

Liminal

Holding Absence

Frozen in motion
There, I sat on the ledge
Of the threshold
Caught between life and death
I know that it doesn't
Help if I kick or scream -
I'm not gonna wake from
These nightmares or these dreams

Maybe I'm stuck in
The caverns of hell and
The plateaus of heaven
I hang like a puppet
Impaled on a coil
Just waiting to find my fate

It's all too much
And not enough
It's liminal
I tell myself
There's nothing left
But every time I turn a corner
I am stuck
Stuck in the middle of it

Well, now I grow wary
That maybe I'll never stray
I could be an orphan in the ether
Bury me in purgatory grey
It feels like I live in
The space between time and
The time between spaces
I hang like a puppet
Impaled on a coil, just waiting
But

I tell myself
There's nothing left
But every time I turn a corner
I am stuck
Stuck in the middle of it
It's all too much, and not enough

There's nothing left
But every time I turn a corner
I am stuck
Stuck in the middle of it
Stuck in the middle of it
Stuck in the middle of it

Stuck in the middle of it
Stuck in the middle of it
Stuck in the middle of it

It's all too much, and not enough
There's nothing left

It's all too much, and not enough
There's nothing left

It's all too much, and not enough
There's nothing left

I tell myself
There's nothing left
But every time I turn a corner
I am stuck

I tell myself
There's nothing left
But every time I turn a corner
I am stuck
Stuck in the middle of it

I tell myself
That I am all but stuck
But every time I find myself
Stuck in the middle of it
Stuck in the middle of it
Stuck in the middle of it

Stuck in the middle of it
Stuck in the middle of it
Stuck in the middle of it