

I'm showing you all the pieces I'm willing to carry

Inside there is another inside

that I'm trying to get to

It's like

I'm always drawn to the

stone in the corner

There she is my little task

I'm built for this, God made it so

There was once a story about lovers

It was supposed to teach the world

about softness

We were never them and

it isn't about us

You are on the outside watching me

I promise myself each time

will be the last time

You laugh your laugh when I get

to the bottom

Stone

after

stone

after

stone