

Not Today

Listener

What if the sun became a shooting star, and gave us one last wish to have, and you and I were all that's left, this is not a fear trap. Well I'm dying but not right now. I've been trying to take the life I've found, and make a fire out of all that's left, but I keep getting burned. I can see them all my faults, but you can only see where I begin to start. And I've been trying to show my work, but that's my least favorite part. Running my mind, making it up as it goes around. Don't hold it against me. You can hold me against it. Don't hold me down.

If the sun turns to a shooting star, and leaves us with nothing much to say. This is not a fear trap, you can't pass a test you don't take. If you go looking you'll find it when it goes quiet behind your eyes. When the roof starts to bust, hell when I start to bust, with everything we need but time. And when the sun becomes a shooting star, and it goes from where we are don't hold it against me. You can hold me against it. Don't hold me down.