

Peregrine

The Ballroom Thieves

Well I'm leaving here tomorrow
For a place I don't exist
Where I claim to burn my sorrows
And my heart don't beat the heaviest

There I fold my worries over
And light them up under your moon
And I let wings sprout from their shoulders
So they can worry me all the way back to you

You know I don't mean to upset you
And my windy words are meager
On an island set to perish or be rescued
I'm not a spouse to either

That day even the sun was afraid of you
And the weight you carried
So you saluted every ghost you've ever prayed to
And then buried it where bones are buried

So as our grief falls flat and hollow
Upon a billion blooded seas
All our worst ideas are borrowed
You do and don't belong to me