

I'll Borrow Time

Marika Hackman

If you cut me from the sky
Could we make a pact to someday die?
And now my bones are hard and old
And the blood inside is cracked and cold

And it's a hard ride
From here to the other side
The doubts creeping in our minds
Growing as we ride

Into the night we could stay right here
Stuck in these bodies and stuck with our fears
The crown I wear is made of bone
And you could twist me off my throne

'Cause I am not a lady
That is not my king
I would scalp an adversary
Just to keep my wings

We're not made for sitting still
Hunters have legs and legs can kill

But it's a hard ride
From here to the other side
The dust creeping in our minds
Growing as we ride
Into the night

I'll borrow time
Do what we can to keep me blind
We'll cut our hair and close our eyes
Shielded by the fort and our disguise
In our disguise

We're not made for sitting still
Hunters have legs and legs can kill

But I am not a lady
That is not my king
I would scalp an adversary
Just to keep my wings
To keep my wings

But it's a hard ride
From here to the other side
The dust creeping in our minds
Growing as we ride
Into the night