

BACKWOODLER



THE WEIGHT OF MAYBE

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A STORY OF A BOY WHO FINDS A MYSTERIOUS STONE AND SPENDS HIS LIFE CARRYING IT,
NEVER KNOWING WHAT IT IS, BUT NEVER LETTING IT GO.
A QUIET REFLECTION ON BELIEF, UNCERTAINTY, AND MEANING WITHOUT PROOF.

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BACKWOODLER

01 THE JOURNEY

BEFORE THERE WAS LIFE ON EARTH
BEFORE THE OCEANS FORMED AND THE MOUNTAINS ROSE
A FRAGMENT OF STONE DRIFTED THROUGH THE VOID
BORN FROM THE FIRE OF A DYING STAR
IT WAS CAST OUT INTO THE DARK
A SINGLE EMBER WANDERING BETWEEN THE STARS

FOR BILLIONS OF YEARS, IT TRAVELED ALONE
IT PASSED FROZEN MOONS AND BURNING SUNS
IT WATCHED GALAXIES SPIRAL AND FADE
IT CROSSED CLOUDS OF DUST WHERE NEW WORLDS WERE BEING BORN
SOMETIMES IT WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO FEEL WARMTH
SOMETIMES IT VANISHED INTO THE COLD SHADOWS AGAIN
TIME MEANT NOTHING
THERE WAS ONLY THE ENDLESS DRIFT

UNTIL ONE DAY, IT WAS PULLED TOWARD A SMALL BLUE PLANET
THE SKIES OF A YOUNG EARTH OPENED
AND THE STONE CAME BURNING THROUGH
A BRIEF LIGHT, A BREATH OF THE UNIVERSE
BEFORE IT STRUCK THE GROUND AND FELL SILENT ONCE MORE
FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS, IT SLEPT BENEATH THE SURFACE
BURIED UNDER RAIN AND DUST AND TIME ITSELF

THEN ONE AFTERNOON
A BOY WALKING THROUGH THE FOREST NOTICED A GLIMMER IN THE DIRT
HE REACHED DOWN, BRUSHED THE SOIL AWAY
AND HELD IT IN HIS HAND
HE TURNED IT OVER, FELT ITS WEIGHT, ITS WARMTH FROM THE SUN

HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS
MAYBE IT WAS JUST A STONE
SOMETHING ORDINARY, FORGOTTEN
LIKE MILLIONS OF OTHERS SCATTERED ACROSS THE EARTH
OR MAYBE
IT HAD CROSSED THE DARK FOR A BILLION YEARS
CARRYING THE MEMORY OF STARS
HE COULDN'T TELL

BUT FOR A MOMENT
THE UNIVERSE FIT IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND

02 THE FOREST

I WASN'T SEARCHING, HAD NO GOAL
JUST WALKED BENEATH THE TREES ALONE
THE SILENCE WRAPPED AROUND MY SOUL
THE WOODS BECAME A WORLD UNKNOWN

AND THERE IT LAY, A SHADOWED STONE
HALF-SUNK IN MOSS, A WORLD ITS OWN
NO LIGHT, NO GLOW, NO SILVER TRACE
BUT STILL, IT HELD A KIND OF GRACE

I HELD IT CLOSE, IT DIDN'T SHINE
BUT SOMETHING WHISPERED: "THIS IS MINE"

MAYBE IT FELL FROM STARS ABOVE
OR MAYBE IT'S JUST EARTH AND DUST
BUT IN THAT QUIET, I FELT LOVE
AND IN THAT MOMENT, I COULD TRUST

I TOLD NO ONE, I MADE NO SOUND
I KEPT IT HIDDEN, SAFE AND BOUND
THEY'D TEST IT, BREAK IT, TELL ME "NO"
BUT I PREFERRED TO NEVER KNOW

IT GAVE ME HOPE, IT MADE ME DREAM
AND NOTHING ELSE WAS SO EXTREME

MAYBE IT FELL FROM STARS ABOVE
OR MAYBE IT'S JUST EARTH AND DUST
BUT IN THAT QUIET, I FELT LOVE
AND IN THAT MOMENT, I COULD TRUST

SOME TRUTHS ARE BEST WHEN LEFT UNKNOWN
SOME FIRES BURN IN THOUGHT ALONE

MAYBE IT'S REAL, OR MAYBE NOT
BUT STILL IT HOLDS THE FAITH I'VE GOT
IT NEVER SPOKE, IT MADE NO SOUND
BUT IT'S THE WORLD THAT I HAVE FOUND



