

The Mayfield Four

"Shuddershell"

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To me you are the warmest season
You have always been the brightest Sun
These cliches will not be spoken
I'd choke on my lead tongue

So self-aware it's a burden
Forever crippled by the tendency
Please evict me from this shuddershell
So I can speak

This is so frustrating
I don't know what I'm saying
This loss for words seems to burrow deeper everyday
I'm so misunderstood
Cannot relay the good That's stranded deep inside
'Cause next to you... I'm at a loss for words

Don't confuse this for confession
Or as a plea for sympathy
It's just a window to soul bound
By all my insecurity

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