

Wake

Madison Cunningham

You say that you could do me harm
In the safety of your arms
While your eyes are atom bombs dropping

My head is full of thunderclouds
Keeping aircraft on the ground
Who will win this lightning round of suffering?

Turning in and turning out
The lining of our deepest doubts
In the California drought, we're drowning

I have followed
In your wake
In your image, I might break

Bearing no resemblance
To an age of innocence
Have I lost the audience for good now?

As the grand illusion frays
It hits me as I drive away
I'll never see your hair go gray

I have followed
In your wake
In your image, I might break