03 THE STONE

I GAVE IT NAME THOUGH NONE WAS DUE
IT FELT LIKE MORE THAN EARTH COULD DO
NO VOICE, NO HEAT, NO HIDDEN GLOW
BUT STILL IT TOLD ME WHAT I KNOW

NO VOICE WAS HEARD, NO MESSAGE BOUND
BUT IN ITS SILENCE, TRUTH WAS FOUND
NO PROOF, NO CLAIM, NO NEED TO SHOW
BUT STILL, I NEVER LET IT GO

I WRAPPED IT SOFT, I KEPT IT NEAR
THROUGH CHANGING DAYS AND SHIFTING YEARS
NOT AS A PRIZE OR CLAIM TO FAME
BUT SOMETHING REAL I COULDN'T NAME

NO VOICE WAS HEARD, NO MESSAGE BOUND
BUT IN ITS SILENCE, TRUTH WAS FOUND
IT HAD NO LIGHT, IT HAD NO FLAME
BUT STILL I CALLED IT ALL THE SAME

NO TEST, NO SCAN, NO EXPERT MIND
COULD TELL ME MORE THAN WHAT I'D FIND
JUST HOLDING IT, I SAW THE SKIES
AND SOMETHING TIMELESS IN DISGUISE

NO VOICE WAS HEARD, NO MESSAGE BOUND
BUT I STILL FEEL IT ALL AROUND
A WEIGHT, A THOUGHT, A VOICE UNKNOWN
I NAMED IT ONCE — AND NOW IT'S HOME



04 THE LIE I NEEDED

I KNEW IT MIGHT BE JUST A STONE
A LIFELESS THING, A SHAPE ALONE
NO SIGNAL SENT, NO HIDDEN CORE
NO PURPOSE WAITING TO RESTORE

BUT I WAS SMALL, AND NEEDED MORE
A TALE TO HOLD, A THREAD, A DOOR

SO I BELIEVED, THOUGH TRUTH WAS THIN
I BUILT A WORLD TO KEEP IT IN
IT HELD NO FACT, NO COSMIC KEY
BUT IT WAS WHAT I NEEDED IT TO BE

THEY'D BREAK IT DOWN, THEY'D RUN THEIR TESTS
THEY'D STRIP THE SOUL FROM WHAT IT RESTS
AND CALL IT DUST, A COMMON PIECE
ANOTHER DREAM THEY'D HELP TO CEASE

BUT I REFUSED TO LET THEM SEE
WHAT IT BECAME INSIDE OF ME

SO I BELIEVED, THOUGH PROOF WAS NONE
I LET IT BURN LIKE BORROWED SUN
NO SCIENCE, CHART, OR HISTORY
COULD TOUCH THE LIE THAT CARRIED ME

SOME S ARE LOUD, AND SOME ARE BLIND
BUT LIES CAN SHAPE THE LIFE WE FIND
NOT EVERY MYTH DESERVES TO DIE
NOT EVERY SKEPTIC KNOWS THE WHY

SO I BELIEVED, AND STILL I DO
NOT IN THE STONE—BUT WHAT IT DREW
IT WASN'T REAL, OR SO THEY SAY
BUT IT GAVE ME A PLACE TO STAY



05 THE SPARK OF MAYBE

A SINGLE THOUGHT, IT SLIPPED INSIDE
NO THUNDER, FLASH, OR VOICE TO GUIDE
NO PROOF TO CHASE, NO TEST TO RUN
JUST ONE SMALL SPARK, AND IT BEGUN

I NEVER SAW IT SHINE OR SPEAK
IT DIDN'T MOVE, IT WASN'T SLEEK
BUT SOMETHING IN IT PULLED ME NEAR
A QUIET HOPE, BEYOND THE FEAR

I DIDN'T NEED TO MAKE IT REAL
THE POWER WAS IN HOW IT FELT
NO MATTER WHAT THE WORLD WOULD SAY
THE SPARK WAS MINE, AND IT WOULD STAY

I NEVER CLAIMED I HAD THE PROOF
I ONLY HELD A QUIET TRUTH
NO ANSWERS WRITTEN, NONE TO CHASE
JUST ONE SMALL SPARK I CAN'T REPLACE

THE ONES WHO KNOW, THEY SPEAK IN FACTS
THEY MEASURE STARS AND LABEL CRACKS
BUT I WAS FINE WITH COULD BE TRUE
I DIDN'T NEED THE FINAL VIEW

IT WASN'T WEAK TO LIVE WITH DOUBT
IT KEPT THE FIRE FROM BURNING OUT
NOT KNOWING MADE IT BURN MORE BRIGHT
LIKE STARS THAT SHINE IN DEEPEST NIGHT

