



BORROWED TIME

Movement X
No manual

They placed you softly in my hands,
no guide, no rules, no master plans.
I did my best, I lost my sleep,
but love ran quiet, strong, and deep.

You learn from voices not my own,
from screens and streets I've never known.
I build you truth, they sell you loud
you walk your path beneath the crowd.

You're my joy, my ache, my light, my storm
the only chaos I adore.
You fight, you fall, you test the line
and still I try. And still you're mine.

I can't be perfect, can't be right,
but I hold on through every night.
No one told me it would be
this hard to let you just be free.

You're my joy, my ache, my light, my storm
the only chaos I adore.
You fight, you fall, you test the line
and still I try. And still you're mine.

And still you're mine.

You drain my strength with just a word,
your silence louder than the heard.
You make me doubt, then make me see
the hardest love still sets you free.

I can't protect you from the speed,
but I can give you roots and seed.
The world is loud, but you will know
what's real, what fades, what helps you grow.

You're my joy, my ache, my light, my storm
the only chaos I adore.
You pull, you push, and I still stand
with open heart, with trembling hands.

You fight, you fall, you test the line
and still I try. And still you're mine.

And still you're mine.

And still you're mine.

You came to me, a spark, a flame,
no map, no script, no winning game.
You're not a piece I get to mold
just hands I hold... until you're bold.

And still you're mine.

You came to me, a spark, a flame,
no map, no script, no winning game.
You're not a piece I get to mold
just hands I hold... until you're bold.

Until you're bold.