

Phase

Pinegrove

That night when I lifted my head up
And I was seeing what was trembling there
On the edge of my restless eyelid
On the tip of the horizon's lash
On the lip of collapsing letter
In the lap of confusing moon
I'm reduced to an estranged illusion
I'm consumed by all the shit in my room

Well then maybe if you pick my room up
Carve a path in my moonlit floor
Through the colors I adorn my body with
In ritual a life I adore
Nowadays I usually just get up
Put on a sweater from the day before
Like you said it's got to get better
I wear my shadow like a uniform

I'm torn right through
Divided right in two

So while I do align my library
By the colors on the spine of my books
When I'm looking for a resolution
But there's wreckage everywhere I look
And there's brambles scratching at the window
And there's silver shining on the thorns
I could've sworn the moon's singing to me
Strung in a phase so strange and torn

Now the stars look fake and strung up
And the colors on the floor are worn
And the hues on my body are muted
In the shadow, my uniform

I'm torn right through
Divided right in two
I'm lost without using
The brightest light I knew
That I knew