

Perched up on a dried-out limb
Can hear for miles, it cracking in the wind
The vision of it hollowed out
Form's always the last thing to leave

Frozen solid
Terror held
Will be until it drops

If the bottom's already given out once
What's stopping it from giving again?

Bare and open, no ladder down
Balanced and shaking in precarity
Either way, you have no control
You'll relax once you concede

If the bottom's already given out once
What's stopping it from giving again?
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What's stopping it from giving again?