MAYBE IT'S NOTHING, MAYBE IT'S MORE
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT BELIEF IS FOR
NOT TO BE CERTAIN, NOT TO BE RIGHT
BUT JUST TO HOLD A LITTLE LIGHT

I NEVER CLAIMED I HAD THE PROOF
I ONLY HELD A QUIET TRUTH
NO ANSWERS WRITTEN, NONE TO CHASE
JUST ONE SMALL SPARK I CAN'T REPLACE

AND MAYBE THAT'S THE BETTER WAY
TO NEVER KNOW, AND STILL NOT STRAY



06 · TELESCOPE DREAMS

I READ THE STARS FROM SECOND-HAND
THROUGH PAGES I COULD BARELY STAND
THE DIAGRAMS, THE ENDLESS CHARTS
BUT SOMEHOW STILL, IT REACHED MY HEART

NO TELESCOPE UPON MY SHELF
JUST QUESTIONS ECHOING MYSELF
A SKY TOO VAST TO COMPREHEND
YET STILL, I CHASED IT TO THE END

I DIDN'T NEED THE PERFECT LENS
TO FEEL THE PULL THAT NEVER ENDS

I DREAMED OF PLANETS LOST IN FLIGHT
OF BURNING SUNS AND ENDLESS NIGHT
A DISTANT WORLD THAT NO ONE SEES
STILL SPINNING IN MY TELESCOPE DREAMS

I MAPPED THE STARS WITH BORROWED INK
AND DREW A MOON THAT COULDN'T SINK
I GAVE THEM NAMES NO ONE WOULD KNOW
A PRIVATE SKY, A SILENT SHOW

AND THOUGH THE FACTS WOULD SLIP AND FADE
THE WONDER NEVER WENT AWAY
I BUILT A UNIVERSE INSIDE
WHERE ARGON FELL AND STARS STILL DIED

NO ONE CAN OWN WHAT CAN'T BE SEEN
BUT STILL, I HELD TO WHAT MIGHT MEAN

I DREAMED OF PLANETS LOST IN FLIGHT
OF BURNING SUNS AND ENDLESS NIGHT
A DISTANT WORLD THAT NO ONE SEES
STILL SPINNING IN MY TELESCOPE DREAMS

SOME LOOK UP AND SEE JUST SPACE
A VACUUM COLD, A SILENT PLACE
BUT I SAW PATHS, AND SIGNS, AND LINES
A QUIET PROOF IN ANCIENT SIGNS

I DREAMED OF MORE THAN I WAS TOLD
OF STARS THAT BURN AND DUST THAT'S OLD
I NEVER REACHED THEM, NEVER WILL
BUT IN MY DREAMS, THEY'RE SPINNING STILL

07 FALLING THROUGH FIRE

NO WINGS, NO SHIELD, NO GUIDED PATH
JUST GRAVITY, AND AFTERMATH
A BLACKENED SHELL AGAINST THE FLAME
NO NAME, NO VOICE, AND YET—IT CAME

IT FELL THROUGH SKIES THAT TORE APART
A BURNING TRAIL, A BEATING HEART
THE AIR IGNITED ALL AROUND
BUT STILL, IT NEVER MADE A SOUND
THE HEAT WAS MORE THAN MOST COULD TAKE
THE PULL ENOUGH TO BEND OR BREAK
BUT THROUGH THE FIRE, THROUGH THE SPEED
IT KEPT ITS SHAPE, IT MET ITS NEED

NO ONE WATCHED IT FALL THAT DAY
NO ONE HEARD THE SKY GIVE WAY

FALLING THROUGH FIRE, BREAKING THE NIGHT
NO FINAL WARNING, NO GUIDING LIGHT
NOT MADE TO LAST, BUT IT ENDURED
THROUGH EVERY FORCE IT HAD TO CURE

A FLASH, A WEIGHT, THE WORLD STOOD STILL
IT STRUCK THE GROUND BEHIND THE HILL
NO CRATER MARKED THE PLACE IT FELL
JUST MOSS AND ROOT AND SILENT SPELL
IT DIDN'T ASK TO LEAVE THE SKY
IT DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW THE WHY
IT SIMPLY FELL, BECAUSE IT MUST
AND BURIED DEEP IN DIRT AND DUST

NO ONE CAME TO SEE IT LAND
NO RECORD KEPT, NO HELPING HAND

FALLING THROUGH FIRE, BREAKING THE NIGHT
NO FINAL WARNING, NO GUIDING LIGHT
NOT MADE TO LAST, BUT IT ENDURED
THROUGH EVERY FORCE IT HAD TO CURE

