

(Truly Free)

Self Esteem

Offer myself up in the hope of better harvest
While the bone and break collide
With a fair wind I'll be back in time to start this
But there's still my mind to find
I keep going back under the tree
Where you first let yourself kiss me
I know it's impossible while I can't let it go
While you're still plaguing me so
Of all the ways to watch you leave
To go to her was really how to floor me
And through the fog of grieving there's my gut reaction screaming
You don't need so much help
Do it all by yourself
To be truly free