

I let every thought
Thread a weft of yarn
Weaving through the warps
A tapestry of us

If I make my arms, the home you seek
If I sway my brush, would I capture thee?
If I hang your scars, in a gallery
As a work of artistry

May I clear your slate and wipe your conscience
Lay it on another shelf
I'll be anything you ever ask
I'll take your memories upon myself
If you keep my thoughts and thief my wisdom
I will find another shell
I don't ever want to be the selfish reason
You don't ever find yourself

I felt every thought
Claw the strands apart
Weaving into knots
A travesty of us

If I stay my arms, and I pull your sleeve
If I snap my brush, would you trust in me?
If I trace your scars, with the broken piece
As a work of artistry

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Lay it on another shelf
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If you keep my thoughts and thief my wisdom
I will find another shell
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You don't ever find yourself

Watching the needle thread through every pore
She told me shading made everything more
Beautiful but I don't see it at all
I'm more deranged than before
Standing in paints as it pools on the ground
Colours of empathy blending with doubt
Witnessing everything melting around
Until I drown

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