

Word Sits Heavy

Typecast

Eager and sharply dressed
Every step is sure and pressed
Longing has ended

Spirits high and ready to go
Despite the fact; the movements are slow
Under the favor of the summer sky
Is time well spent? no time to die

Word sits heavy, unable
Push back the tears and they always take too long

Eager and sharply dressed
Every step is sure and pressed
Under the favor of the summer sky
Spirits high, tell self, deny

The word sits heavy, unable
Push back the tears and they always take too long

Price to pay for happiness
Well never know
Knock on the door
This time its death
Is this the reward?

Punishment for what I am
Is this the reward?