

# **Splinter**

## **Fractures**

I'm not thinking right  
Darker shapes are creeping in, slowly unsettling  
Do I believe my doubts  
They're clawing at my interests, but I'm not indifferent

I don't want to limp back home, I don't want to look like strug  
gling  
Acting on the things I know, maybe I should leave this place fo  
r a while  
I don't want to limp back home, I don't want to wake up wonderi  
ng why  
I don't want to look back on, everything without an answer

Funny feeling like  
The next decision is, attached to a permanence  
And I spend my nights in the midst of sleeping  
Jaw clamped tight and I'm sick of it  
Feel my whole mouth splintering

And the pain runs down my fingers  
And the whole thing comes undone but I know there's a reason th  
ere  
Only I can't see it yet

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