

Fold

Pati Yang

I am walking up the see through stairs.
Everyone can see through me
I am knocking on the see through doors
And the voices behind them stop

Someone sheds a precious tear.
And it spills into fury
Angels argue over souls.
Single bullet will.
Silence them all.

I am lonesome.
Is that a crime.
'Cause I don't want to feel guilty no more.
People.
They're not enough.
I guess I am craving impossible

your hands are my home on earth,
without them I would
fold like a leaf, so hold me down

Everything in me resists.
I don't believe in your science
It brought us nothing but the risks,
and the fear we are too alike
suddenly the spirit lifts,
but the doors remain quiet
mercy steadily escalates,
beyond gravity known to man

I am lonesome.
Is that a crime.
'Cause I don't want to feel guilty no more.
People.
They're not enough.
I guess I am craving impossible
This feeling is all I have
Please don't take it so personal

your hands are my home on earth,
without them I would
fold like a leaf