

Restless

Hundredth

I'm not okay. I can't find stability. I'm not okay. I can't find stability.

Threading through my faith with a needle named doubt.
Putting it all together and then tearing it apart.
Throwing away the scraps and trying to restart.
Go back to the days when it was sunny and clean.
My soul stormed until it stopped trying to shine.
It settled for hazy messages from a black sky.
I still don't know why (know why).
No question I threw up, came back, and I don't know why.

Is this what I wanted to be? A restless soul wrestling with what I believe.
Or just a selfish soul blind to problems that tower over me (over me)... that tower over me.

Slow fade out. Sun burn and stay out. Clouds close like a mouth.
'Round last light and sound.
Don't bother, save your breath. Could be the last you get.
Don't bother, save your breath. Could be the last you get.

Am I jaded to the point where I can't see
all of the beauty Your hands made, the world surrounding me.
I'm scared of what has come and what is to be. My heavy heart.
The Earth will cover me.