

picking up hands

Quadeca

Touching the ground
Pick up my hands
Then I turn around
Covered in skin

It's that room, it's the wall, it's the poster and all
And the lamp was still swinging its chord
It's the shadowy weight and the footsteps I take
Made a mark through the dust on the floor
And I saw my mother's eyes
For the second time
For the second time

Same carpet I crawled in
Same bucket I was washed in
I gave all that time to you
I was tryna figure out the faucets
Tall marks on the wall charts
It's the wrong parts getting longer
I was standing so far away
I don't wanna go another day
I-
Same basket you carried me
I need you there with me
I need you just down the hall

I looked up and down
Didn't wanna make a sound
I was so far away
I don't wanna go another day
I trace back the ground
Flip my placemat around
And I call, but the dog runs away from me now
I been staring at the ceiling, I've been fucking terrified
I been tryna get these feelings out, inside, I'm paralyzed
Same old tree, seen it all peaking through the blinds
I can't do it, how I used to climb
Gravity been getting used to my weight

Same carpet I crawled in
Same bucket I was washed in
I gave all that time to you
I was tryna figure out the faucets
Tall marks on the wall charts
It's the wrong parts getting longer
I was standing so far away
I don't wanna go another day
The same basket you carried me
I need you there with me
I need you just down the hall

Follow me closely
I wanna know the place you've been
Lazarus skin
Picked up my hands

It's that room, it's the wall, it's the poster and all

And the lamp was still swinging its chord
It's the shadowy weight and the footsteps I take
Made a mark through the dust on the floor
And I saw another light
Under your door
Not like before

By this point, I thought I would have answers
I thought that was the universal consolation prize
To say "Thanks for playing, this is what the game was", you know?
Unspoken agreements that make perfect sense until you say them out loud