Bright Spots

Lifted through a hole in the sky
This was never my life
Deadhead into the wild
Putting the obvious aside
Closing every chance of escape
How I got this way
I’m never touching that day
They come in every shape and size
It sings
The chorus of another meaning
It’s happening
Far from our everything

Like meteors passing us by
Words made up to make up minds
This was never my fight
I’m afraid of highs
I was trapped inside a silicone skin
Far from everything
You’re floating on the shit I swam in
A hand of a human being
Where have you been?
My chorus of another meaning
We’re happening
I know that you’re my everything

I can’t see us coming down
Ever since we left the ground