I SEE IT STILL IN DREAMS I KEEP
A FIRESTORM WITH THOUGHTS SO DEEP
NOT JUST A STONE, NOT JUST A FALL
BUT SOMETHING TRYING TO SURVIVE IT ALL

FALLING THROUGH FIRE, IT STAYED WHOLE
A PIECE OF SOMETHING DARK AND OLD
AND THOUGH IT CRASHED WITHOUT A NAME
IT REACHED THE EARTH—AND STAYED THE SAME



08 THE VOID

NO STARS, NO SOUND, NO FINAL LINE
JUST ENDLESS BLACK THAT ISN'T MINE
NO FLOOR, NO ROOF, NO MAP, NO END
JUST QUESTIONS I CAN'T COMPREHEND

I LOOKED FOR FORM AND FOUND NO SHAPE
NO RULE, NO EDGE, NO KNOWN ESCAPE
AND YET IT WASN'T COLD OR CRUEL
THE VOID OBEYS NO ONE'S RULE

I THOUGHT I'D FEAR THE SILENT SPACE
BUT SOMETHING MET ME FACE TO FACE

THE VOID WAS WIDE, AND I WAS SMALL
BUT STILL I DIDN'T FEAR THE FALL
IT HELD NO THREAT, IT MADE NO CLAIM
BUT WHISPERED SOFTLY JUST THE SAME

IT DIDN'T SHOUT, IT DIDN'T TEACH
IT STAYED FOREVER OUT OF REACH
AND STILL I LISTENED LIKE A CHILD
TO SOMETHING DARK AND UNDEFILED

NO WALLS TO PUSH, NO TRUTH TO CRACK
JUST EVERY ANSWER I STILL LACK
A SILENCE LOUD, BUT NEVER WRONG
WHERE NOTHING LIVES, BUT THOUGHTS BELONG

I THOUGHT THE DARK WOULD SWALLOW ME
BUT IT BECAME A KIND OF SEA

THE VOID WAS WIDE, AND I WAS SMALL
BUT STILL I DIDN'T FEAR THE FALL
IT HELD NO THREAT, IT MADE NO CLAIM
BUT WHISPERED SOFTLY JUST THE SAME

THE STARS ARE LOUD WITH FIRE AND BREATH
BUT SPACE IS HONEST—EVEN IN DEATH
NOT EVERY SILENCE WANTS TO END
SOME THINGS DON'T BREAK, THEY JUST SUSPEND

THE VOID WAS WIDE, AND I WAS THERE
NO LIGHT TO SEEK, NO WEIGHT TO BEAR
BUT IN THE SPACE WHERE ALL SEEMS GONE
I FELT, FOR ONCE, I STILL BELONG

09 THE VOICE THAT WASN'T THERE

IT NEVER WHISPERED IN THE NIGHT
NO HIDDEN CODE, NO GUIDING LIGHT
NO PROPHECY IN SHAPE OR SCAR
NO VOICE THAT TOLD ME WHAT THINGS ARE
BUT STILL I LISTENED, JUST IN CASE
I WATCHED ITS SILENCE TAKE UP SPACE
AND IN THAT HUSH, I SOMEHOW KNEW
IT WASN'T EMPTY—IT WAS TRUE

NO WORDS TO FORM, NO BREATH, NO SOUND
BUT SOMETHING THERE STILL PULLED ME DOWN

THE VOICE I HEARD WAS NEVER LOUD
IT WASN'T WRAPPED IN LIGHT OR CLOUD
BUT IN ITS STILLNESS, I COULD HEAR
THE THINGS I NEEDED MOST WERE NEAR

IT DIDN'T ECHO THROUGH THE AIR
BUT I COULD FEEL ITS QUIET STARE
NOT EYES, NOT MIND, NOT SOUL OR SKIN
BUT SOMETHING DEEP, THAT SPEAKS WITHIN
A THOUGHT, A WEIGHT, A PULSE, A NAME
NOT GIVEN—BUT I CALLED THE SAME
NOT SENT FROM STARS OR TIME OR FATE
BUT SOMEHOW STILL, IT BORE ITS WEIGHT

NO MESSAGE CARVED, NO ANSWER SENT
BUT IN THE SILENCE, SOMETHING MEANT

THE VOICE I HEARD WAS NEVER LOUD
IT WASN'T WRAPPED IN LIGHT OR CLOUD
BUT IN ITS STILLNESS, I COULD HEAR
THE THINGS I NEEDED MOST WERE NEAR

