

Digging Through Glass

Orthodox

Digging
Digging through dirt as it turns into glass
Dismembered
Faking memories to validate my own past

Trying to constantly build
Something out of nothing
Something they can't kill
Begging for minutes of sleep
Not 'til this is over
Not 'til I know this is complete

What shape do I define?
Where do I draw the line?

Some things are made to be pushed away
Some things are made to be pushed away

Another window to my soul
Displaying all the stories I've already told
All the consequence I hold
I'm not feeling older, I'm just feeling old

I would leave but I'm too afraid
What will happen to the mess I have made?
Am I weak if I choose to stay?
Stubborn enough just to wither away

And I wonder
Was this worth all I've lost?

What shape do I define?
Imperfect and ugly
Jagged and deprived
Where do I draw the line?
Proof that this dilemma
Isn't all in my mind

What if the best I can do is merely sift through bones?
Finding a part that's been used just to call it my own
Manufacturing a mirage, something that they can't kill
Stepping off a brand new ledge, hoping the air will fill

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