my love
They promise not to leave
I won't hold my breath

Nobody's alone you know in all of us is a little piece of something more like a helpful hand from a life you lived before
(No)

What if you know what you've got to do to move on to something that feels so right but it's not something you have the strength to see or have the desire to learn?

It's a one way trip
It's a one way trip to hell
It's a one way trip
To a padded prison cell

I've got a simple love undeveloped and scared
Bugs crawling in my arms and legs feeding off that love
They promise not to leave
I won't hold my breath

No I won't hold my breath