SOME THINGS DON'T SPEAK AND STILL THEY STAY
LIKE SHADOWS CAST ON WORDS WE SAY
NOT EVERY TRUTH COMES WRAPPED IN SOUND
SOME JUST EXIST, AND STILL ARE FOUND

THE VOICE I HEARD IS WITH ME STILL
NO NEED TO SPEAK, NO FORCE, NO WILL
IT SHAPED THE THOUGHTS I COULDN'T SHARE
THE VOICE I HEARD... WAS NEVER THERE



10 WHAT IF I'M WRONG

WHAT IF THE STONE IS JUST A STONE
WHAT IF I MADE IT ALL ALONE
WHAT IF THE WEIGHT I THOUGHT WAS TRUE
WAS ONLY SOMETHING I HELD ONTO

WHAT IF THE FIRE I SAW DESCEND
WAS JUST A THOUGHT I LEARNED TO BEND
WHAT IF THE SILENCE NEVER SPOKE
AND ALL MY MEANING WAS A JOKE

I BUILT A WORLD AROUND BELIEF
BUT MAYBE THAT WAS JUST RELIEF

WHAT IF I'M WRONG? WHAT IF I'VE BEEN
CHASING GHOSTS I THOUGHT WERE REAL WITHIN
WHAT IF THE THING I CALLED MY GUIDE
WAS JUST A STORY I APPLIED

I SEE THE FACTS, THEY ALL ALIGN
THE KIND OF TRUTH THEY CALL "DEFINED"
BUT STILL I FLINCH, I TURN AWAY
WHAT IF I'M JUST AFRAID TO STAY

I USED TO SAY I DIDN'T CARE
BUT NOW I FEEL THE QUESTION THERE

WHAT IF I'M WRONG? WHAT IF I'VE BEEN
CHASING GHOSTS I THOUGHT WERE REAL WITHIN
WHAT IF THE THING I CALLED MY GUIDE
WAS JUST A STORY I APPLIED

BUT DOUBT IS HONEST, DOUBT IS CLEAN
IT CUTS THROUGH EVERY IN-BETWEEN
AND MAYBE WRONG IS STILL OKAY
IF WHAT IT GAVE WON'T FADE AWAY

WHAT IF I'M WRONG? WHAT IF I'M RIGHT
WHAT IF IT DOESN'T NEED THAT FIGHT
WHAT IF BELIEF IS NOT A TEST
BUT JUST THE PLACE I FOUND MY REST

11 BELIEVERS LIKE ME

I USED TO THINK I STOOD ALONE
ONE VOICE THAT ECHOED OFF THE STONE
BUT NOW I SEE, IN QUIET EYES
REFLECTIONS OF THE SAME DISGUISE

THEY HOLD THEIR SILENCE JUST LIKE ME
NO NEED TO PROVE, NO NEED TO BE
THEY CARRY WEIGHT THEY CANNOT NAME
BUT FEEL IT PULSING JUST THE SAME

NO FLAGS, NO ROBES, NO SACRED HALLS
JUST SOMETHING SOFT THAT NEVER FALLS

BELIEVERS LIKE ME, NOT CHASING A CROWN
NOT STANDING ABOVE, NOT BOWING DOWN
JUST WALKING WITH HOPE, THROUGH SHADOW AND FLAME
AND WHISPERING TRUTH, WITHOUT NEEDING A NAME

THEY SPEAK IN GLANCES, HANDS, AND TIME
NOT IN COMMANDS OR RULES OR RHYME
THEY KNOW THE DOUBT, THEY KNOW THE STRAIN
BUT STILL THEY WALK AND STILL REMAIN

NO HOLY LIGHT, NO THUNDER SIGN
JUST STORIES DRAWN IN CROOKED LINE
AND YET WITHIN THEIR QUIET PAGE
I SEE THE SHAPE OF SOMETHING GRACED

NOT EVERY FAITH NEEDS TO BE LOUD
SOME BLOOM BENEATH A DARKER CLOUD

BELIEVERS LIKE ME, NOT CHASING A CROWN
NOT STANDING ABOVE, NOT BOWING DOWN
JUST WALKING WITH HOPE, THROUGH SHADOW AND FLAME
AND WHISPERING TRUTH, WITHOUT NEEDING A NAME

WE ARE THE ONES WHO HOLD WHAT'S THIN
WHO LET BELIEF BEGIN WITHIN
NO PROMISED LAND, NO ANGEL'S WING
BUT STILL WE STAND AND SOFTLY SING

