

Achilles And

Runnner

If I wrote it down would it make sense?
It's not the kind of thing to get right
But I've been chewing it for seven months
And feeling fragile like a first light

The moment that you notice changes
The pictures in your head
And now everything I'm hanging
Drowns in questioning
Was it easier to love me then?

It's a foreign language fever dream
But I could measure it in emails
I want my mom and a god to agree
To stick and poke me with the details

Cuz I'm always looking past the edge
Sinking in myself
But now I'm caught up with a busted leg
Waiting to get well
I fucking hate it when I need help

I'm still in my bed
Writing the same songs over again
Slow tying this thread
How to get close without losing my step

And I've been running it on loop inside
Just to fuck it up again
I know it's dumb to think I'm in control
But I don't know what to do instead

And I so often find myself here
It seems to be my point of restart
Forcing myself to slow down
A torn Achilles and a broken heart