Asymmetrical

Johnny Booth

I said the answers are written on my throat
And when the radiation and rubber bullets have killed
Any symptom of the sickness, I call hope
(There has to be a better way)

We gave it all away, we gave it all
Another breath, another patient
Another book to sink us all
(To sink us all)
We're made of broken people, locked up in our own thoughts

We, we came up
Empty handed, week after week
We, we came up
Empty handed, week after week

How can this stress even carve out
When death hangs his head to our bones
(Hangs his head to our bones)
A true sense of doubt
Inside of the ribcage where leaders protect bank accounts
Traces of a new republic
Traces of a new republic by my own hands

We are all shells of a mountain, but we're not ready
We are all shells of a mountain, but we're not ready to be
Asymmetrical

So we walked past the stones, right beneath the reservation
Just to find our descent on our own

I said the answers are written on my throat
But when the radiation and rubber bullets have killed
Any symptom of the sickness, I call hope
And when we buried all the scraps and the parts
I'll come to terms with what we have lost
I admit, I admit, I admit it!
We are the parts that make up the cause

She's so calm and so collected with the people she's selected
She bows with perfect posture as she sees the world reflected
With my fingers now connected to the spine with punctuation
We drown the veins devoid to define emancipation
The atmosphere's collapsing on the words of lost distinction
The reason for harsh actions and the plot for our distraction
What were we thinking of
When we cast a vote just to hang our own selves?

As we cringe and watch our leaders
All the whispers drain from their eyes
But it's all...
It's all wrong, when you drag us to the bottom
We won't be sym-me-tri-cal!
We won't be sym-me-tri-cal!

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