

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