

Mockingbird Wish Me Luck "Survival And Defeat"

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This winter grows in me.
I've rejected almost everything.
The cold reminds me that every year
I'll lose the tracks I've learned to walk in,
I'll lose some friends.
We're not defending, we're still broken

Sound saved the kids, where are they now?
The dull hum from the throat of this small town.
Brave this static my bones will rattling.
We hide behind these blackened eyes
And write scars to never mention.
Stand these promises, our hands still shaking.

Mouths keep running like a marathon.
I still love letting myself down.

These words will bury me
In this cold, defeated trembling.
If we're not rebuilding
Then we'll never have anything
And the wolves aren't hungry for me.

So long, my holiday.
Our lives aren't what they used to be.

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