

## The One

## The Weeks

Were we made to die like creatures?  
In the sand or in the sea  
Well someone's bound to count my features  
Take their hand and trace my seams  
Someone here sensed shadowed speakers  
Heard my footsteps in the dark  
Bound to put up with my madness  
Damned to pump through bleeding hearts

Untie my hands  
Come lift me up  
I'm happy now  
Don't you think that that's enough?

Are we meant to thrive and prosper?  
Or are we just a big mistake?  
We built our skyline tall and daunting  
To try to keep the stars away  
Monuments won't last forever  
And everything's a slave to time  
We all become some dusty ruin  
Or history for newer life

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Come lift me up  
I'm happy now  
Don't you think that that's enough?

No one here begged to be different  
I danced steps with hollow bones  
With every step I felt a fracture  
I was captured by the tones  
I heard the voices lightly speaking  
Whisper movements in my head  
I got all the steps just perfect  
Dancing with the naked and the dead  
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