**The Weight**

There are bags that need unpacking

There are things I need to let go

It is quite time to lighten the load

Yes, there are bags that need unpacking

Lines to be un-blurred

Because heavier than any galaxy

Is the weight of stories heard

CHORUS 1

And it’s not that,

That’s not fully true.

It’s the weight of believing them

That cripples and burdens you.

And it’s not that,

That’s not fully true.

It’s the weight of believing them

That cripples and burdens you.

The stories I refer to are the

Mortar between the bricks

The facts are the facts that stack

But what makes them stick?

A child’s mind reasons life’s whys and how’s alone

Blaming herself, shaming herself become

Pockets full of stones.

CHORUS 2:

And it’s just that.

That’s more true:

The weight of believing them

Is what Burdens and cripples you.

And it’s just that.

It’s what’s more true:

The weight of believing them

Is what cripples and drowns you.

She gets older, yet it may take years and decades to see

She can empty her pockets and

Choose to be free.

No, it’s not that easy, because

shame burns so deeply

The fire of this scarlet letter won’t

Let me sleep, won’t let me sleep!

CHORUS 1

And it’s just that,

That’s what true.

It’s the weight of believing them

That cripples and breaks you.

And it’s just that,

That’s more true.

It’s the weight of believing them

Is what cripples and burdens you.

There are bags that need unpacking

Things I need to let go.

Now is the time to lighten the load.

Lighten the load, lighten the load.

If letting go means simply letting it be,

Then I put down any burden and feel myself free.

Sleepless eyes wide open to all I have been

Soft palms wide open, I inhabit my own skin.

CHORUS 3

I am older now, a new young crone.

I unblur the lines and I choose

What is my own.

I am older now, a new young crone.

I unblur the lines and I choose

What is my own.