

Artifex Pereo "Liable For Tragedy"

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We baited hooks with subtle reward in mind.
Little mattered then, still, little matters now.
The plans we made were designed to perpetuate
through snakes of life.
We left too much faith in the pieces to fall into place
while we spent the meantime carving our own ways.
Little choice we had then. Nothing but choices to make
now.

If I'm anything like you, before we can decide another
day has passed,
Hand over hand.
And if you're anything like me, we're trying to catch up
to fleeting frames,
Headlong into sand.

It's just like us to wait until we're full of what we need to
say,
Now we're floating off to where we thought we'd never
be.
Your kid's strings are stretching weak.
This distance is unraveling.
Please, still see, that happiness is there for you to
reach.
You left it where it waits for you to climb.
How endowed we are to be alive.

Let their songs sing you home.
The heartstrings hooked in your throat will land you
right where you were always supposed to be,
transcending pity held for you or me.
We will always want, they're the ones that need.

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