

Everything Floats

Dessa

Everything floats down here
Anything that sinks from up there
Floats down here
Like she did her mask
Like she did her smile
The future is a bitter past
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She keeps her mind closed
For repair on broken dreams
She won't let us in like it's our fault
She wrote them scenes and played the part
She's got this aching heart
That just can't wait to start breaking apart
Vacant parts of her body
To begin making art
Introducing its bloody sound to critics
And anybody wild that beats its sickness
To a bloody pulp
See it's nobody's fault her inner child drowned
In a river while she cried it deeper
I think I'll swim awhile
I think I'll think awhile
While drinking in this pile of leaves
Jump off, then go home cocked
The hope runs wild
They tore them down
Burn them at the stakes of my flames
And work the snakes in my veins like

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I got hella elegant etiquette
It's only indelicate when
They fuck with the sedatives
But, she's got a side with a thorn in it
And they say with some scorn in it
Like maybe she was born with it
And maybe it's Maybelline
They say that what's the matter with me
"It runs in the family"

But I'm just trying to get my ever-after happily
Avoid the modern maladies of vanity and apathy
I'm looking for a voice in the white noise
I'm trying to make a choice with the right boy
To lay me down into bed
Leash the hounds in my head
Somebody (somebody) to finally see me through it
Somebody to remind me that I'm the quantum unit
Of a treaty and a handshake
An audience and fanbase
A culture and a cause
A movement and a mob
I said a culture, a cause, a movement, a mob

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