

You never talk about the clothes I wear
You never discuss how I wear my hair
Even though
You see it all

Stand up for reason and hurt the causes that inspire
Let the devil's whisper light your thoughts on fire
Even though
You shouldn't have to worry at all

I'm hardly human not to be by your side
Death shifts perspective, life's an unfortunate lie
But you
You've seen it all

How many hours 'til your grandmother dies?
How many times have you looked her in the eye?
I
Say it's not enough at all

The hand held with the grip so forcefully
The skin protecting your bones is paper-thin
Your eyes may shine but your voice, it carries me
I'm scared of the darker shit I'm yet to see