

Reconcile

Lacey Sturm

I thought my knuckles were bleeding for the right reasons
Fighting the good fight in every open season
Now my hands are busy pulling out planks of wood
My eye sockets filling up with my own blood
Waiting for the clarity to come
But maybe I'm just bleeding to death
And maybe that's just the fate of my own blood
Solving the waiting by reckoning myself already dead

Oh Come and be reconciled
At the wedding or funeral pyre
Romancing pride to death
Disgusting categorizing liar
And how do we bleed and how do breathe
A love we're too proud to see
The pride that turns the holy into blasphemy
But I will let you breath on me
Pride, Can't she just shut up and die?
Her bones are all blazing inside
Can't I just shut up and die
Beckon Your help
Change my mind
Reckon Myself
Dead and die

A lonely sobriety
You handcuff and silence me
Can't choose to watch the war or close my eyes
My pathetic spit is all that I get to try and put out the fire
New forests rage and ancient days collide
But I will let you breathe for me
(Pride, can't she just shut up and die)
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Now

Beckon Your help
Change my mind