

## Bread Crumbs and White Stones

### After the Burial

So I'll keep searching, for a place called home.  
I'll rip my roots from this earth, into the unknown.  
Is it for the dreams I chased or the ones  
I caught, this mystery this misery is killing me.  
So now I'll leave behind a murder scene,  
My life isn't real,  
It's just a silhouette and when the sun goes down,  
I won't exist.  
I will be the forgotten,  
Bread crumbs and white stones can't follow me  
Overwhelming, constantly I'm tearing at the seams,  
The threads that hold me together, they envelop me.  
I am shaking man.  
As my body breaks against the wind,  
I begin to slowly unravel.  
Overwhelming, I'm tearing at the seams,  
The threads that hold me together they envelop me.  
And with fervor I am everywhere I thought I never would be  
I will never come home,  
I am a ghost inside your empty house.  
I don't exist.  
I will not come home.  
I'll never come home.