

## **The Boy Least Likely To "The Battle Of The Boy Least Likely To"**

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Warm milk and honey  
Sweeten my teeth.  
From little acorns you..  
You quietly made me..  
Made me into me.

Paper thin skin stretched  
Over my bones.  
From shells and pebbles you..  
You quietly made me..?  
Made me a home.

But I can't get used  
To being alone.  
And I won't get used  
To being alone.

Under a full moon,  
Hopelessly trying to  
Retrace our footsteps in the snow.  
I don't know when to hang on  
And when to let go.

Foxes in boxes,  
And butterfly blues.  
From little acorns you..  
You quietly made me..  
Made me into you.

Holding it under  
My tounge 'til it stings.  
From all of my demons  
You quietly saved me  
Again and again.

But now I feel  
And surface again.  
Yes, I can feel  
And surface again.

From little bubbles,  
Little air bubbles,

Little embolysms grow.  
I don't know to hang on.  
Everything I feel feels wrong.  
I don't know when to hang on  
And when to let go.

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