

Drip

Rolo Tomassi

On the worst days, it's growing, growing so slowly
What to embody? A plea for the remedy
Forced into a place that never felt like home
And if it takes me here then where is there left to go?

To strike before it's all too late
Put to rest, all souls are safe
Existing in the maze
Memory is imperfect
Take my hand, let's slip beneath the surface

On the worst days, I slip, as deceitful as hope is
Walking on a knife-edge, I traced the line and I leapt

It's been strange and stranger still
Freed from the fears that paralyze
Always distaste, always regret, the least of it
A revelation into reality unspoken
Between the signs and the sounds, taking shape encompassing

All things begin and end here

What it means to be
In the aftermath of tragedy
What it means to be
Finally uncaged and I lost my way

Understanding the relevance of the eclipse
When I can't forgive
Nothing is ever enough