

Spiral Season

Grace Gaustad

Holding a doctors note
Spinning in Vertigo
Feel like a Hypocrite
Don't know the half of it
I'm not a heroine
Tryna be bigger than
What I was given
I just don't know

Where I could go from here
Become a souvenir
Under the silver line
Clouds working overtime
That's when the panic starts
Get in and start the car
I wanna be anywhere but here

Cold
Chills me to bone
Nowhere left to go
Flowers through the stone

I'm so in over my head again
I guess that's what makes me human
There must be poison in this medicine
It's spiral season
Till I wake up as the catalyst
Go to sleep somebody's Crucifix
What goes up must come back down again
It's spiral season

Can't kick the bitterness
Outside the fortress
Feeling so villainous
I'm getting sick of this
I should feel better now
Trying to level out
Will I emerge
Out of the crowd

Cold
Chills me to bone
Nowhere left to go
Flowers through the stone

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Hold me still
Don't let go
Don't let go

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