

# Maladapted

Hail the Sun

Running out of reasons  
To tell myself for the things I can't explain  
Dwelling on the moments  
I keep replaying in the hopes that maybe they'll change  
Far as I can see I'm a puppeteer  
Trying to control what I can't bring near

So I finally stop  
Let go of the wheel  
The more I give up  
The better I feel  
There's no turning back  
I've broken the seal  
The motion I can handle  
The motion I can handle

Do I care too much to leave it alone?  
There's a narrative I always need to know  
Maybe it's that I obsess on figuring out  
Every person, place or thing I've grown to doubt

But I finally stop  
Let go of the wheel  
The more I give up  
The better I feel  
There's no turning back  
I've brokered the deal  
The motion I can handle  
The motion I can handle

Stop obsessing on what's not important  
Stop obsessing on what's not important  
Stop obsessing on what-  
And so I give up  
I give up

Tap thrice, blink and look right  
Side eyed shut the door twice  
For this one, and that one, or I will fail

I finally stop  
Relinquish the wheel  
The better I feel

I finally stop  
Let go of the wheel  
The more I give up  
The better I feel  
There's no turning back  
I've broken the seal  
The motion I can handle  
The motion I can handle

Once I let it go (I don't have to fear what I don't know)  
I don't need control