

Troubled Coast

"Patient Hands"

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I want to know where the summer ends
September came with oceans between words and sleep
September she'd it's skin of still hush, patient hands
Young men Edmonton bound with young wives
Edmonton bound
Head pressed against her chest
Bottles grow in the dirt and rest between your ribs
Still I toss and turn at night in a winter bed
While dreamcatchers spun in twine spin above my bed
You've been writing out the past couple hundred years
for the middle class
About the god you found beneath your sheets
How she never could hold her drink
I won't write a thing for you

And now I see you in the places I don't believe exist
And can not face yet, can't accept
It's something like the cold, uncatching words
We use to read to one another

October came in dingy scarfs, black shades
Gloves under beds with boyhood dreams
A razor blade drug in unsure lines after missing mass
again and feeling
Fine
A rising fear of the afterlife
A growing knot in my spine from slouching towards
recluse
Keep me awake at night
Do you hear a still, small voice or catching nothingness
When you pray for [?]
Head clasped between my knees
The night before is pushing through my throat and
down onto the floor
While you're somewhere in between the warmth and
frigid depth of his mind
And heart
November came and I never woke
Let me clarify, I tried to wake
But voices in my head said stay asleep. Do you hear
them too?

And now I see you in the places I don't believe exist
And can not face yet, can't accept
It's something like the cold, uncatching words
We use to read to one another

We jumped a fence only to find that home wasn't close
at all
Our bodies became space-lost-ships like cosmonauts
drunk and alone
From here it seems we're doing fine
From here it seems we're never coming home again
I'll be there when you break and when you're crumbling
When you crack, fall apart, don't tell me you're okay
Don't tell me you're okay

And now I see you in the places I don't believe exist
As the winter Earth spins on it's side
Hands under gloves cupped under heavy eyes
It's something like the cold, uncatching words
We use to read to one another
December came without snow and the acute absence
of me and you

And now I see you, now I understand
December became disingenuous the day you were
born

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