

Glorious Heights

Montaigne

Paltry, my ambitions have become so small
I stay in my bed, my body shakes with tremulous lows
And only God knows I'm trying to reach glorious heights
From a tiny stone that always gets kicked and thrown
And my mind's unravelling over the gravelly desert highway of my soul
Something's gotta give
I'm not even that old, I have a low pain threshold
Maybe that's why things that shouldn't hurt me hurt me so

I don't mind
I don't mind
Seeing you leave me behind
I don't mind
I don't mind
I will continue to try to be kind

And the furthest I reach is my body height
And I have spent glorious nights
Waiting to be alright
Waiting to be alright
Waiting to be alright
Waiting to be alright

Sultry, I wink an eye and it feels wrong
Please excuse me I'm not physical
My eyelashes are just awkwardly long
I have the need to rescue myself
Because I'm much too afraid to ask somebody else
On the 14th of August I will turn into dust
There goes all of the people that I thought I could trust
Is that really the way it is?
Is love so desperately weak?
I am climbing the charts but my heart is bleak

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I don't mind
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Seeing you leave me behind
I'm trying to climb to glorious heights
To the precipice of my mind
For now I'm lying alone in the dark
Trying to mount my hind legs
For now I'm lying about my heart
So that you think I'm fine

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And I have spent glorious nights
Waiting to be alright
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