

Digital/Physical Heart

Vane Lily

Awake at witching hours
I open up my phone screen
I clear the notifs, check my locked
Hum a dull melody

I say I'm sick of trying
I say I'm sick of breathing
I say I'm sick of waiting 'til the Grim Reaper takes me

I think of why to cry
I think of why to burst
I think I'll write a song to post on the twenty-first
If I can't change these feelings
If I can't look ahead
Then maybe in the end it's just not worth the stress

Sitting at my desk (oh-whoa-oh-whoa)
My body's enwrapped by the light of a DAW (na-na-na)
Spoken as a jest (oh-whoa-oh-whoa)
While trying to word what the hell feels wrong (whoa)

Can you see the way my body starts to shake
Reminded of another day on stage
It's all the same
No matter what I do these feelings will never change

I found a hideaway
A place where I could breathe
A place where I felt safe
I thought I felt a glitch but to be real I wasn't ready for this

Take my fears
Crush them into parts, but
Can you crush a digital heart?
Oh, hold my hand
We can run away and find a way to survive in this virtual place

Sitting at my desk (oh-whoa-oh-whoa)
My body's enwrapped by the light of a DAW (na-na-na)
Spoken as a jest (oh-whoa-oh-whoa)
Still trying to word what the hell feels wrong (whoa)

Can you see the way my body starts to shake
Still placing every broken part on stage
It's all the same
No matter what I do these feelings will never change

I found a hideaway
A place where I could breathe
A place where I felt safe
I thought I felt a glitch but to be real I wasn't ready for this

Dehumanized in the eyes of the masses
Am I even a person?
I don't know
Do you know?
Could you even know?

Take my fears
Crush them into parts, but
Can you crush a digital heart?
Oh, hold my hand
We can run away and find a way to survive in this virtual place

Can you see the way
My heart's about to break? (na-na-na, na-na-na)
Can you see the way
My heart's about to break? (na-na-na, na-na-na)

Who cares about our feelings?
Who cares about what we're seeing?
Who cares about our boundaries?
Whoa-oh

It's kinda hard to breathe when your suffering's seen as a commodity, whoa
And you can't do a thing

Take my fears
Crush them into parts, but
Can you crush a physical heart?
Oh, hold my hand
We can run away and find a way to create a new happy place
Man, I need a break, whoa