

Manhattan Projects

Listener

Right there, what you're saying is everything I wish I could.
But the thoughts get lost, and I think I'm lost for good.
I'm learning to paint small, but I have to be still.
And that one shines, but still.
There I go again painting with my ideas, a little strokes, a little tears.
I can't stop these shaky hands from mixing everything up, and I wonder, but what's really being lost enough?
Not all who wonder are lost in thought, not all who give live all they've got.
Like a thousand suns bursting at once, are only a spark of the mightiest one.
But that doesn't stop the planets from spinning month after heavy month.
Into years that I forget memories and friends. Years I get to live lucky and try to mend.
Crossing over back again, over and back again. With every line, trying to dig in crossing over and back again.

I am become the destroyer of worlds, and when the bomb drops, my heart drops too.

And doubt sets in, please hope begin, make a way, make it calm for everything that flies inside.
The sky? This is it? but everyone can see this. No one owns it but we all do until we're all satisfied.
Shaky knees, shaky thoughts, shaky near the business end, where I see it all get lost.
The things I made become the things I've forgot. This is what you wanted me to build, or that's what I thought.

In battle, in the forest, at the top in the mountains. On the dark great sea, in the midst of javelins and arrows.
In sleep, in confusion, in the depths of shame. The good that we've done before, defends even us.
Even poor little us.