

La Dispute

"A Poem"

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â€”Third time writing you a letter, getting darker. I'm
getting worse
And worse. â€”â€”I had a reason for the writing, but
trying to
Exorcise my demons didn't work. To try to rid me of the
worry and to purge
You out of wonder for the future and the hurt. I wrote a
poem:
â€”â€”I'm increasingly aware I've been painting things
in gray,
â€”I'm increasingly alarmed by the pain, â€”I'm
increasingly alive
To every cloud up in the sky, â€”I'm increasingly afraid
it's going to
Rain. â€”â€”See, lately I've hated me for over-playing
pain. For
Always pointing fingers out at everyone but Who in fact
is guilty and for
Picking at my scabs like they could never break but
they can and They will
And I'll spill like a leak in the basement, a drunk in the
night choir,
Just slur all those Words to make deadbeat that sweet
old refrain,
Self-inflicting my pain and therein lies the real Shame: I
heard when they
Were picking through the rubble finding limbs, they
sang hymns, but Now
What of what I sing? â€”â€”The worry, the wonder, the
shortness of
Days, â€”The replacement for purpose, â€”The things
swept away by
â€”The worry, the wonder, my slightness of frame,
â€”The
Replacements for feeling, â€”The casual lay. And
â€”The worst of
The wildlife wears clothes and can pray andâ€”The
worry, the wonder,
For three meals a day. â€”Only death unimpeded, not
slowing it's pace,
â€”Brings that petty, old worry and wonder away.

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