Easy

Voxtrot

Those seven months I spent rolling around on the floor
Just like a crippled bird I had my back through the door
Still I turned my nose up at the water and bread
Despite my greater love I was pretected and fed
But I am here, I am here in the center of myself
And do you still think about me?
Yes I am here, waging battle with this version of myself
I right my wrongs and think how things used to be, yes I do
Some kind of violent spring I have to cover my eyes
Water chokes the lense spitting up on the sky
Rain down in paragraph form
Too late and I don't know why
I put my legacy first
Oh what a reason to die
All the hours past, the body pressed to the wall
Hear you breath in, breath out sometimes nothing at all
Can you still hear me now
Oh there's no labor too small
Labor run through you, it's just response to a call
But I am here, I am here in the center of myself
And do you still think about me?
Yes I am here waging battle with this version of myself
I right my wrongs and think how things used to be, yes I do
A celebration coming up

I see the rising of dawn
Oh, the sun in the scratch of the mirror it starts to blind me
Coming up fast when did it start to go wrong?
I keep a picture of you on the mantle to remind me
of a time when life used to be so easy, so easy, and so small
I want to dance something caustic and real
Oh these days we trade the earth for the things that we feel

Healing hands never choosing to heal
All this time
The laws smashed I know you like breaking laws
Something you felt, something you've seen
We are embodied in between
But when you're lost in your right (?)
When you are selfish and mean
You are the ugliest person that I have ever seen
And I hate you, I hate you, yes I really do
But I am here, I am here in the center of myself
And do you still think about me?
Yes I am here, waging battle with this version of myself
I right my wrongs and think how things used to be
I am here, I am here in the center of myself
And do you still think about me?
Yes I am here waging battle with this version of myself

I bite my tongue and think how things used to be
so easy

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