BELIEVERS LIKE ME, NOT NEEDING TO SEE
NOT SEEKING THE END OF MYSTERY
JUST HOLDING A TRUTH WE CHOOSE TO DEFEND
NOT BECAUSE IT'S PERFECT
BUT BECAUSE IT WON'T END



12 NOTHING TO DISPROVE

I SEARCHED FOR DOUBT TO SHUT IT DOWN
A SINGLE CRACK, A BREAKING SOUND
BUT EVERY TEST I TRIED TO RUN
RETURNED WITH SILENCE, EVERY ONE

NO WARNING SIGN, NO REASON WHY
NO HIDDEN FLAW BENEATH THE SKY
AND SO I STOPPED THE ENDLESS CHASE
AND LET THE QUIET TAKE ITS PLACE

THERE'S NOTHING HERE TO PROVE IT TRUE
BUT NOTHING SAYS IT ISN'T TOO

NO VOICE, NO LIGHT, NO SACRED GROOVE
BUT MORE THAN THAT
THERE'S NOTHING TO DISPROVE
NO SIGN TO SHOW, NO HOLE TO PATCH
AND THAT ALONE BECAME MY MATCH

THEY CALL IT LUCK, THEY CALL IT DREAMS
THEY SAY IT'S SOFTER THAN IT SEEMS
BUT NONE CAN SAY IT'S FULLY FAKE
WHEN NOTHING'S THERE TO OVERTAKE

I BUILT NO TEMPLE, RAISED NO SOUND
BUT STILL I KNOW WHAT I HAVE FOUND
NOT IN THE FACTS, OR LACK THEREOF
BUT IN THE STILLNESS I THINK OF

NO VERDICT CARVED IN STONE OR STEEL
BUT SPACE ENOUGH FOR WHAT I FEEL

NO VOICE, NO LIGHT, NO SACRED GROOVE
BUT MORE THAN THAT
THERE'S NOTHING TO DISPROVE
NO SIGN TO SHOW, NO HOLE TO PATCH
AND THAT ALONE BECAME MY MATCH

I DON'T NEED PROOF TO HOLD WHAT'S MINE
NOT ALL BELIEFS MUST CROSS A LINE
THE ABSENCE SPEAKS, THE SILENCE MOVES
AND IN THAT SPACE
NOTHING DISPROVES

NO FINAL WORD, NO PERFECT PROOF
BUT NOTHING STANDS TO STRIKE IT LOOSE
IT MAY NOT SHINE, IT MAY NOT PROVE
BUT STILL REMAINS
NOTHING TO DISPROVE

13 THE WEIGHT THAT WASN'T THERE

I CARRIED IT THROUGH EVERY DAY
THOUGH NO ONE SAW, I FELT ITS SWAY
IT HAD NO FORM, IT CAST NO SHADE
BUT STILL, I BENT BENEATH ITS WEIGHT

THEY LOOKED AT ME LIKE NOTHING CHANGED
AS IF MY STEPS WERE NOT DERANGED
BUT EVERY BREATH WAS EDGED WITH CARE
FOR SOMETHING HEAVY—WASN'T THERE

NO STRAPS TO PULL, NO STONE TO LIFT
BUT STILL IT SHAPED THE WAY I DRIFT

THE WEIGHT THAT WASN'T THERE WAS REAL
IT SHAPED THE WAY I LEARNED TO FEEL
NO PROOF TO SHOW, NO MASS, NO LINE
BUT SOMEHOW STILL—IT ALL WAS MINE

I NEVER ASKED FOR IT TO COME
IT SETTLED IN AND MADE ME NUMB
NO THUNDER BROKE, NO SHADOW GREW
JUST SILENCE I KEPT WALKING THROUGH

NOT GRIEF, NOT FEAR, NOT LOSS OR SIN
JUST SOMETHING PRESSED AGAINST MY SKIN
AND THOUGH IT NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND
IT HELD ME FAST WITHOUT A SOUND

NO BURDEN SEEN, NO TETHER TIGHT
BUT STILL IT PULLED ME OUT OF SIGHT

THE WEIGHT THAT WASN'T THERE WAS REAL
IT SHAPED THE WAY I LEARNED TO FEEL
NO PROOF TO SHOW, NO MASS, NO LINE
BUT SOMEHOW STILL—IT ALL WAS MINE

SOME CARRY PAIN THAT LEAVES NO MARK
SOME HOLD THE DARK WITHOUT THE DARK
AND THOUGH IT NEVER HAD A NAME
IT STAYED—AND I AM NOT THE SAME

