

Jason Morant

"Unfold"

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Hands in line
Arms close to my side
I'm fighting tides of an ocean's undertow
And I figure I might not make it
And I'm taking empty
But seldom keeping
And the words retreat breathing histories into stories
untold
And I unfold.

My hands are high
And I'm holding out, holding up
Because I figure that I just might make it
And I'm waking empty but seldom sleeping
And the words repeat breathing histories into stories
untold
And I unfold.

Quality is what you see now in the corner of your eye.
Don't be surprised if you hear the bells ring
They form from the sky and they sound bong, bong,
bong
And I'm holding up because I figure that I just make it.

And I'm waking empty but seldom sleeping
And the words repeat breathing histories into stories
untold
And I unfold.

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