

I Think It's Called Survival

Listener

So I'm gonna fall, and fall, and fall, And not hold on hold on, hold on. Let go! All we ever will become is what we give away, and give away, and give away. and give away. We are who we love, and what we do with what we're given, and what we put in to the world is who we become. Time is a machine that makes us, and we leave and exit each other's, and leave and exit life like blood pumping. It makes the heart grow. There's a kind of history we make smashing against each other. Our hands filled with each others hands filled with purpose, and I think it's called survival.

Even if our scars don't match there's no wrong you can't make better if you can figure out a way to change your mind. And sure there's things I regret not doing or doing. Those thoughts climb my spine like spiders, and then I'm really the stranger in my own bed, and that ball of nervous gets pushed into every crack. That's what's holding the bricks together. But the answers aren't around us they are in us. And sure the bullets still in there, but I'm moving, and I think that's called survival.

Well I want to pretend for a few more hours and a few more days until we forget what we're pretending for. What are we pretending for? We aren't pretending anymore. Because we might not ever get to go back home again, and home might not exist the way we know it, or knew it to be, or maybe we'll be so different home won't be able to house us. Especially if we keep pulling all the feathers from our wings. But no matter how unraveled or what shape we take. We can always come home. Home inside of people and God. The way you lean is the way you fall. The way you lead is the way you follow.