

# The Story So Far, Quicksand

If I hold on much longer I might break my hands  
I must respect the space you have but you tread in my lands  
And all things aside I know we both know where we stand I'm stuck here  
And you're there and that's it let it go

This quicksand it pulls me under  
It pulls me underneath her  
And I'm learning how to live with my unintended consequences  
While you're busy jumping fences  
Afraid to stay in one spot for too long

Biting the bait  
Pulling me down  
Telling myself to rebuild and rebound  
Yet always hoping to see you around  
Cause that's my idea of safe and sound  
But I'd rather gamble lose all and face death  
than fucking rot here exhausted from this waste of breath  
I always waste my breath

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It pulls me underneath her  
And I'm learning how to live with my unintended consequences  
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I'm trying hard  
Real hard  
Everyday not to lose my temper