

Feeble Words

Hail the Sun

I think I'm growing still
I switch between perspectives
I'm different than I was
The moment right before this
And still there's no doubt I'll change
It's hard to communicate
I think I'm growing still
You cried to me before you could speak

There's a method that never misses
Tell me how you feel but do it with your eyes
So I can't work around those feeble words
Instead I'm forced to feel the same

You're wearing what you wore
The day we reconnected (And so was I)
The way your lips contort
Is so unique to you (And always was)
What are the odds that we would
Even exist at all?
And as we do we change
The tears are cause I don't know how I feel...

There's a method that never misses
Tell me how you feel but do it with your eyes
So I can't work around those feeble words
Instead I'm forced to feel the same