

Hanging From Grace

Koyo

And this
Is where
I paint words into lines I could not find from the punishment t
hat stays and upholds my mind
I'm hanging
From grace
Like the world moves slow at quicksand's pace
Can the long chair fix what's led astray

All of my adult life there were things I should've known
But troubled time in my mind has me fucked up and alone
Hanging from my wayside yea I think that you should go
Even if that means you take the:

Last
Train
Home
Andiwatchyougo

There are pieces to this puzzle that I can't seem to collect or
scour from highest towers
Or darkest crooked corners of my mind
I should've asked you if you'd like to spend the night
But it'd be wrong of me to pawn you off to places in my heart I
couldn't find

All of my adult life there were things I should've known
But troubled time in my mind has fucked up and alone
Hanging from my wayside yea I think that you should go
Even if that means you take the:

Last
Train
Home
Andiwatchyougo