

Clip Paper Wings

The Color Morale

floating on like a plastic bag
without a home
pages folded became paper planes
that we could fly
we've clipped every wing
we used to fly

your wings might be
broken but it's not too late
you hide your emotions
so you can escape
you cant be afraid
to make mistakes
and you can't fake perfection

broken compass still moving forward
a constant north the
one i'll never know
like everything i gravitate to
what ends up killing me
we're separated by a hell of a lot more
than the sky

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and you can't fake perfection
it's not what you've done
but what you'll choose to do

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