

Untitled

Citizen

Forced to cope with every roadblock this drive placed in our way. On and on, we're holding back. On and on, I'm trying to forget that we're two hours away from home. No signs of hope. I'm starting to think i'm coming home. I think my sanity's closing with the day. I'd like to think that we move on and on and on to better things. A night stranded in Cleveland was the only thing we needed to get this fucking town on the move. (A ten hour drive, yet so close to home.)