

i don't want to be here *Anymore...*

what's the point? condition is poor

we've done it before...

we're here now! so what was it for?

come on, don't be a bore—

but we're here together; i don't need *any more*—

at rock bottom—on the floor!

what if we don't find what we're looking for?

you and i both know there has to be more;

what if it causes more hurt to explore?

you don't know what could be in store.

together like before?

but this has to be different, should we go there or—

do we swim ashore?
somewhere? is there a door?

up there; i'm sure!

Where?

the stairs,
we can do this, don't be scared—

i am. but to let you leave without me?—i wouldn't dare
so here we wait beneath the stairs
shouldn't it be here somewhere...

choosing does nothing—i never said this would be fair

i've fallen so many times—trust that i'm aware;
it's just that the ache is still there.

but it will always be the ache we share...
until we can get past these stairs—

it might be more than i can bear

remember, we do this as a pair;
do you feel it—the lightness in the air?

let me go back down! i don't care—

at the top a good night's sleep isn't rare
and there's mornings you want to share,
a genuine smile and washed hair!
we're so close, just climb a few more stairs—

i want to—but looking back is a vice i could never forbear
i don't see how i could awake from this nightmare?
it hurts i hold you back, it's better if i stay where
i can't hurt you—i'm numb to the cold down there!

if you stay at rock bottom, you will rot and impair
wondering why you didn't try to climb these stairs!
that light ahead of us is warmer than you remember, i swear,
a shallow breath means nothing compared
to the surging safety of that gentle air.

what if there is no repair...
what if i lose sight in the hopeful glare?
what if we're not prepared?
i don't want to grow up, i want to stay down there!

the only one who can make you get better is *You*!
i'm scared—i'm not ready for what we have to go through!
but we need a need different point of view,
we aren't kids *anymore*, the world is moving on—we have to pursue,

i know what i have to do,
and I'm still terrified; but if that view
you promise, could actually undo
the scars—and the hurt ; i will follow you—

the scars won't fade, but the steps left are few,
your misery could though, if all you do
is look up, imagine what's in front of you,
climb towards the dazzling light—the yellow orange hue!
one step at a time, then you're at the top—i'm right behind you

i'm tired of being tired, split in two;
if we could get out—repair—start new,
if i let a small hope rush in my nerves and sinew,
smell the serenity in the early morning dew!
and if i see our brighter days shining in the far view,
could i hear a faint laughter—that means something, that's true,

look ahead! keep pushing through,
the light of the tunnel is so close to you!

oh, we still have so much to do!
it's the treasure at the end of a map, cruel gods drew!
when we were too young to be torn in two,
dark corners lended a hand, but spread like the flu;
we got rid of a shadow! Who knew?

i knew! i am so very proud of you!
you aren't destined to jail, or death in a ditch, or failure by those who
couldn't understand the darkness rock bottom put us through—

i can feel it! the heights we are destined to,
we're fighting to prove, we have nothing to prove!
i'm close to the top! coming into
the shimmering gate, and all of a sudden my shoe—
is stuck to the ground like hardened glue.
everything we waited for is in front of me and sure, it's a pretty view,
but it's still sad...it's the end of the story and there's no book two.
i don't feel older, i still think i'm that kid whose hate accrued,

i don't feel big yet, i just feel small—naive too,
even if i didn't notice; as i climbed, i grew,
now i don't know what to do

prove them untrue...
make me proud with everything you will do!

we could have peace, settle down somewhere too,
a white picket fence—a vintage house with a nice view,
as i inhale the salt of a matching serene sea-blue;
the future is hurdling toward us; making its big debut,
the days we never forget, the ones we look forward to
oh, i'd still be in that freezer burnt hell without you!

but you're not stuck in that hole, *Anymore*,
so embrace the safety it pours
out from the foamy aqua shore,
to your sewn together core!
yes you fell, and broke and tore,
but this is what it was for.
you don't have to sign up for a war
to have a chance of surviving nor,
sell yourself out to sleep behind a closed door!

i can't believe we made it—it doesn't *hurtanymore*!
oh, we made it, the battle is won and so is the war!
the peak is here...and soon it will pour...
But—I know if I turn...you won't be here *anymore*
Right? You're still at the bottom—in the pit...you swore?
I've reached the top, but I need you more!

you're grown up now...you don't need me *anymore*—

you got yourself to the top, so go explore!
take it one step at a time...soak in the pour
for the both of us—for me, take in the glowing restore.
soon all things cruel and evil will stain the sandy shore,
but wash away in time, leaving the cold and bittersweet floor;
there's some good left in this world and it's worth fighting for

‘cause we deserve it, don’t we—and to me, no one but you deserves it more

If you aren’t up here with me, what was it for?

i get the pleasure of seeing you soar!

you can do this part alone—i watched you climb up there

and i am so glad i get to watch you leave, because i love you,

rock bottom is the best view of the peak, so i’ll be here, on the floor—

i don’t want

than to be right

i can see

till i can't

Any more

Where

You

Anymore.