

## Bees

The Ballroom Thieves

There's a voice that pulls me stumbling through a symphony  
And the less of it I need, the more I get  
'Til I'm swept up by the shape of all the centuries  
Like an echo in the chambers of my chest

I think she fears I'll be a servant to my history  
Or worse, a slave to someone else's misplaced doubts  
So I try too hard to kill what's out to kill me  
'Til I'm blind and hiding in the lion's mouth

And the words she aches to hear pour through my canyon  
And they're singing in the caverns of my limbs  
And though I do my best to try to understand them  
They only follow me like vultures in the end

I once read that I should write something worth reading  
Or I should do something worth writing about  
And as my ears they buzz like bees upon the ceiling  
I start to pour a little more than I'm allowed

I said our hearts know deeper seasons than our memories  
She said "this harvest might sustain us for a year"  
And of all the thousand ways the world could tempt me  
I've never met a better fighter than her fear

So as I try to breathe the air that she is breathing  
And we dance a lightless dance upon my floor  
I am burning to tell her she's all I'm needing  
But I'm drowned out by all the noise outside the door

Carried by the current of the morning  
Miles below the surface of the dawn  
This is not the place that I was born in  
But it doesn't mean it's not the place where I belong