Skyline

Erra

Cityscape Skeletons
Taking shape and growing skin
Layer and layer is peeled away
Exhausted

From the repetition of always needing to rebuild
Worn down faces in colorful barren places

City lights and skylines
Guiding home our wandering minds
Tucking us into tortoise shells
Suppressing the outside sounds of relentless consciousness

Where is contemplative terrain that sleeps with the setting sun
?
This nocturnal apathy
Binging on shadow and smoke
It's endlessly coming undone

When the ground falls out who will take my hands?
When things fall apart, who will take my hand?

I never thought that I could withstand falling short when I'm a
broken man
You never knew how much I meant it in love
Every night I'm beside you weeks away when you're sleeping alon
e
Did you ever know how much I meant it?

Millions of tiny pieces looking in on themselves
Reflected in the water
Unaware of each other
Every piece could find its place back in the puzzle
What was one is shattered into many and longs to be whole again

But nothing ever fits quite the same in the end

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