

## 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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