Agora

Invent, Animate

All I've ever longed for
Was it a waste of time, or will I get mine?
Abandon me, and I'll adapt to the loss

What a dark and fragile place this is
I am stuck in between the lines of understanding
What it is to merely exist, and to prosper

I can't believe I'm alive
Amidst the world taking away everything I am

All I am, all I am
All I've ever longed for, was it a waste of time
Or will I get mine?
Abandon me, and I'll adapt to the loss
Quintessential growth, in the palm of your hand
Winter embrace me and all I am
Forgotten souls bask in the bitter cold

The feeling of being cherished, is an unfamiliar one
Leave me be under the leaves, in the wake of spring
I'll be descending in my sinking sleep

Wishful thinkers
We are the ones with a seed of hope
With no space to grow
We are the ones
That hold what little we have so close
My mind longs to be still once more

What a dark and fragile place this is
I am stuck in between the lines of understanding
What it is to merely exist, and to prosper
But in my mind, I'll be fine
But in my mind, I'll be fine
I am forever in debt, to the ones who left

I would never ask the world a favor
It would never happen

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