

lines on our faces

Honne

It might feel bleak sometimes
Like there's no end in sight for you, for you
No matter how hard you try
It feels like you lose in all you're doing, you're doing

And it can be so rough
Stressful enough
Picking apart everything that you do

Some days don't go quite
The way you planned them
Things can get fucked up and get real bad
But whatever happens, know it gets better
You can be happy, not sad
It's the lines on our faces
That show us the map
Where we've been, we've been

You're bent and you're broken
You felt like a joke but it's not true, not true
Your threads come unwoven
But we'll patch you up real good, real good

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