THE WEIGHT THAT WASN'T THERE STILL STAYS
IT BENDS MY VOICE, IT SHAPES MY WAYS
INVISIBLE, BUT ALWAYS NEAR
THE SILENT WEIGHT I LEARNED TO HEAR



14 LIGHT WITHOUT PROOF

I USED TO CHASE THE PERFECT SIGN
A FLASH OF TRUTH, A FLAWLESS LINE
SOMETHING I COULD POINT AND SAY
"THERE IT IS – THE ONLY WAY"

BUT YEARS WENT BY, THE QUESTIONS STAYED
AND EVERY ANSWER SLIPPED OR FRAYED
STILL SOMETHING HELD ME IN THE DARK
A QUIET WEIGHT, A STEADY SPARK

IT NEVER PROVED WHAT I BELIEVED
BUT SOMEHOW, I WAS STILL RELIEVED

IT WAS LIGHT WITHOUT PROOF,
A FIRE I NEVER TOUCHED
BUT IT WARMED ME JUST THE SAME
AND THAT WAS ENOUGH

IT NEVER SPOKE LOUD
NEVER ASKED FOR MY TRUST
BUT STILL I FOLLOWED
THIS LIGHT WITHOUT PROOF

I BUILT NO SHRINE, I WROTE NO CREED
I LET IT BE JUST WHAT I NEED
NO NEED FOR NAMES, NO SACRED LORE
JUST SOMETHING REAL I CAN'T IGNORE

I TRIED TO TEST, TO FORCE IT OUT
BUT FOUND MORE SILENCE, MORE SELF-DOUBT
AND IN THAT SPACE WHERE REASON ENDS
I FOUND THE ROOM WHERE MEANING BENDS

IT DIDN'T SHINE FOR ALL TO SEE
BUT SOMEHOW, IT LIT UP ME

IT WAS LIGHT WITHOUT PROOF,
NO ANSWERS, NO SOUND
BUT IT SHOWED ME WHERE TO WALK
WHEN NO ONE'S AROUND

IT NEVER DREW MAPS
NEVER PROMISED THE TRUTH
BUT IT STAYED WITH ME
THIS LIGHT WITHOUT PROOF

NOT EVERY TRUTH NEEDS EVIDENCE
SOME THINGS ARE FELT IN ABSENCE
NOT EVERY FIRE NEEDS TO BURN
TO GUIDE YOU WHEN THERE'S NONE

IT WAS LIGHT WITHOUT PROOF
NOT WRITTEN, NOT SIGNED
BUT I CARRIED IT LIKE BREATH
THROUGH ALL OF TIME

IT NEVER PROVED WHAT IT WAS WORTH
BUT STILL, IT LIT MY QUIET EARTH



15 THE MEANING OF MAYBE

I USED TO THINK THAT TRUTH WAS FIXED
LIKE LINES THAT COULDN'T SHIFT OR MIX
BUT YEARS WILL BLUR THE BLACK AND WHITE
TILL EVERY ANSWER FADES TO MIGHT

I FEARED THE GRAY, THE IN-BETWEEN
THE QUIET PLACES RARELY SEEN
BUT NOW I FIND THERE'S MORE TO GAIN
IN QUESTIONS WE DON'T ENTERTAIN

THERE'S PEACE IN NOT KNOWING,
IN LEAVING DOORS OPEN

MAYBE MEANS FREEDOM
FROM ANSWERS TOO TIGHT
IT LEAVES JUST ENOUGH
TO STEP INTO THE LIGHT

IT'S NOT GIVING UP
OR LOSING THE FIGHT
IT'S LEARNING TO LIVE
WITHOUT BEING RIGHT

I'VE CHASED THE FACTS, I'VE READ THE BOOKS
I GAVE THE STARS MY LONGEST LOOKS
BUT NO ONE EVER PROVED OR KNEW
WHAT MAYBE SOFTLY SAID WAS TRUE

SOME THINGS ARE STRONGER
WHEN HELD A BIT LONGER

MAYBE MEANS FREEDOM
FROM ANSWERS TOO TIGHT
IT LEAVES JUST ENOUGH
TO STEP INTO THE LIGHT

IT'S NOT BEING LOST
OR DRIFTING TOO FAR
IT'S CHOOSING THE SPACE
TO WONDER WHAT WE ARE

WE'RE TAUGHT THAT DOUBT IS WEAKNESS
BUT MAYBE IT'S A THREAD
THAT HOLDS US ALL TOGETHER
IN ALL WE NEVER SAID

MAYBE MEANS LIVING
WITHOUT NEEDING PROOF
IT'S THE SILENCE THAT ECHOES
WHEN WE FINALLY TELL THE TRUTH

16 THE MATTER OF BELIEF

IT NEVER ASKED FOR ME TO KNEEL
IT NEVER SAID THAT IT WAS REAL
NO BURNING SIGN, NO HOLY LIGHT
NO CLAIM TO WRONG, NO CLAIM TO RIGHT

