

## **Weaver At The Loom "You Can't Escape Them"**

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Call me a coward, it's so fitting.  
I flee from open doors. They are  
Creaking, cracking open, and I  
Will never escape them all. I  
Will proceed in fear. For what is  
Yet to come, I don't know, but  
I'll carry on. I'll carry on. I'm farther and farther from all  
That I once held. Call me a  
Coward, it's so fitting. I flee  
From open doors. They are  
Creaking, cracking open, and there  
Is no way I'll ever escape them  
All. I've tried so hard to  
Conspire against the ever present  
Threat time has on me. It is threatening what I call  
home. I  
Hold tighter and tighter but I  
Know I've never been that strong.  
Call me a coward it's so fitting.  
I flee from open doors. They are  
Creaking, cracking open, and there  
Is no way I'll ever escape them  
All. I said I would sail the  
Roughest of seas to find some  
Peace, but I'm backing out again. Cuz I want my oceans  
in a spoon where they're short and shallow; something  
that I can swallow

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