

Swing Me

Whirr

I can go further
Tears are just water
Swimming alone till fingers prune
Shrugging these shoulders
Cry somewhere colder
Feels like I'm conditioned to lose

Moods
Swinging me blue
Upside down my way
Swinging me blue

I can go lower
Digging through folders
Remember things I hold onto
But I can't go slower
Though triggers grow older
They are still quick and cut deep too

And every time I think it through
The broken thoughts can't be explained
Treading water
Can't be saved
Keep asking the questions
While you're still awake
Keep making suggestions
On how to feel nothing