

Greetings from this island life
The time of year from which I'm writing this
You'd never know we're compromised
The cold grips the sand
Which falls through our hands
I can feel the edge
Of half a year spent wondering
"How'd it get so bad?"

How'd it get so bad
Through suffering I'm wondering
How'd it get so bad
I don't, I don't feel so
How'd it get so bad
Through suffering I'm wondering
How'd it get so bad
I don't, I don't feel so

Much of anything
Until half past spring
You're heaven sent
You're a sweet relief
As the days grow long they speak to me
They never judge my grief
You help me find my peace

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I'll watch it all just wash away
Watch it leave me
Watch it go
Heaven see me
See me take this by the throat
Let me feel
Let me be
Let me love
And let this life feel good enough