

The Air In Me

Too Close To Touch

Are we reaching out for something,
More than who we were and what we've been?
And our insides cringe just like the rusty
Hinges of the chest I buried having faith in someone else.

I reach, for something not there.
I'd die to even know that you care.
But my shortness of breath says I'm halfway there.
Tell me what happens next.

Say I'm not the only thing that pushed you away.
It's not the same anymore, my hearts astray and I adore you.
Say I'm not the only thing that pushed you away.
No I can't change anymore, you know I tried- I assure you.

Are we reaching out for something,
More than what we've felt sink into our skin.
And outside the sight of our brittle mind,
Is a greater hope, that on our own we won't wear thin.

Say I'm not the only thing that pushed you away.
It's not the same anymore, my hearts astray and I adore you.
Say I'm not the only thing that pushed you away.
No I can't change anymore, you know I tried- I assure you.

Well I've heard what's real takes time to heal, the words that
cut so deep.
Every burden felt has slowly dealt me shaking hands it's hard t
o keep,
That grip that's got a hold of me, from dragging me down undern
eath.
Why won't you let me breathe.

Take the air out of me, give it to someone more deserving.
Castaways are souls to stay, lives unnerving.