

## Snakes & Ladders

Imminence

In this race there's no keeping pace  
Bare foot under naked skies  
Masks unveil and so does clouds  
Remark, sun stands high  
The price of pursuit will cost your feet

Close enough isn't closing in  
Close enough isn't closing in

Close enough isn't closing in  
You won't ever climb high enough  
Close enough isn't closing in  
You won't ever run fast enough

Point a finger down righteousness' path  
They will follow you and lift you up  
You shall never walk again

Exposure lies in the eye of the beholder  
Exposure lies in the eye of the beholder  
We see what we're presented with  
But are you willing to look a little further?

Close enough isn't closing in  
Close enough isn't closing in  
Close enough isn't closing in

Close enough isn't closing in  
You won't ever climb high enough  
Close enough isn't closing in  
You won't ever run fast enough  
Close enough isn't closing in  
You won't ever climb high enough  
Close enough isn't closing in  
You won't ever run fast enough

Close enough isn't closing in  
We're closing in, we're climbing higher and higher  
Close enough isn't closing in  
We're closing in, we're running faster and faster  
Close enough isn't closing in  
We're closing in, we're climbing higher and higher  
Close enough isn't closing in  
We're closing in, we're running faster and faster

Confine these treacherous undoings. We choose what we're given. And I live, so I'll live in these brief unmeasurable intervals called moments. But the only thing I get to keep are the sticks and stones. Just like memories, these will break and crumble in to scraps and splinters in the palms of my hands. When the hourglass has been crushed I am just a man pouring my own sand in the pools I created. So I look up, staring wide then sealing my eye lids tight, crossing fingers over h

ands hearing myself screaming to this man on the moon. It's too loud,  
can he even hear my cries? I dream of spinning wheels marking the late  
canopies when they should drive me home. Don't fly away again little  
mocking bird, you should sing for me. It's been so long since I heard  
the melody of a thousand running springs. Now the reminiscence just  
reminds me of myself. Why would I need to tell myself about how I  
never learned to fly with my own arms, and how can anyone cloud state  
even listen if I couldn't. My feet are soar from all this dancing with  
an axe in my arm, it never tasted wood and I can never really build  
a ladder tall enough. I can climb these walls around me and I can  
outrun my past but only for so long, until there are no winds to catch  
the sails that I've sown and my lungs have dried out from all the anger  
I've burnt. I'll be staring wide at the velvet canopy, then closing  
my eyes, crossing fingers over hands hearing myself whispering words  
of hope and humility to a wind that I believe will carry my prayers  
to one who listens