

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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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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