

## **No Service Project "Return To Paper"**

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Frayed edges

The story's been chased by margin for far too long

With every metaphor you find

You know fin is finally finalizing the way you want

And you're cut if you slip

The blood and the pain make it all seem legit

And it's almost as if

Well it's almost as if you lived it

Tell me tell me can it not be so?

Finish who you are and then return to paper

It's lived quick but written slow

So I return to paper

Tell me tell me can it not be so?

Finish who you are and then return to paper

It's lived quick but written so slow

Bury my name in paste

If it makes you feel like the page won't go to waste

And you're left with a vacant space

And you know your point can't wait to scrape away

No need to illustrate

You're eyes grew tired with every day's changing fate

And it's almost as if we read too late

Tell me tell me can it not be so?

Finish who you are and then return to paper

It's lived quick but written slow

So I return to paper

Tell me tell me can it not be so?

Finish who you are and then return to paper

It's lived quick but written so slow

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