

Untitled

Fallen angels clinging to the surface
Without a glance underneath
Has it been too long since you've felt the real thing?
Cause so far you've been content standing by its shadow.
Feeling every crack to be sure of your step
As if you are anywhere worth standing
Forward motion, the illusion of progress
Running into rooms of painted light until you can't feel the down.
I left my place to find you
Don't you think I know who you are?
Did you realize the value of your trade?
I miss the times you used to stop and stare.
And filled your days sitting next to me
But I can still find you with the lights off
Returning to those familiar places
Going through the motions has made you forget who you are
But I'll make sure you never forget who
I am