

Breathing Patterns

Into It. Over It.

It's so difficult to look back when every image is cracked
Just a cover turning pages each day in my almanac
You see, I move beside the shipwreck of where my years have gone
Wondering if fortune will smile upon me long enough to drag you
along

Your breathing patterns bring the sun
New voices for when days are done

You've filled my lungs
You've filled my lungs
Filled my lungs
You've filled my lungs

For a cautious optimistic, I'm best kept as a party guest
For now a welcome contribution you moving from east to west

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If I stick to what I know then I'm just stuck to what I've done
Still sore from being burned by every fire I've begun
Every postcard is a post-war transmission
And every word's a new beginning

I've destroyed my reputation
Struck fear in the hearts of men
And I've become a walking complication
Can't make those mistakes again

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New voices for when you have gone

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