

The Embassy

"Midnight Fistfights"

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its been raining here for weeks
i don't know where i've been
out holding onto kites in the electric storm
but before the rain
hits my window pane
you'll be born again
but it's all the same

i'm not better until this gets settled
at the end of my rope
and i'm starting to choke
i'm not complaining but it won't stop raining
and these midnight fistfights
are getting old

the words, they slip into my ear
the meter and the cadence
a spoken baptism, i wonder how much i can take
sea of lies
up to my eyes
and i might drown
but i won't hold you down

i'm not better until this gets settled
at the end of my rope
and i'm starting to choke
i'm not complaining but it won't stop raining
and these midnight fistfights
are getting old

all hands on deck
we can't stop the shipwreck
but we won't leave her fading
like a failing mistress
sea of distress
x-marked SOS
but we'll fight through this
we'll live through this...

i'm not better until this gets settled
at the end of my rope

and i'm starting to choke
i'm not complaining but it won't stop raining
and these midnight fistfights
are getting old

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