

513-1000
Trenches

Wildlight speaks of a trench of tears, offered open, offered open
Wisdom behold, yet we are told to be closed, to stay closed
No one wants to tarry with our sorrows, with our sadness
Lest their own falling down be exposed, be exposed

We're very good at speaking strong, of speaking strong
Telling the world that our open hearts are what defines our deeds
But find a fellow who can live inside that trench with patient pain
Rare indeed our sister who feels safe if she expressed those needs

The trench
We think it's the tears
The trench
We say it's the fears
But it's not, it's not
The hell we create
When stoic we say we feel great
Always happy and then it's all too late
The trench is not the pain, it's the pretending
The trench honest emotions ending
And we're descending
Not in pain, but with a plastic smile painted onto our face
For we are loathe to so to those places
That no one wants to hear or see
The trench is when we cannot simply be

Wildlight sings of a trench of tears, offered open so we can breath
Gasping we hold on to falsehood when we deceive, when we deceive
But nature's true and living open we will wash clean of that stench
And weeping for the things we've lost climb up and peer beyond the trench