

Witness

"Holden Caulfield"

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Witness:

(Excuse me, have you...)

Got a house of cards that they're forcing you to fold
While you're traveling the labyrinth you built inside your
skull?

Call me Holden Caulfield, leave me in the sandbox
Trap me in the moment when our fingers first land
locked

My friends are worried that I've buried my potential
Like I'm on my way to thirty at the mercy of a pencil
Ever get the feeling that this island stays afloat
Because it knows it's gonna sink without the buoyancy
of hope?

Too many tend to marinate in safe harbors
Their only contribution is another grave marker
The imminence of night only makes the day harder
Never wore the mask of a self-made martyr
Aggravated that it never rains anymore
Because I need a little wind to face this weather vane
north

You know?

Tortured souls, of course I'm cold

I was born in the house of cards I was forced to fold

Good foot forward, second next, baby steps

Open hand, take it, cause I haven't tied the laces yet

Unsung:

Songs sung in high notes

All left to sign

Contracts written in bass

To replace your lifeline

People tend to go their different ways

When they break up

Or run like mascara in their DNA makeup

Close call

I almost believed it

But leapt before the myths like a runaway phoenix

I burst towards the city

Left in blinding sunlight to find
That it's all designed
With the help of an upper hand
Sketches in it's notebook
I will write my own songs and focus on your sad looks
Pause a moment
I want to taste the grittiness
No bright ideas cause I've been stripped of filament
It's all head first on a steam ship
Blue waters press upon the viewers
Seeming scenic
I'm giving ten to one odds
That somebody resists
But the odds are now doubled
Cause nobody exists

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