

Break, Shatter, Make, Matter

Josh Pyke

All our lives we get followed
By our shadows
Who collect
Our darkest thoughts
Through all our nights
And store them in
The pool devoid of light
We fight
But we get swallowed every time
It's my will

Before you sell your mother's pills
Reflect on minor miracles
Reflect on faceless, endless toil
Reflecting you and all your foibles
Oh, we try
But we get swallowed every time
It's my will

So if you're gonna break, you might as well shatter
But if you're gonna make, it might as well matter to you
And is anybody else jumping at shadows
Or am I the only one

Got no need for sentimental secrets
Kept on mantelpieces
On display for all to see
So lock your eyes on mind
And walk away
I try not to wallow
Shame on me
And my will

I know nothing's standing still
The boundless space that the ether fills
The endless spill of particles
Of humming birds and buzzing wings
The thing that drives the wolves away
The thing that stays
Is your will

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But if you're gonna make, it might as well matter to you
And is anybody else jumping at shadows
Or am I the only one

The ether fills the boundless space

So if you're gonna break, you might as well shatter
But if you're gonna make, it might as well matter to you
And is anybody else jumping at shadows
Or am I the only one