IT SIMPLY STAYED, WITHOUT DEMAND
NO RULE TO BREAK, NO GOD, NO BRAND
BUT WHEN I FELL OR CAME UNDONE
IT WAS THE THREAD I LEANED UPON

BELIEF'S NOT MADE TO PROVE OR SHOW
IT'S JUST THE PLACE YOU CHOOSE TO GO

IT'S NOT ABOUT WHAT'S FALSE OR TRUE
BUT WHAT BELIEF CAN PULL YOU THROUGH
NOT MADE OF FACTS, NOT BUILT ON FEAR
BUT SOMETHING SOFT THAT KEEPS YOU NEAR

I'VE HEARD THE VOICES DRAWING LINES
OF WHO BELONGS, AND WHAT DEFINES
BUT NONE OF THEM COULD TOUCH THE PART
THAT LIVED IN SILENCE, NEAR MY HEART

IT WASN'T LOUD, IT WASN'T PROUD
IT DIDN'T NEED TO STAND OR BOW
IT SIMPLY WAS—WITHOUT A NAME
AND STILL IT BURNED, A QUIET FLAME

IT HELD NO LAW, IT SET NO RULE
BUT KEPT ME WARM WHEN LIFE TURNED CRUEL

IT'S NOT ABOUT WHAT'S FALSE OR TRUE
BUT WHAT BELIEF CAN PULL YOU THROUGH
NOT MADE OF FACTS, NOT BUILT ON FEAR
BUT SOMETHING SOFT THAT KEEPS YOU NEAR

NOT EVERY FAITH REQUIRES A CREED
SOMETIMES BELIEF IS JUST A NEED
A WAY TO HOLD, A WAY TO BREATHE
A TRUTH THAT DOESN'T NEED TO LEAD

IT'S NOT ABOUT WHAT WE CAN PROVE
BUT WHAT WE'RE GIVEN STRENGTH TO MOVE
AND IF IT HELPS ME WALK THE GRIEF—
THEN THAT'S ENOUGH: THE MATTER OF BELIEF



17 ECHOES BEYOND SILENCE

NO VOICE REMAINED, NO FINAL WORD
NO LINE WAS CROSSED, NO TRUTH WAS HEARD
BUT SOMETHING STIRRED BENEATH THE SOUND
A SHADOW THOUGHT, A TRACE UNBOUND

NOT EVERY LIGHT WAS MEANT TO SHINE
NOT EVERY PATH WAS MADE TO FIND
BUT STILL, I WALKED, THOUGH NONE COULD SEE
WHAT FAITH WITHOUT A NAME CAN BE

IT WASN'T PROOF I LEFT BEHIND
BUT PIECES TIME COULD NEVER FIND

ECHOES BEYOND SILENCE
FOOTSTEPS IN THE AIR
MOMENTS THAT STILL LINGER
THOUGH NO ONE KNOWS THEY'RE THERE

IT WASN'T CARVED IN LETTERS
OR SUNG FOR ALL TO HEAR
BUT IT MOVED LIKE DISTANT THUNDER
IN THE HEART, NOT IN THE EAR

NO MONUMENT, NO SACRED STONE
JUST WHAT I CARRIED ON MY OWN
A WEIGHTLESS THING THAT SHAPED MY DAYS
IN QUIET, UNEXPECTED WAYS

I NEVER KNEW WHAT I BELIEVED
BUT SOMEHOW, I STILL RECEIVED

ECHOES BEYOND SILENCE
THAT WHISPER WITHOUT SOUND
THEY HOLD WHAT I COULD NEVER NAME
BUT ALWAYS FELT AROUND

THEY DON'T DEMAND A WITNESS
THEY DON'T REQUIRE A SIGN
THEY ONLY NEED AN OPEN HEART
TO LEAVE A MARK IN TIME

18 THE BOX I NEVER OPENED

IT WAS NEVER PROVED WHAT IT WAS
LIKE A BOX NEVER OPENED

JUST A STONE IN HIS HAND
OR MAYBE... MORE

WHATEVER IT WAS
IT CARRIED HIM QUIETLY, ALL HIS LIFE

WHAT STAYS UNANSWERED SOMETIMES STAYS WITH US FOREVER

