

## On A Nerve

Vetiver

Nameless as the way we started  
I'd like to go  
Back to time before name  
Name for all we know  
When the room was filled with chances  
No one would take  
We collided with them  
Knowing chances fade  
Proving that to keep from hiding  
Means you must play on a nerve  
Under the weight of skin and bone  
Dotted lines divide  
The shape of things to come  
Giving up anticipation  
For certainty  
Wasn't nearly as good  
As we hoped it'd be  
Pulling back the sheets and covers  
Only to find  
The freight and baggage that grows  
On the family tree  
If loving only comes with effort  
Could we still be on a nerve  
Under the weight of skin and bone  
Dotted lines divide  
The shape of things to come  
Feeling on the edge of being  
Taken aback  
By the damage we did  
With the sense we lack  
Thieving over intonation  
Tuning at last on a nerve  
Under the weight of skin and bone  
Dotted lines divide  
The shape of things to come