

Tilly And The Wall, The Freest Man

this boy i know, he has a heart of glass
it is gold inside but it has crystalized
it is beautiful but in it's tragedy
it is hard to hold without shattering
he calls himself at night, in soft overchords

keeps coming back to it his voice in echo chords
till the sound's so thick it turns the sky to smoke
and the greyest days the predictions told
but this boy I know, he is pure of soul
just get's lost sometimes in his chemicals
under a coat of night, it's oh-so-comforting
and that first breaking light becomes his enemy

he calls so late tonight, it is 4 a.m.
he is drunk, he can't find his apartment
I don't like how it feels when i think of him
all hooded in black, lost and stumbling
the days start to fade out of the frame
like their blurring into to someone else's name
you try your hardest to rewind the tapes
but you're prepared everyday
to make the same mistakes
step out of that life
it's nowhere near your time
just remember you called it all bullshit
well, it is and if you stop giving into it
you can walk away the freest man

this boy i know lives in a bell jar
it is balancing up on it's pedestal
he tries not to upset the weight of conscience
afraid it's so far to fall if no one catches him
but I've been there too, and I swear to god
if I can help you, please, you've got to tell me how
I know you've been away, and it can break you down
and I don't want you gone

all the cracks you see can be repaired
and if you start to fall, we will be there
don't drown yourself in all your old regrets
because that heavyness will steal away your breath
step out of that life
it's nowhere near your time
and don't forget that you called it all bullshit
well it still is and if you stop giving into it
you will walk away the freest man
shake your head
loosen that grip
raise up your fist
you are the freest man
open your mouth
scream it out loud
forget all your doubts
you are the freest man