

Butterflies - Keeley Curtis-Verdeja

The butterflies turned to moths, the moths turned to dust in my lungs
And as I drowned in the cakey material, I couldn't quite scream
An endless cycle, as consistent as a metronome to a drum

I'm tired, I'm exhausted, unable to keep up with the sound of my own hums
And as the caterpillars planted their homes in my veins, in such a dream
The butterflies turned to moths, the moths turned to dust in my lungs

I know deep down there's something else aching for more, aching for love
But to find the motivation even just to move is as out of reach as it seems
An endless cycle, as consistent as a metronome to a drum

I've been here before, though it was many years ago, back when I was young
Nowadays I can't handle it the same, in my nights I can barely breathe
The butterflies turned to moths, the moths turned to dust in my lungs

I'm burying myself alive, I'm locking the bruised, wooden coffin shut
That way my family won't have to see me as I continue to bleed
An endless cycle, as consistent as a metronome to a drum

I'm particularly doing well, but suffering is something that I've already done
I'll let the dust coat my lungs if it means in the end, the dust will leave me
The butterflies turned to moths, the moths turned to dust in my lungs
An endless cycle, as consistent as a metronome to a drum