

Converge, Jane Doe

These floods of you are unforgiving
Pushing passed me spilling through the banks
And I fall
Faster than light and faster than time
That's how memory works
At least in the dark where I'm searching for meaning
When I'm just searching for something
I want out
Out of every awkward day
Out of every tongue tied loss
I want out
Out of the burdening nightsweats
Out of the rising seas of blood
Lost in you like saturday nights
Searching the streets with bedroom eyes
Just dying to be saved
Run on girl, run on