Exhale

I watched them build their haunted halls
And fill them full with phantom cries
Then bolt the doors and blame the walls
For shadows born behind their eyes

They wear their chains like sacred vows
Smoke and air, yet drag them still
They'd crumble if they'd just let go
But clutch like dying is a skill

And the water — the water never rises
(It pools beneath their knees)
They hold their breath and call it crisis
(In depths that barely freeze)

They drown in shallow water
They summon their own rain
(Their own rain)
They crown themselves the martyr
Then curse the world for pain

I floated here to study sorrow
From somewhere safe below
But something in their borrowed hollow
Started feeling home

And the water — the water looks familiar
(It pools beneath my knees)
I held my breath and called it living
(In depths that barely freeze)

You drown in shallow water
You summon your own rain
(Your own rain)
You crown yourself the martyr
Then curse the world for pain

I came to watch the ones who suffer
I stayed to find out why
I built a haunted house to study haunted houses
And became the ghost inside

We stood in shallow water
We summoned our own rain
(Our own rain)
We crowned ourselves the martyr
Then realized we can exhale

What if the deep was never deep?
(It was never deep)
What if the locked was never locked?
What if the ghost you fear the most
(Ghost you fear the most)
Was just a thought you chose to host?