

Shock and Value

Listener

It adds up spending a lifetime chasing shadows around.
Trying to change where the sun comes from.
Tracking dots on a screen, that could just be birds,
Or some one or thing that wants to come in to your home, and live there instead of you
You've got panic in your eyes, and in your mind.
Built like the columns in the sky you made for us all to climb on.
But that all got pulled down, and you had to watch it.
Digging more holes to pay for your principles. That just got filled up, it got too much to take in.

Is this what you thought it would be, wanted it to be? Made it all up in your mind about it, Is this where you thought it would go?

One too many times taken away without anybody caring.
It was all too early alone in your hotel room. Letting that broken heart guide you.
It's only showing you more of what you've been having, behind your door on the 33rd story.
The only friends on your side are the birds on your window.
Not the ones that want to take everything you've made and use it for their own, and tell you nothing you wanted to make sense.
Do you want to tear the world apart or the one inside of you.

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The interchange, the currents on your fingernails, the energy in the sky where everyone can see, traced over and over above the trees and inside of them.
The birds that fly free and the ones that stay, they're made the same, but what makes them brave? I think it's struggle, pacing over above the trees and on them.
The towers, the gravity of it, the walls that get built out of necessity or to rip the world apart, and make a space by cutting out the trees all around them.
The burden of being connected, the risk of failure and no reward, sit down, be slow, where else can you go? It won't erase all the places you've come from.

Is this what you thought it would be?
Cruel world, in the hands of so few, where everyone can be of use.
You want gold? You can have it, dig in the ground, and question

, ask questions.

You're made of the same things. You're going into that same ground.

Is this what you wanted it to be? Giving 'em both barrels, whatever it takes, and picking up the pieces later.

Fighting to come alive. Wanting to want to fix what's broke. A ghost living inside of broken rusty skin.

This! is this the way you thought it would go? Still good, mostly new, with a brilliant love to give inside, with nothing to hide.

Dozens have failed, I dare you to try. Getting it all out, leaving it all behind.

It's hard to believe it's killing you, but it's killing you. Is this what you thought it would be?