

After The Sirens "For Aegis"

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I thought of writing you a song
In a tired repetition
Of the words I meant to sing you all along
But never did.

I have some great appreciation
For lunar tides and roses
And my heart always intends to beat for you
But rarely does.

Well, here are fingers
That have reached for
Anything they've wanted;
How often have they broken in the door?

And here are wings that I unfolded
At the bottom of an ocean
And wondered how I never left the floor.

I always gravitate toward comfort
But I'd kill for my convictions
So long as you don't ever make me move.
You always do.

I guess I'm sick of building bridges
Over six inches of water
So when I can barely breathe for me,
Will you?

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