

Pianos Become The Teeth

"Idiosyncrasies"

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I am a bird afraid of heights, I am afraid of everything
And for the first time in my life, I can't be alone
Through seasons you learn to weather
Small pewter statues as reminders
Of who we should have been
Cold and stoic we will stand
To face our trials and fail
Oh the pain of constantly wishing to be someone,
anyone else
You were lost at sea, but a stones throw away and the
shore told me not to remember
I've cut my sails
I am here, you are here, there is a haunting here
What would it take
To forget about this
Don't ask if you can't accept, narrow or broad, just
don't ask
I could never accuse you of this fantastic pursuit
Through fields and woods
We must tread softly
My breath, my flesh, my unicorn

Always slipping through my fingers
I'll accept this chase
As the closest this tired body
Will ever get to what it is that people get to
Take your pictures, take your pictures, plant your seeds
But you will never explain a color in words
I let happen what would and lost my catch that moment
Had to stay out of sight, I've cut my ties

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